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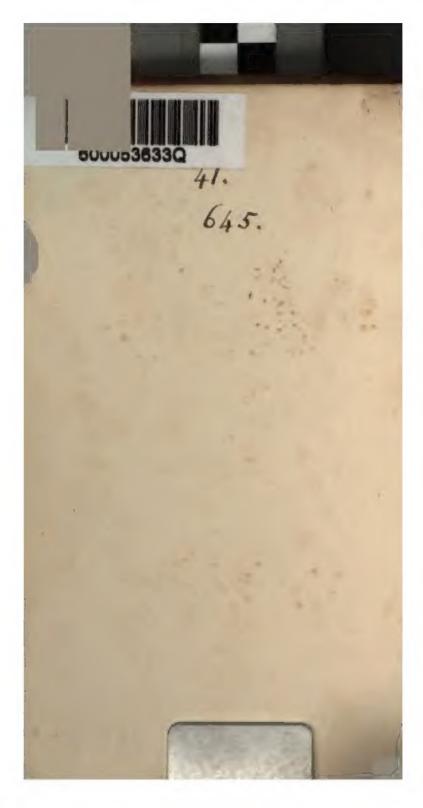
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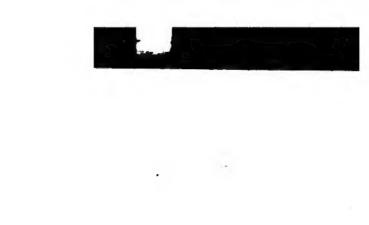
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JOAN OF ARC,

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

27

THOMAS JAMES SERLE,

AUTHOR OF

"THE MERCHANT OF LONDON," "HOUSE OF COLBERG,"
"MASTER CLARKE," &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

Co the Memory

OF THE

PRINCESS MARIE OF ORLEANS,

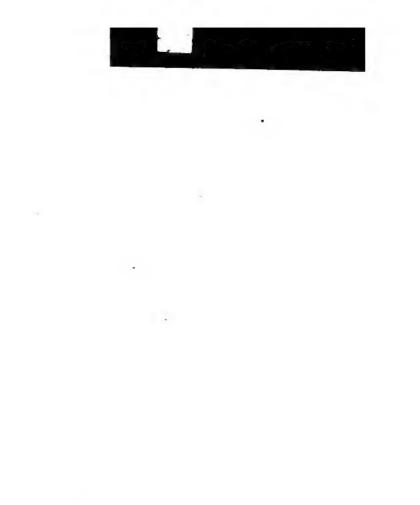
DUCHESS OF WURTEMBURG,

WHOSE STATUE OF JEANEE D'ARC ADORNS THE ROYAL COLLECTION AT VERSALLES. *

Full-ripen'd piety, soon reaped for Heaven,
Genius, the native royalty of mind,
Pity of heart, and love for all her kind,
Alike to each fair ministrant were given
To her who sav'd the realm by faction riven,
Putting man's strength to woman's single heart,
And her, who, gracing woman's gentler part.
Sought the same prize for which the Maid had striven.

Look on you statue with its face of care,
An angel beauty of unselfish woe,
And, reading all the thoughtful glory there,
Unto thy heart doth not the marble show
That princess sculptor's who Jeanne's soul portray'd,
And prove she shar'd the inspirings of the Maid?

There are many copies in England, but I have seen none that give a just idea of the original.



INTRODUCTION.

I have reached the evening of my life—I thank Heaven that it is a tranquil one. I have passed far onward in my journey, and the mingling hues of distance, as well as the greyness of the twilight, give calmness to the scenes I have left. Yet each tower, each tree, each landmark, as I catch it in the far horizon, brings the deeds done within its verge fully back upon my memory.

Years ago I could not have told this tale; can wrath and indignation pause to describe? I could but have wept, or gnashed my teeth in fruitless anger. I think that I can now trace more clearly the plans of the Providence which I then arraigned. If I cannot, I have at least learned better the extent of my own insufficiency; I can wonder, adore, believe—and I can hope.

VOL. I.

Joan of Arc-I pause on the name now traced upon my paper - the fame of France, her only dwelling-place on earth - and she was to me a living, breathing creature, pre-emmently full of the life which animates those around me. I cannot even now look at vonder church, and not believe that she will come forth from the door, with the rapt smile that, beautiful as she was, male you think of nothing in her face but its expression. Her eye led you to the Heaven it so often sought. Beautiful mirror of all things nund it, sorrowing with the sorrowful, and rejoicing with the glad, thy face was the type of thy heart, that, in its eternal sympathy, constantly directed towards every thing but itself. It was so unconscious.

At last the most ungrateful have done thee justice; I can carry back to thy mother the thousand instances of the gratitude which Domremy bears to her race. Surely, Joan herself must be aware of the blessings which millions breathe upon her name. The only earthly thing that survives is charity; the blessings it has earned must survive too. But the reward of thy magnanimity must be greater yet. Who would not emulate even thy devotion, if he could scan the bliss that it has earned?

I will record what I have witnessed, and I will tell what she herself, her parents, and her brothers, with no desire of concealment, confided to me. Others, too, have spoken of her, for where the poor could narrate her words or deeds I listened, and, with all I had, rewarded them; and I sought no other boon from the proud and powerful than such knowledge as they alone could afford me. Dunois and Alençon have not scorned to pass many hours with me, delighted to hear and to recount, honouring me in that I loved her: and La Tremouille have I often since looked upon, hearing from others, who cared not then to betray his counsels, the part he had acted in her history. And the good King Charles, wiser by the experience of his age, but losing in it no part of the kind nature of his youth, has sometimes commanded my presence to tell him what I knew, repaying me by courteous confidences of his own. There are others whose fortunes begin my relation, and are blended with its cause; I speak of them from their own lips.

I will repair again to Orleans, and then go back to my cloister. It cannot be sinful to dwell upon her image. The histories of the saints and martyrs can shew no purer life. One devoted to religion may employ his time profitably in recording the truths of human virtue; it is his
office to make them known, to show that they
are possible, that they have been. It is a fit
legacy for his fellow-creatures to give them such
a work; how many vile sins are committed, how
many noble deeds are unperformed, from a want
of faith in the higher qualities of our nature!
Poor world! that mocks itself out of so immense
a share of the benefits it would receive, could it
only revere and trust those who pant to bestow
them!

Begun at Domremy, this 10th day of August, 1456.

JACQUES ALAIN.

JOAN OF ARC,

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

CHAPTER I.

IMAGINE yourself before the Tourelles of Orleans, in the earliest dawn of morning, towards the close of September. The year is 1428. The Loire runs here almost due from east to west. The broad and in most places shallow river is studded with two or three long islands, looking as if the current had drawn out their length in its course. The city is on the northern bank: it communicates with its suburb of Portereau, which lies upon the opposite southern shore, by a fine bridge of nineteen arches; and on the furthest arch from the city, defending the entrance to the bridge, stands the fort of the Tourelles, a viceroy sent from the town to overwatch its suburb. It is a heavy, massive, narrow gateway, with portcullis, and doors studded with iron. Each side of the gateway is guarded by a tower; the one on the east, your right as you stand before it in the suburb of Portereau, cornered somewhat like a hastion, and flat-roofed; the western one, to your left, round, and with a top of a conical form, but much too short to be called a spire.

These towers are from ninety to a hundred feet high; the round one to the left of smooth, the angular one of rough, mosonry; but each strong as art and labour can make it, each pierced at every stage for warlike missiles, as is the gallery above the gateway in the arch, which serves for communication between them.

Even towards the city an outwork occupies one more arch of the bridge; this outwork is a small walled square, as wide as the bridge itself, about tharty feet; the defences towards the suburb are still more careful. With the suburb the only communication is a drawbridge falling from the gateway, and under this the current is purposely made deep and perilous. By this drawbridge, which falls upon a small stone arch, the fort joins an outer bulwark, built upon the southern bank of the river, and surrounded again by a ditch, into which the tides of the

Loire flow. This outer bulwark is an oblong square enclosure, about fifty feet by thirty, its length running across the gateway so as completely to cover it. The walls of the bulwark are about nine feet high, and over it peep the thatched roofs of a guard-house and one or two large buts, intended for the shelter and lodging of its defenders.

As if jealous of exposing the fort to a series of openings in a straight line, the architect of the bulwark has not placed its entrance opposite to the main gateway of the bridge, but has built it in the eastern wall of the bulwark; that to your right, round the corner, by the river, as you still stand in the suburb fronting the Tourelles.

The walls of the bulwark are composed of earth and fagots, strengthened by piles, and are evidently of much later date than the main gateway and towers, having been built about ten years before this opening of the history. Opposite to the main gateway, at about sixteen feet distant from the outwork to the south, being, in fact, merely across a road, stands the venerable church of the Augustins.

In these few feet of ground was the fate of France, probably that of Europe, decided: small as was their theatre, the combatants and their deeds were worthy of the struggle. Their memory must call the glow of honest pride into every Frenchman's cheek; and even the descendants of the old foes of France may glory in them as proofs of the indomitable energies of man struggling for his best birthright. But matters of less moment must first be related.

The silence of the slumbering city is almost unbroken. On each tower, indeed, the weary watch still paces with constrained alacrity, and endeavours to peer through the chill grey mist of the autumn morning, impatient for the sunrise which is to relieve him. He who stands upon the flat-roofed eastern tower of the Tourelles turns and listens, for the sound of horses' feet is heard through the suburb of Portereau. No sign, however slight, must be neglected by him; for it is but few days since the artiflery of Salisbury and the English chiefs forced its way on the road, which, were it daylight, he might see northward of the city, to form the siege of the castle of Beaugenci. Fortress after fortress in the neighbourhood has fallen to the enemy; from the tower on which he stands, the flames, kindled by English hands, which consumed the noble church of Notre Dame at Clery, were dotructly seen, the distance being little more than

three leagues; and every inhabitant of Orleans awaits, in that incertitude which is the severest trial of courage, the moment when the leopard, for so the French loved to call the lion in the English arms, should spring upon his place of refuge.

The sounds approach; but not until the riders are nearly at the outer bulwark can the warder even partially discern them. He hears them in purely with the watch of the outwork, and, unable even to see enough to satisfy his curiosity, he once more bestirs himself to regain a little warmth.

"Richard! Richard! come on; speed, man!" cried a female voice; "for I can find no entrance here."

"Round by the river to your right," answered the attendant, as he came up, and guided the lady to the side drawbridge.

She had outstripped him, for her horse was the better, and bore the lighter burthen; the squire was clad from top to toe in steel, excepting only his helmet, which rested on his saddle-bow. His head was uncovered, for his hat, urnamented with a single feather, had been given to his female companion, whose long dark locks, streaming from under it, and failing

over her shoulders, gave token that her flight had been but hastily prepared for. A large grey gown, evidently also a part of a man's attire, covered, as well as haste might allow, a female dress quite unfit for riding, and the horses of both stood panting in a bath of foam.

"Ah, it is here," exclaimed the girl; "we are indeed before Orleans; surely we are now safe. Call aloud to those within."

The youth obeyed the order.

A few seconds of murmured conversation within, and an armed man presented himself above the low parapet of the outer bulwark.

"Give me admittance straight," continued she; "I may be pursued."

" Are the English at hand?" asked the man.

" Not so; but open, open quickly, and then you shall know all."

"Not so fast, not so fast," replied the other surlily; "pretty watch should we keep, if every wandering dame and squire might bid us open our gates as soon as they were tired of roaming about o'nights: go your ways whither you came"

"I would I had ther on this side the wall instead of yunder safe one," cried the young attendant. "I would teach thee what it is so to speak to a lady."

"A lady, ha! ha!" rejoined the guard; "we know what sort of ladies ride about with such attendance; it must be a lady that does not fear much ill from either side, since twenty men instead of one were a poor escort now — and in the night too."

"Open, sir slave, or by St. Denis-"

"Silence, Richard," interposed the maiden; "we must be out of peril before we dispute. Open, good fellow, to the daughter of a citizen of Orleans, who claims protection from the justice of the town against those who would strive to gainsay it. Open to the damoiselle de la Meilleraye, daughter of the knight of that name, whose fief lies in this neighbourhood, and who, while he lived, was a citizen of this good town."

"By the Virgin," quoth the warder, "but there is a woman that speaks sense now! Why could not you malapert sprig say as much? The justice of the town; ay, ay; I am a burgher myself, and proud of it. I should have Master Alain Dubey, ill as he is, get out of his bed to bring me to task, did I not heed the justice and liberties of the town; by the mass, were he dead,

I think his very ghost would get up did he hear of it; and it is ill quarrelling with a provost, dend or alive. Louis, my friend, look to the post. I will speak to the captain of the watch."

"Quick! quick!" cried the lady, as he disappeared, murmuring, "It is stronge, too, that the daughter of a citizen of Orleans should ride about with a man at this hour; but she has been among dames of high degree; at court, perchance. Mass! they'll spoil even our modesty in time."

The sky to the east had now assumed a rosy pearl tint, though the greener hues of night still lingered over the west.

"You were here some weeks lately, were you not, Richard?" asked Mary de la Meilleraye. "Know you where lie these lands of mine that have made La Tremouille design me as a prey for his minion?"

"Yonder, to the north, across the river, beyond the town, by the Paris road," answered he; "und fair and rich they are; if we were somewhat higher you could see one vineyard yonder, on that slope, which you can just catch where the houses are low; more than half of that hill, and many a beautiful field below it, are your's" "Indeed, it was somewhat to covet, too," said the girl. "So that is mine," continued she, with the pleasant feeling of pride and independence which perhaps no possession bestows in an equal degree with a territorial one. "And my house, Richard, my house?"

"That is in the city; carry your eye to the further end of the bridge, you see a massive plain building, with four towers, that overlooks the walls."

"That old prison-looking castle - that is

"Not your house, lady, that is the Châtelet, the palace of the duke, and the seat of his tribunals of justice."

"I um glad his justice is so near, though he himself, poor prince, is a prisoner in England. Will they never take ransom for him?"

"It was the injunction of their king, Henry V., on his death-bed, that they should not, and good reason had they too for it: when they set aside the claims of our native sovereign, in his imbecile father's life-time, in favour of the English king and his successors, they had reason to fear that the claims of Charles of Orleans, the next male in blood, should be preferred to those of the foreigner, even if their sentence could exclude

the Dauphin, Charles, whom Heaven long keep to reign over us!"

"Amen," replied the lady; "so he had better ministers! He is kind and good—but my house, Richard, my house—if they will let me call it mine."

"Humph," considered the squire; "it is no ewy matter to point it out in yonder mass—but mark the cathedral."

"That with the lofty spire, the church itself much above every thing that surrounds it?"

"Yes; though it is almost on the further, the north, side of the town; a little to the left of a line between the cathedral and the Châtelet, lies your house, if, as you say, they will let you call it so."

"If they seize it, Richard, I have money, I have jewels; I will hide myself, I will leave France, seek among strangers, any but the English, for a quiet home, rather than marry that fop of La Tremouille's choosing. They talk to me of his high birth, and of his lordships, but the mean-spirited fellow keeps with his patron, far enough from any place where he can fight for the honour of his ancestors, or his landed birthright. Richard, neither he nor La Tremouille will dare to come after me here, for

they say the English are not far off. Merciful mother! if they should beleaguer us here! yet that, yes, even that, Richard, rather than marry that jesting, hollow-hearted creature, that looks at one as if he were cheapening a horse, and then makes his bargain with the owner! I will not be sold to him; no, I am a great coward, but I do fear marriage with him worse than the English themselves."

"Why, it is somewhat daring to take refuge so near to them," said the attendant.

"Whitner was I to go?" asked the maiden; "wherever Charles had power. La Tremouille could persecute me—I am in my father's birth-place—he must have had some friends here, though I was kept from them—my lands are here—I may claim some rights of protection from the duke's officers, who ought to hold my wardship, and not the king, if I am to be curbed with wardship;" and the little maiden, while her eyes gleamed and then glustened, threw back her head with an air which seemed to say, "they shall not have an easy task to curb me at all."

"The town is well defended, at all events," noticed Richard; "the walls and towers that surround it seem strong enough — look at that

large one, the farthest to the right, that is called the New Tower—it is the south-east angle of the walls."

"But there are many buildings beyond thatchurches, monasteries, are there not? and many pleasant houses."

"They are in the suburbs by the Burgundy gate; the churches and monasteries there are beautiful too, St. Aignan and St. Euverte, but they are without the walls."

"And defenceless?" asked the girl.

Richard replied indirectly: — "We shall beat the English in pitched battle some day, as we did at Beaugé, when that proud King Harry's brother, the Duke of Clarence, was slain by our good Scotch ally the Earl of Buchan, and then cities and suburbs both will be safe enough."

"From all but their own lords," said the maiden with a sigh.

"Hark you, Richard! hark you! there are horses in the distance! I can hear the sound of many of them. Oh that tedious guard! or they will not admit me perhaps—we are pursued—the doors of you church, too, are closed. Richard, Richard, where now shall I find shelter from them?"

"By yonder street. I will remain here, lady, and defend the path. I shall embarrass them, at all events, and give time for you—Away!"

The tramp of the horses drew nearer, but at this moment the small gate of the bulwark opened, the drawbridge gradually fell. Both watched the noise of the pursuit and the means of escape with breathless anxiety, and scurcely had the drawbridge come within two feet of its resting-place, when Mary urged her horse, and sprang in without waiting for further question or formal admission. Richard followed with more leisurable courage.

"Now up with the bridge for a moment, friends," cried Richard to the two soldiers.

"Thou art a forward cockerel, I warrant me, to give such orders to thy elders and betters," said the man who had first spoken with them; but, before more could be said, Richard had slid from his horse, seized the windlass, and wound the drawbridge as fast as he could back to its upright position.

"There! I have done your work, at all events," said he, "and now be not angered," for he saw the necessity of making friends at this moment; "my lady is pursued, I fear, and by those who might not respect the privileges of the

city, if there were no defence to take care of them."

"They must talk with us about that, youngster," said the burgher; "we can hold our own, I warrant me. Yet the gate and drawbridge between us are no harm, if they come in numbers."

"Open in the king's name," now cried a voice without.

"In the king's name!" answered Gilles de St. Mammain, the burgher, sturdily. "In these times it behaves us to look well even what kings we obey."

"Fool, we are from the rightful King Charles! open to us on especial business."

"Aha," said the burgher, not sorry to have some one to whom he might show his martial authority, blended with civic pride, for he was a young soldier, and an elderly citizen — "Aha, thou art pleased to call me a fool, master messenger, but take it back to thyself, and know that, in the present state of things, we pay just as much and just as hitle obedience as we choose to any king. We are loyal subjects of King Charles, and hold the town for him, as suzerain of our own duke; but we obey none but ourselves, that is, our magistrates; so speak us fair, if thou wouldst enter."

"Dost thou refuse the king's orders?"

"Is that the king's badge on thy arm, master servitor?" asked the citizen with increasing dignity.

"It is that of the Lord de la Tremouille," replied the messenger, "one as powerful as the king himself, wherever the king is obeyed, and here is the king's own seal to attach a fugitive ward, Marie de la Meilleraye."

"By St. Aignum" exclaimed the burgher, a little puzzled, for he had no wish, in spite of all his consequence, to quarrel with the king himself as well as his minister, yet he had taken his ade in behalf of Mary, and the privileges of Orleans. " By St. Aignan! but there is no knowing how this may end; so damsel, and you sir squire, now that the gates are opening, and after sunrise we shall have little cause for delaying these knaves, ride you as fast us you can across the bridge. If you think you are quite in the right, go to the Châtelet, which is at the end of it, and claim bearing of Messire Alain Dubey, the provost; but if you fancy yourselves a little in the wrong, ride as fast as you can through the town, and, for the justice and privileges of Orleans, I'll keep these fellows at the wicket as long as I can to give you law."

Marie and her companion needed no further urging; their steeds were now in better breath, and they dashed through the main gateway of the Tourelles, cleared the outwork on the opposite side, passed the beautiful cross which stands on the right, without thinking of its elegant architecture, or admiring the sunny tint on its gilded top, and were at the gates of the bastille of St. Antoine in the middle of the bridge. Here the bridge rests on the breadth of the long low isle of St. Antoine; on the east side, the right of the fugitives, down in the island, lies the chapel of the same name; and on the western part, on the other side of the bridge, is the hospital for wayfarers, both now fortified, and, together with the bastille on the bridge and its outwork, forming a second strong defence to the city on that approach. Their pursuers were still held in parley by the burgher.

"I tell thee, fellow, it is as much as thy head is worth to keep us here," called out the leader of the party. "and, by the mass, I should like to have the taking of the forfeit!"

"Ay, ay," replied Giles coolly, "it is safe enough yet upon my shoulders, and like to rest so for thee and thy threats; so stay quietly where thou art, and, to keep thee cool, and let thee see that I have reason on my side, I'll even explain to thee the high privileges and immunities, as Master Alain Dubey calls them, by which thou art kept outside the gate."

"To the devil with thy privileges and immunities!" raved the leader. "There they ride along the bridge, laughing at us who cannot follow them."

"Ha! ha!" shouted the burgher, "it is much to lose one's chase and one's temper together. Talk among yourselves, if you care not for my conversation;" and therewith he turned from the wall.

Mary and Richard were obliged to pause for a moment for the payment of the toll levied here by the monastery. Again their pursuers hoped and stormed afresh for the chance of yet overtaking them, but a piece of money worth ten times the claim was flung down, Mary and her follower passed the outwork, then through the main gate of that bastille; and again the servants of La Tremouille could see them passing onwards at full speed. They cleared the rest of the bridge, and were before the bulwark and gate which closed the city end of it, and formed the third line of defence, when an officer ap-

peared at the outwork of the Tourelles, ordered the passage to be opened for the day, and, after some slight questioning of the pursuers, suffered them to pass on to Orleans.

CHAPTER II.

THE last gate was open, and Marie panted with joy as she felt that she had escaped; but, just as she and Richard were about to turn from the archway towards the Châtelet, which stood but a small distance on their right, the head of a long train of cars made its appearance in front of them. These the prudent magistrates of Orleans had assembled, to send forth into the southern country of Soloigne, to collect all that could be purchased of corn, wine, fodder, and other munitions, to provide the town during some weeks in case of emergency. With the most provoking slowness they wound on their interminable length, each succeeding car, in the dull hurry of the drivers, being placed exactly so as to bar all passage through the narrow street. Supplication and menace were in vain; had he been willing to stop, each driver appeared to be at the mercy of the one next behind him. Mary and her attendant rather lost ground in the necessity of avoiding the danger of being crushed.

The noise and clamour prevented their perceiving the approach of their foes by the sound: it was not until these cleaned the second gate, the barrier of St. Antoine, that the imminence of their capture was clear to them. made something like a charge upon the approaching cart, seized its horse by the rein, and fairly drove him back upon his haunches. The procession behind set up a universal shout of oaths and abuse; but his object was effected; he dashed with Marie across the street, gained an avenue nearly opposite, and in a moment was before the Châtelet. Still at the top of this street extended the following line of vehicles, and their only refuge appeared the courtyard of the palace, at the gate of which Richard knocked loudly.

This gate was at length opened, but it was too late. The pursuers had come up at full speed to the place where the line had been broken, and they were in sufficient numbers to prevent the waggeners from proceeding until they had taken their own road. In another minute Marie and Richard were surrounded.

The attendant did his devoir manfully, and one or two of his assailants soon rolled in the street; but the odds were beyond all chance against him, and the leader and one of his party had in fact decided the battle by seizing at once on the prize of victory. Richard had nothing left but to join his shouts to his mistress's screams, and some few of the citizens, two or three with staves and other hastily-seized weapons, were already in the street of the Châtelet.

But in a moment Richard was in his turn struck from his horse; the leader threw a cloak round the lady so as to stifle her cries, and pronouncing boldly that he came, on the part of King Charles VII, to reclaim a fugitive ward, and punish those who abetted her escape, the burghers, though moved by the instinct which always tempts men to repel force offered to a weaker party, stifled their rising sympathy in what they considered the expediency of the case. While two of his opponents, whose bruises had not decreased their enmity, were tying the attendant with little regard to his own convenience, the chief was already leading Marie's horse back to the city gate, while the other, who had first seized her, forcibly held her upon it.

The first floor casement of an adjoining house

opened, and an old man and woman appeared at it.

"Call the people to me," said he, feebly, for he spoke with evident difficulty.

The old woman's voice was clear and shrill.
"Stop, my masters, stop! you must speak with
Master Alain Dubey!"

At that name the citizens turned, but only two or three of the captors followed their example; the leader pursued his course with an insolent unconcern, impeded only by the struggles of his pursoner; but the feeble old man tremblingly pointed with his finger to the entrance of the street, and four or five of the townsmen immediately rushed towards it.

"In the name of the Provost!" they cried, as they advanced towards the carts, the last of which were now nearly passing, and in a minute a barrier was formed, which effectually prevented any egress. The party appeared ready for a moment to do battle, but, as soon as they offered it, the town-gates were closed, and, to avoid the disgrace of being actually taken prisoners, the leader now demanded to be led before the authomity which had presumed to detain him.

At another motion from the shaking withered hand of Alain, the cords were unbound from

Richard, and the clock was lifted from Marie, and they looked first on their deliverers, and then their eyes were directed by the general gaze to him who had commanded their momentary freedom. Hair, thin and silver white, hung round a pale emaciated face, worn by disease to an almost unnatural clearness; a hectic spot glowed on each cheek, and gave an instant's fire to the pale grey eye, above which was a lofty and still almost unwrinkled forehead.

" To the ball," he feebly ejaculated.

"To the hall!" exclaimed his female attentant, affectionately; "surely, sir, you will not, if as you are-"

"Ill as I am, I am the Provost of Orleans," said the old man; "if I am ill, Justice must not be sick; is not violence committed under my very window? Ay, they know, as you say, that I am ill. To the hall," he said once more, turning to the people; but he had already been obeyed, and he now smiled faintly on his affectionate attendant, took her arm, and suffered himself to be led from the window.

Marie and her double escort of friend and foe entered the gloomy court of the Châtelet, and the porter hastened to unbar the ponderous doors which led into its vaulted hall. Its old architecture was of the rudest kind; its modern equipment was, at least, of equal simplicity. On a dais, at the further end, still remained part of a canopy ornamented with the arms of the Duke of Orleans: in the front of this, but not under it, and a little on the right hand, were a heavy high-backed wooden chair and a tuble; a stone bench ran round the walls, and two barriers, or bars of wood, ran from the dais some way down the hall, as if to separate the parties who should plend in it.

So simple arrangements were soon noted; and the La Tremouille party were left for a few immutes to jest on the paraphernalia of the Orleans magistracy; but even this sorry sport soon failed them; for the citizens appeared neither angry nor disconcerted, but with a respectful alence kept their watch upon a small oak door at the upper end on the dais. But once had they interfered with the parties, and that was to place them at the opposite hars—Marie and her wounded squire on the one side, and their pursuers, sound or bruised as they might happen to be, on the other.

The little oak door was soon opened, and Abiin Dubey appeared, leaning still on the arm of his nume. His black robe of office had been hastily cast over the gown of his sick room; but he walked though with a feeble yet with a measured step, as though in his haste to afford justice it was not to be lightly dispensed. The close black cap on his head made his few locks look whiter and more venerable still, and gave a more marble clearness to his mild, intelligent features. The old woman walked with him to the chair, and placed a pillow in it; he looked at it, smiled, shook his head, and with a quick but kindly action dismissed her; she retired, but the door was ajar, and she did not conceal that she remained there watching and waiting on her master.

At this moment, when all were awaiting with some interest the opening of the proceedings, Marie anxiously searched the folds of her dress, it might be supposed for some document on which the fate of her cause was to depend—her lip quivered as she gave it up for lost; but Richard took from the ground a small silver box, which had fallen unheard upon the end of her riding mantle. She eagerly and thankfully received it—opened it, to be sure that its contents were safe. It enclosed only a withered flower, but she shut it with a look of happiness, and placed it in her bosom.

"Now, sirs," said Alain Dubey, in a voice which was clear and impressive in the silence with which he was listened to, "let us know the reason of this seizure of a damsel in the streets of Orleans by persons having no warrant, as I believe, from any of its magistrates."

"If you are in the king's authority here, we shall look to you to enforce our power rather than to cross it," said André Beschard; for so the leader of Tremouille's party was called.

"You should have looked to me in the first instance, young man," said the magistrate calmly: "rights may be enforced quietly in a city which is in peaceful obedience to the laws. Once more let me know your cause and your warrant."

"We are bound to seize on these parties wherever we find them," replied André, "and perhaps it would have been better for others not to have interposed."

"Leave us to do our duties, and do your own by answering my question," said the magistrate, in a tone of firmness, which the habit of judicial command rendered unmoved even in reply to the most insolent; "your cause and your authority, or all parties are dismissed; and let thuse who shall so bring them before me again take heed to themselves, if indeed I suffer you now to depart without giving large caution."

André looked round, but even his own followers did not second his haughty air, so he condescended to plead.

"We are the servants," he said, " of the Lord de la Tremouille, Grand Chamberlain of France; his name and our service might be warrant for what we do."

"Not quite sufficient here," answered the Provost; "go on."

"His Majesty," continued André, with some surprise at the failure of his declaration. " has given the wardship of this lady, Marie de la Meilleraye, to the Lord de la Tremonille : she holds lands under the king in the Isle of France, and bath been a year in the royal court: the Lord de la Tremouille bath provided for her a fitting match, the Lord de la Jaille; and she was to have been married this morning in presence of the king himself, when, at a ball the night before last, in a house of the Lord Chamberlain's, where she thought herself least watched, she contrived, with the aid of her servant, to leave the custody of her lawful guardian; and, but for fortunate chance in tracing her, and good steeds for the pursuit, she would

have escaped altogether from his power. I demand that she be delivered up to us to be carried back, and her squire also, that he may meet fit punishment; and I know not where is the law or the power that is to gainsay me, speaking on his behalf whom I serve."

"I will give them all my estates in France," cried Murie; "they may be La Tremoutle's, or the Lord of La Juile's, from this instant; but if they slay me——"

"Patience, maiden,—patience!" interrupted the Provost; "were they the least in the land, here they must have such justice as the law will give them—and if they serve the greatest they will get no more;—patience—and—courage! There can be no intent in the Grand Chamberlain of France to do wrong or unkindness to one whom the king intrusts to his guardianship; it is intended as a favour to thee, and these men will not so slander their master as to say otherwise."

"We claim our master's rights, and shall find means to enforce them," said André.

"You will find the means in me," replied the Provost very quietly—" let us proceed. What testimony do you offer me that this maiden is a ward of the king's rest, what testimony have you that the king hath given this wardship to the Lord de la Tremouille? and lastly, what is your own authority from him?"

"Every one knows that she is a ward of the king's," replied André, a little confused; " and—and—here is his gift to the Lord de la Tremouille," continued he, as he produced a piece of parchment which he handed to the Provost; " that we are his servants so authorized we are ready all to swear;" and here his voice became quite confident; " indeed, why gave he that parchment to me but for such a purpose?"

Alain Dubey took the deed and read it to himself slowly and sadly; all were silently and anxiously watching him. He had read it—he paused and looked at it again.

"You see the proof is sufficient," added André cavalierly; "so afford us the justice you promised."

Alain Dubey lifted his eye for a moment to the speaker without emotion, and looked again at the parchment.

Marie could no longer restrain herself.

"I am not the king's ward," she exclaimed.
"I am the ward of the Duke of Orleans; my house is in this town, my father lived here, Philip de la Meillerage; my lands are in this

duchy. What I have in the Islo of France let them at least regain for me, before they make me their slave by holding it. Let them win it back from the English for themselves, and it is their's, the king's, La Tremouille's, La Jaille's, whose I heed not; nay, I will pay a ransom for what I have here; half—two-thirds—any thing that will leave me a pittance; but do not let me be sent back, their prisoner, their prey, their victim!"

Alain Dubey appeared unmoved at this appeal; he turned the parchment round indeed at the name of La Meilleraye, and at the end of her speech he gave one look towards Marie, as he had done towards André; but he returned to the consideration of the document.

"Have you aught to say to the maiden's offer." said the magistrate, " of paying a reasonable fine—mark—a reasonable fine—on her lands in the Isle of France for her wardship? I shall not suffer her passion or your master's opinion to arbitrate how much—that is my province. If so, depart, and bring us back your authority for so doing, and this matter will be easily settled."

"A fine on her lands in the Isle of France, which are small, and held by the English!" exclaimed André—" no, forsooth—the value of

this marriage to the Lord de La Jaille lies in her possessions here."

"You are frank to own it. I believe you speak the truth," said the Provost; "but, as to them, there are other claims from other parties; we must speak with Master Jacques Boucher, the Duke of Orleans' treasurer, and hear what he hath to say, on behalf of his master, as to the lands in the Orleannois."

"Then we must have back the damsel," said André. "I felt that we should but waste time!"

"You must do what you ought," replied the Provost; "and that I shall enjoin you, and see enforced. We must now speak of the law. To this deed there is indeed a seal, which I believe to be a privy seal of the king's, but his sign manual is not here."

"Times like these, when the king is driven from place to place, do not always admit of formalities," observed André.

"Quite true; and so much the worse for those whose rights ought to be secured by them," answered the Provost. "I am well aware that there are many informalities to be borne with—that the king's seal itself, for instance, may, in his hurry from place to place, be left in the custody of those who should not keep

it, and that it may be affixed to a deed without the formality of his knowledge."

"The Lord de la Tremouille's name is an answer."—

"Silence, sir; I require the legal proof of the king's sign manual, or the seal of his Chancery duly attested at the least. Master Jacques Boucher too must be made acquainted with your suit, and must plead in it at a given day when the Lord de la Tremouille may appear in person, or by his duly appointed attorney. To give you proper time, on Wednesday next; you have four days—take longer, if you desire it."

" And the damoiselle-"

"You are safe, at all events—over her lands in the Isle of France, from which you should draw your fine," said the Provost, as a slight sneer of legal triumph passed over his features, "she has no control; they are safe from her, perhaps from both parties; for the English are tenacious of territories they once take possession of; and for her person," he continued, stopping André, who was about to speak, "Muster Jacques Boucher shall give due caution, he being her fit guardian in this place, and shall not be permitted to enter on his office without so doing, if such is your desire."

The menial flung his head aloft with rage, while Marie covered her face with her hands, and wept for joy.

The looks of the citizens sympathising with the decision of their magistrate by no means tended to allay the irritation of André. To go back without his ward to a master as exacting as La Tremouille would be bad enough; to return baffled by a weak old man, a ruler among citizens, hurt his own pride even more than it would his master's. There is no aristocrat like him who wears another's livery. It must be a badge of his consequence to prevent its becoming the stigma of his degradation.

"You are making a jest of us, Sir Provost," said the retainer. "Once and for all I speak in my master's name, and demand his ward at your hands. You are braving the king's will, which you ought to obey; and you are incurring the displeasure of his minister, which no man in France may brave with impunity. I will do my best to have her hence by force; and if I am beaten, I will report at Chinon, whither the court is going, and whither I have orders to lead this maiden, what traitors pretend to bear the king's power in Orleans."

Alain Dubey gave one of his slight signals,

and in an instant armed burghers had interposed between the two bars, while others stood ready in the rear of André Beschard's party.

"By St. Euverte!" said Richard apart to his mistress, "but his trembling little finger does more than many a mailed hand!"

"Oh that wisdom and goodness might ever so control force!" replied the muden.

"You are prevented," said Alam Dubey, without raising his voice, " from doing any harm to yourselves; for such it would have been had you presumed to carry your threat but a sten towards execution. There are daugeons in this Chatelet; and bread and water, and solitude and darkness, will soon make even the really brave repent of too much daring. I pardon your folly, and spare you such penitence. You have heard my decree, to which I now add, that you and your followers remain not in this peaceful city. When you return, return alone, assured at protection as though you were backed by an army; but we are unused to broils, and will not suffer there among us who provoke them. Let this be remembered. It is my duty to see that the king's lawful will be oboved, but I will be sure that it is his will, and that he does himself no legal wrong in expressing it. It is the duty of

his true servants to prevent others from betraying, as well as openly resisting, him. This is the treason which in Orleans we are guilty of to Charles the Seventh. As to the power of his ministers, let them look that they use it, as we do, for our master's welfare. When one has detained the treasures which were destined for the pay of his army, and thereby lost him many a fair field of war and many a rich town; when the only justice against those spoilers of the state has been forced by such chieftains as Arthur, Count of Richemont, and that has sometimes been no better than miserable assassmation: it behoves a man who sits in this chair to watch the deeds of the king's servants whenever they come before him, and, perhaps, to stay their ruin as well as that they bring upon their sovereign. I tell thee, fellow," said the old man, whose manner had now become animated, "that the king's power would, by this time, be assured throughout his lawful inheritance, if no greater traitors wielded it in other places, even at Chinon, as thou sayst, than bear it here in Orleans. Carry this message thither, as the only punishment of thy insult here to me, which had, if I had so chosen, forfeited those ears of thine! Wear them still in thankful remembrance of my elemency." Words of this sort were too near the truth to be taken for jest; the power and right of realizing them were evidently with the speaker, and André, doggedly wagging his head, pursing his lips, and kicking his boot, held his peace.

"And now let proceedings be stayed till we hearngain from La Tremouille," said the Provost, in the staid mechanical voice of his office. "Let these men be conducted safely from the town, as soon as they have taken reasonable rest and refreshment, which will not exceed eight hours. The officer of the petit guét is answerable for this."

They turned, and, with a slight forced obeisance, left the hall.

"Come hither, my child," said Alain Dubey to Marie; "thou seest that these forms of law will sometimes serve to protect the innocent, as well as to shield the guilty; they may be wielded by an honest man for good, Marie de la Meilleraye! It was well that I had seen through their case, and made up my mind before I heard thy name; for I knew thy father and loved him. What may become of this suit, and which may prove the right to thy wardship, I know not; but we must strive to compound, if we cannot defend; or if their power at last wrests all on

their side, as, indeed, it has done elsewhere, for, in our miserable land, the law is now only the arm of the strong—but come—come, thou art a madcap lass to have dared what thou hast—run from thy guardian, who is sure to keep his own person safe, if nothing else in the kingdom, and come hither to us, who see the English every other day from our walls, and expect them every hour for near and constant neighbours. Come, I say, thou must not be downcast for that, or for this other danger of a week off, thou that hast encountered present ones. We will do what we can. Till we can send to Jacques Boucher, and know what he would do, thou and thy follower must rest in my house."

At his beck his nurse stood by his side.

"Celette," he continued with a smile, "I think my old labours do me good; the citizens of Orleans are kind to keep me in my office. I believe it keeps me alive. I am better than I have been for some mornings."

So saying, he arose; but the next moment he trembled in the arms of his faithful attendant; and Richard, as well as Marie, lent assistance to bear the old magistrate through the small oaken door into a passage which communicated with his own house. Here, as soon as the necessary

care had been taken of Alain Dubey, Marie found hospitable fare, and still more welcome rest; yet, ere she fell asleep, she gazed again with a more unclouded face—thank Heaven, there is so much hope in the world, with all its sorrows!—on the small silver box, and the withered flower it contained.

CHAPTER III.

It was not till late in the evening that Marie awoke from the deep sleep which the labours and perils of the past night and morning had cast upon her. In the mean time, Master Jacques Boucher, the treasurer to the Duke of Orleans, had attended the summons of the Provost, and had agreed to receive her into his house. The hotel, which descended to her from her father, had been duly turned to account by the guardians of her interests in Orleans, and the rents were accumulated in their hands for her use when of age, or to pay the fine of her wardship to the duke.

Alain Dubey was still weak and exhausted, but she was allowed to offer him her parting thanks, and to receive from him such kind assurances as he might offer, without too great risk of compromising his impartiality. These, indeed, were fainter than before; it was ad-

mitted that she was a personal ward of the king's, and that, if legally claimed by his authority, the custody of her person could not be denied.

"You will find, however, in Muster Boucher," said the old man, "a sure and kind friend, av. and a wise one too, and, if he should a little stretch his skill to keep you from this marriage, which you dread so much, why he may do it with a safer conscience than one who is sworn to maintain the laws as he finds them against all other considerations. Ere I was Provost, I had crotcheta in my head that could serve a good cause when the law could not," continued Alain, with a smile that savoured rather of wit than grace, "but, thank Heaven!" continued he more seriously, "that if I ever jested in such matters, I used my cunning to the best of my judgment on the right side, so the young man's frolies bring no sorrow to the old man's hairs. Go, and think as little as thou canst of care, poor child! till it comes unto thee, for others will care for thee, and I have lived long enough to see that what threatens often touches us not, while an unseen blow brings us unawares to the earth." So, giving her a parental blessing, he suffered her to depart.

"I know not how it is," said the old lawyer to his nurse, as soon as Marie was gone, " that I never see these young madcaps get into trouble, but my heart aches till they are out of it. What should a man with one foot in the grave heed of runaway girls? To be sure that La Tremouille is a heartless traitor-selfish as a swine, so he must be cruel; yet I ought to have chid the girl for ber folly. I warrant me she is in love! Well! and if I had, Colette, could I have recommended her any wiser nonsense to supply its place? We are all fools from the first to the last, that is one comfort, and every body may as well be foolish his own way. I ought to have chid her, and told her to be obedient to the laws - but I forgot. But mind you hold your tongue about what I said to Master Jacques Boucher."

The old man turned on his pillow and fell asleep.

Marie was soon at home in her new habitation. The treasurer's wife, a woman of the highest quality in the city by birth as well as marriage, was well-bred and kind-hearted, with a slight tinge of romance, for which her imprudent guest did not fare the worse in her estimation. Jacques Boucher, himself a plain man of business, accustomed, too, to deal in wardships, and to exercise needful control over the young, a somewhat froliceome merchandize to form the staple of a stewardship, looked upon his charge with a cooler though not a severe eye. Perhaps he thought the better of her that the Provost sent her a kind message or two.

At his leisure, therefore, he led Marie to the house of her father, and afterwards, when he was well assured that no dangerous troop of English was in the neighbourhood, even to her vineyards and fields on the north of the town, where she began to taste some of the pleusures of her birthright, by indulging in little acts and speeches of kindness to her cultivators and tenants. "Oh, if she might but enjoy her own home and those fields as she could picture to herself the enjoyment of them?" but when she suffered herself to indulge in the wish, it was too soon checked by the conviction that she must be far indeed from its accomplishment.

One office of kindness Jacques Boucher had lost no time in performing. Early the next morning after Marie had taken up her residence at his house, he proposed to despatch a messenger to the court, empowered to treat of the sum which Marie would, under the name of a fine for wardship, pay for her ransom. A priest, whose

studies in the law were not his only secular avocation, but whose mace had sometimes made itself feit upon heads which his preaching would little have disturbed, expected a canonry in the duke's gift, and knew no readier way to make himself sure of it than by undertaking an embassy for the treasurer. He was mounted on a mule, poorly clad, for poverty was the best safeguard in those dangerous times, and despatched to Chinon, with instructions, if possible, to make use of his character with the king timesoff, should La Tremouille prove deaf to his offers.

Marie watched through the dreaded Wednesday with a palpitating heart, but no adverse messenger arrived, and Alain Dubey kindly sent to her in the evening to say that all was yet silent on the part of La Tremoudle. Another and another day, and confidence began to succeed to hope. Jacques Boucher's reflections were agreeable at least in one particular; he prided himself on his own sagacity, above all in his choice of agents, and he chuckled over the idea that the priest would lay some rub or put some bait in the Chamberlain's way, and he did not like Marie the less for the castles she gave him occasion to build, as to his own successful interference.

The days almost amounted to weeks; all seemed as happy and peaceful in Jacques Boucher's house as if no one had any thing to apprehend. True, that every morning some new rumour was spread of English aggression on the helpless, or successagainst the strongest. Jergeau fell to their arms after three days' siege, and they entered Chateauneuf without opposition. It was avident to the treasurer, as to all who directed the public affairs of the city, that the time for their own exertions was at hand, and they were diligent; but Jacques Boucher was content with the precautions that were taken, and the carnest measures of defence that were in active progress; he often went forth to direct or to consult with others, but he made their resolves and their deeds matters of congratulation rather than alarm to his family.

It is true that, amidst his domestic and public responsibilities, he became more and more anxious that Marie should, of her own accord, or through some composition, depart. He little wished to add to his anxieties the care of one more helpless being during the trul for which they were preparing, but she answered him always with an humble firmness, which forbide his urging her sharply. She appealed to his

hospitality, and never allowed a question as to her own preference of meeting all rather than returning to the heartless tyranny of La Tremouille. She became, too, more and more endeared to his wife. Her wilfulness extended no jot further than a pretty obstinate self-defence; she brought the latest news of the court, and could relate them with spirit and the satire of quick observation; she could teach, to the young Charlotte, Madame Boucher's only and beloved daughter, the newest songs and the most approved dances, and in embroidery she was a painter. While Marie sang or paced the stately measure with her young pupil, it would be difficult to say which of the three felt most pleased, the mother in grateful pride, the daughter in her glowing vanity, at thus gaining the start of all her provincial competitors, or the young instructress in the exercise of her womanly patronage.

The house in which they lived, too, was one of the largest and best in the city, pleasantly situated near to the Renard Gate, which is in the centre of the north-western wall. Its leads, higher than the ramparts, commanded views of extent and beauty. To the left, as you faced the wall of the town, the broad magnificent Loire, winding its way for miles through a rich land,

crowned principally with forests on its southern bank of Sologne, though even here many and many a field and vineyard had been cleared by the axe, and bounded on the northern shore of Beauce by an uninterrupted succession of cultivated riches. Right before you was a handsome suburb, dotted with the garden-houses of the richer citizens, with hospitals and monasteries, and all such buildings as claimed some extent of space for themselves; and over these, to the right, among other divisions of beautiful landscape, Marie could behold her own fertile estate. Behind, to the east, was the city, with its noble towers and spires; and the panorama was completed as you caught eight of the Laure again over the houses to the south, with the bridge, the Tourelles, and the suburb of Portereau ncross the river, near which the ground was cleared from the wood and cultivated.

It was here, on the 8th of October, that Marie began to be instructed, in a manner more impressive than words, of the near approach of the war Jacques Boucher had suddenly been called from his house, and had scarcely departed, when the toesin rang out from the believ of St. Pierre l'Empont, and the trumpet-call began to be heard in the streets.

"The English! the English!" exclaimed Madame Boucher, as each face looked to her's for explanation, and she, her daughter, and Marie, with interest less easily repelled than fear, ascended to the leads.

But near the part of the town which they commanded, no foe appeared. Soon the numbers were seen coming in over the bridge, and these again made way for the long line of horsemen, who, under the command of Raoul de Gaucourt and his seconds, passed on through the gate on the hither side, the bulwark in the middle of the bridge, and then through the archway of the Tourelles. But glimpses here and there of their banners could be caught between the many forts; when they emerged in the streets of Portereau, they were for a time more easily traced, then they were lost in the wood and the more distant buildings of St. Marceau. For some hours, the uncertain expectation of the event was unallevinted by any intelligence; then the watchers again caught sight of the returning line, and soon some, well mounted, dashed across the bridge into the town.

In a few minutes Jacques Boucher rejoined them. "The work is begun in earnest now," he said; "the English had taken a position at Olivet, and were come up to the barriers of St. Merceau, but they are repulsed, and with some loss, and are retreating, to cross the bridge of Meun and rejoin their companious there."

"They are gone, then?" asked Madame Boucher anxiously.

"For the time," replied the treasurer drily; but he changed his manner immediately. "Yes, they are gone, and, if they must return, I hope they will meet with their reception of to-day!"

"Amen!" cried she, and all repeated her ejaculation.

Thus reassured for the present, Maria was excited rather than terrified. She had the consolation of thinking that the detachments of English were at least as formidable to her fore outside the walls as to her friends within, and she was almost uncharitable enough to hope that André Beschard and his party might have fallen in with some such adventure. Eight and forty hours after, the evening of Sunday, the 10th of the month, for history now bids us to notice the dates, the priest returned. He had made good speed, in spite of all difficulties, but it had needed much of his quickness and precaution to accomplish his journey in safety.

Let us remember, before we proceed to his relation, the situation of the towns on that part of the Loire as to the respective parties, and it will be seen that it was no easy matter to thread a clear way between them. The next towns to the west from Orleans, on the north bank, were Meun and Beaugenei, both strongly fortified as to their castles, both having bridges across the river, both on the high road between Orleans and Blois, and both in possession of the English. As Blois had still a tolerably safe communication with Tours, Chinon, Loches, and Bourges, this formed the sort of frontier town of the compact circle in Touraine, Berry, and Poitou, which was still under Charles's dominion. Necessity had, therefore, established two communications with Orleans, not very direct or usual, one by avoiding Meun and Beaugenci on the north bank, keeping more away from the river on which they were seated, the other by crossing the bridge at Blois, to the southern bank, and so approaching by the suburb of Portereau; but the late conquests of the English on that side, especially of Clery, not a little interfered with its safety.

The priest had taken the north side, but he arrived exhausted with the more than usual circuit he had sometimes been obliged to make to avoid the many detachments which were struggling in his path.

But to his success. He had negotiated with La Tremouille in vain: the Grand Chamberlain's pride was hurt by the report of his servant, and he was evidently determined to wreak his anger on her whom he believed to be still within his The priest had even contrived to gain a few moments' audience of the king, and had so far prevailed, as he thought, upon the goodnatured monarch, that La Tremouille would be persuaded by him to give up the harsher part of his claims, or that he would be refused their formal ratification. He had also succeeded in bribing one of the Grand Chamberlain's valets, from whom, though he could purchase no influence, he managed to learn from time to time the state of the affair.

La Tremouille, who had greater points to carry at the moment, had, on the first slight check, waived the consideration of this one for a while, and had not pressed his suit; but at length his more important objects being gained, he had, in one of those moments of intimacy, dangerous always to their subjects when kings bestow them upon unworthy favourites, persuaded his sovereign that all the use he meant to make of a full power was to terrify the girl, for having illegally resisted his control, and that it would be weak to suffer the king's deed to be cancelled,

until it could at least be shown that it could be enforced, and that such authority was abandoned as a matter of great favour. He urged more seriously a word or two as to the royal power becoming a scoff to the Orleannois, with whom it was most necessary that it should be held sacred. In fine, Charles, half persuaded and half importuned into compliance, had expedited the formal document.

It is scarcely necessary to dwell upon the effect of such a communication. The female part of the household spent half the night in tears and consultations equally useless: Jacques Boucher desired the priest on his way homeward to relate the story to the Provost, and, indeed, after a little thought, took his hat and cloak and followed to the Chatelet himself, but he returned without any intelligence that he was desirous to communicate, and spent some time musing in sadness on the event. He had learned more of the character of Marie, and found that her temper, though quick, was gentle, grateful, and affectionate; and that she was as much of the woman and as little of the heroine as his own wife and daughter, with whom imperceptibly he had begun to associate her in his family circle. He even talked with Richard about the

circumstances of the case, but, when the latter proposed resistance or a further flight, he was obliged to remind him that the word of Alun Dubey and his own caution had been given for Marie's appearance and submission, and that neither must be forfeited.

The next day and the morning after were an anxious and unhappy watch until they had passed the dinner-hour, the pause giving token of the priest's diligence; at length a messenger arrived from the Châtelet. Jacques Boucher, who had desired to be quietly informed of such an occurrence, returned with him, and about an hour afterwards, then nearly two in the afternoon, came back to his own house, ominously accompanied by André Beschard.

Marie looked pitcously round when she heard the news which must be already anticipated: sympathy she received from all, but assistance or consolation none had to offer. Richard bit his lip indignantly, and would gladly have done battle with her captor, but he was also a prisoner on parole and now unarmed. André Beschard would give neither to their sorrows nor their preparations more than an hour; he was determined to reach Blois that night, and his escort, which, in compliance with the Provost's

orders, had remained without in the suburb of Portereau, were all waiting in their saddles ready for the return.

The friends endeavoured to meet as well as they could the necessity they could not avoid. Marie at length became subdued and silent. Madame Boucher had suggested an appeal to the king; the priest had been again sent for, and it had been agreed that he should accompany them as a more fit companion for their charge. At last, by a little after three o'clock, all was ready; the priest was on the back of his excellent ambling mule, André held the stirrup for his fair prisoner, and Richard sate sulkily on a sorry horse in the rear, meditating if he might with honour escape from the custody of his escort, and, if he could, of what service his freedom might be rendered to his mistress. The adieus had been spoken, good wishes and prayers had been ejaculated, and Marie had summoned firmness enough to afford no spectacle of sorrow to the inhabitants of Orleans, and give no theme of jest or triumph to her companions; all was ready for departure, when they were aroused by the noise of universal commotion, and a loud huzza rang down the street.

"Vive Maître Jean!" cried a hundred voices.

and "Success to the good culverin!" and in a minute the mob and the object of its praise came in sight. A short, quick, merry-eyed, roundfaced man in a buff coat, and a cap gallantly stuck on one side of his head, and adorned with a handsome scarlet feather, sate across a culverin, the carriage of which was drawn by at least thirty men, and followed by many more, besides boys and women, shouting and talking. In front of him, astride of the gun, was a fine fairhaired boy, of about ten years of ago, a miniature copy of his father, in his gay bold countenance, and an imitation of him in his dress. Maitre Jean ever and anon patted him on the head, and in a true parental style suffered him not to lose the moral of the scene : - " You see. my son," said he, "to what honours a true aim will bring a man-it may be that in this eye of mine lies the safety of this good town of Orleans. Let this teach thee the road to honour, to which, if thou wantest a fair path, depend on it nothing will make thee a clearer road than a culverin."

"Right good sense," cried a citizen near him.
"This is what will give the English their pudding when they do come! Vive Maitre Jean! Vive Lorraine! the English like heavy food, let us see if they can digest his iron pills. Come

on to the tower of Nôtre Dâme de Recouv-

"The English!" asked Jacques Boucher of the speaker; "then they will beleaguer us in earnest now!"

Maître Jean himself descended from his car of somewhat premature triumph, and approached the treasurer. "They are coming, sir, they are coming, and even now the citizens are going out to put in practice the decrees of the magistracy. They are levelling the church of the Augustins in Portereau, for on that side the scouts tell us that Salisbury is approaching with an army of English, as strong and as wicked as ever brought misery and ruin into our beautiful France!"

"So! so!" said Jacques Boucher, and as he spoke he looked round upon all his own party to see the effect it might have on them. The priest saw the reason of this inquiry, and instantly affected more fear than he felt.

"I know," he said, "it is my duty as a christian man not to leave this poor girl in her peril, which now appears to be doubly imminent, but no less a service should take me outside the walls of Orleans this afternoon; true that the English sometimes take it into their heads to

spare the clergy if they are passing peaceably on their way, and the damsel may be put to her ransom, but for such variets as they might take with us, it is strange how little they prize such lives I have known them strung up like dogs, when the captains have been a little out of temper."

There wanted not instances of cruelty to back this assertion; and, as report, and that of a victorious and hated enemy, never diminishes the truth, all present put implicit faith in it.

The priest looked slily up into André Beschard's face. He then turned an intelligent glance to Maitre Jean, who had no objection to help an old acquaintance, as the priest was, in a small matter, although it might savour of exaggeration.

"It is wrong to call the English cannibals," said the gunner; "doubtless, but of all your curious torturers, commend me to un Englishman, especially when he gets those into his hands that have no gold to give him for their lives."

"But if one is well accompanied; for instance, an except of twelve," said André, with some hesitation.

"Just enough to irritate, but not to resist: but doubtless you have good plunder among you to buy off your lives, should you meet with any of Salisbury's men'r" asked Maltre Jean.

"A few crowns for travelling charges," replied André. "Who ever knew of a few crowns paying English hosts? You are a brave companion! When an army is advancing, the chances, to be sure, are ten to one against you if you take the direction full in its teeth."

"It is a strange mercy that they overtook us not: we must have been just before them," observed André, with a shudder.

"Yes, escapes make folks venturous," replied the gunner; "but you are a true Frenchman; you love adventure, and great will be your glory if you bring off half your detachment with you. Adieu. Vive le courage! nothing like it, to live marrily or die gaity!"

"Vive le courage! vive Jean!" shouted the mob, and the gunner remounted his seat, and was borne away in triumph.

"That is the best shot in France," said Jacques-Boucher, drily.

"I hope, if we are to have a brush with the English, that I may be armed," said Richard. "If I am to die like a dog, I'd fain shew my teeth first, at all events."

"The youth's request is fair." said Jacques Boucher; "but by St. Aignan, with those English so near, it is time for every man in

Orleans to bestir himself! Maître André Beschard, you will do well to set forward at once, put as much distance as you can between yourselves and the enemy, and look you, sir, that we as well as the Grand Chamberlain shall hold you responsible for the safety of your charge, since you think fit, against our opinion, to take her with you at this time."

"I shall hardly meet the English in the teeth if they come by the southern bank," said André. "We must take the road by the side of Meun and Beaugenci."

"Which we are fortunate if we find clear. The day before yesterday, I know that many hundreds of men were upon it; but doubtless you know the country well, and how to avoid them," said the priest.

" Not I, by my troth !" exclaimed André.

Marie, anxious as the was, could hardly retrain from enjoying the still more obvious perplexity of her guard.

"If your opinion be so strong against the en-

"What is my opinion, against that of a practised master of the art of stratugem? for such only could La Tremouille send on his orrands at such times as these, with veteran warriors in his train, that would cast themselves between their charge and danger, as if they held their lives for no other purpose."

"There is not one of the rascals," replied André, "that ever saw the colour of his own blood, unless it came from his nose on a hot day; and for my stratagem, to say the truth, I am more used to marshal a table fairly, than a company in the field."

"Well, then," continued the treasurer, "it is the braver for such a man to risk himself in an unaccustomed adventure; it shews a faithful follower to do as much for his lord. But we keep you, and we would not add to your perils, which, as you must know, are imminent enough already."

"It might be wise," said André sheepishly,
"to wait for the morrow, and, under promise that
the maiden should still be forthcoming, we might
at all events avoid the rashness of incurring any
unnecessary danger. It is little pleasure that
our deaths would do to our master or to any
one but these rascally Islanders, who ought to
make sport with nothing but their own bulldogs, or tear each other to pieces like them.
By the mass, it is no small wonder that we did
not meet with them coming hither; it were rash
to give them a second chance."

"Are we to await your pleasure, sir, for another hour?" asked the treasurer's wife with some dignity. "Methinks you might easily make up your mind. If you are reckless enough to spill your own blood, methinks you should hardly put this noble maiden's in peril, whom you were sent to guard, not expose to danger."

Never was angry speech so graciously received as this by André: he caught at the hint with visible gratitude, which enabled him to throw his own fears on other persons' shoulders.

"Now all the Saints forbid," exclaimed the varlet, "that I should have to answer for any harm done to this young lady in my company! It appears clearly that I have been headstrong and rash in the service of my master, as what true follower is not; I'm sure, I thought not of my own danger!"

"Or thou wouldst never have encountered it," said the priest in a whisper.

"It believes me the more to take such counsel as is offered by this noble dame," continued André, "and not suffer my zeal to plunge others in peril; I confess myself persuaded—partly by policy, and partly by compassion. I will ride to my company at Portereau. If there be this danger, they should come within the town."

"The Provost has forbidden that," replied the treasurer, "on account of their previous conduct: if in the night the matter should be imminent, such armed retainers will prove a good part of an advanced guard, and they will then be admitted at the gates, if need be. For yourself, you are, of course, at liberty to stay within the walls, though you will probably think it part of the duty of a captain to look to the safety of your men."

"I will take such order, sir, as should be taken," replied André.

"Doubtless," rejoined Jacques Boucher, "you will exercise a safe discretion."

"If that order be not to take good care of himself, and leave the rest to do as they may, I would my face might turn as blank as that craven's!" whispered Richard to the priest. The other only looked, and gave a sign of silence in reply.

"I take your word once more, for the maiden's safety and submission to the law," said André. "You shall hear from me when our course may be better ascertained; I will take counsel with my comrades."

"Now Heaven and St. Euverte send that every one of them be but half such a coward as thyself!" ejaculated the priest, as André rode away, and took a somewhat fearful journey even across the bridge into the suburb of Portereau.

"Had it been as much with my will as it is against it," continued the canon in prospect, "I would have led these fellows safe enough to Block by this north side of the river through Benuce, just avoiding the towns, out of the way of English bills or lances. Now the Virgin send that none of them know the road as well as I do!"

All were ready enough to smile at the priest. He, Marie, and Richard, dismounted with a very different alacrity from that they had shown for departure. Madame Boucher and her daughter tenderly embraced Marie; and the treasurer, even before he proceeded on his duties, called for his afternoon's draught, that the priest might share in his hospitality.

"And wist thou really share in our long and imminent danger, instead of one that is morquickly passed and less certain;" asked he of Marie, "rather than go back to this husband of La Tremouille's choosing?"

"Let them keep me from him, and the English will not be my worst foes after all." replied the maiden. "I shall be glad to owe that thanks even to them." "Alas! child," said the treasurer thoughtfully, "thou little knowest what thou sayst. The serpent that has been winding round the life of France now draws his last fold tighter and tighter for the final gasp. What knowest thou of the ills of war or its terrors?"

"I have seen and felt both," replied the girl, with a little pride. "I was with the Lady of Bourlemont returning to her house by Domremy, when the Burgundians made an irruption into the valley of the Meuse in Champagne; and, indeed, but for one braver and nobler than myself, I had been in their power. But who has lived in the provinces of France, and been exempt from the perils of the war?"

"These petty irruptions are destructive enough; plunder, violence, and murder cannot be well made worse; but a small force and a short time disperse such marauders, if there be a castle to hold out against them; it is a different thing when the power of England, assisted by the false French, and headed by the generals who have fought under Henry V., come to invest the last strength of France. They are, as that pale-faced lacquey said, like their own island dogs, and where they fasten, nothing but death will get rid of their hold."

As the worthy treasurer at this moment looked round, and saw that his daughter's face gave token of no little fear at such a prospect, he endeavoured to alter his tone. "But come," he continued, "they will meet in Orleans with good walls, and stouthearts and strong hands to defend them. Raoul de Gaucourt is a brave and prudent governor, and may we but see La Hire and Xantrailles, and the young slip of Orleans, that chose rather to be counted a bastard of that house, than the legitimate son of a meaner one, we might shew them again such a rebuff as they met with at Montargis."

"They are coming to us," replied the priest. "Poton de Xantrailles, indeed, is here, and so is the Lord de Villars, that so long defended that town, and the Marshal de St. Severe, Theaulde de Valpergue, the Lombard, and many others are said to be on the watch. And the Count de Clermont, a true descendant of the royal house, let us hope shall win his spurs nobly among us. Oh, there is life in France yet, and strength too, to tear off the enemy, he he serpent or dog, as you call him, and beat out the brains if there be no other way of drawing the teeth." With this the priest flourished his riding-rod, which was yet in his hand, as if he wished it were a mace,

and the floor an enemy's skull, which he believed he might crack with the blunt weapon, without infringing the law which forbids a priest to shed blood.

"I will stay with you, for good or for evil, if these followers of La Tremouille's will let me," said Marie, "and for a poor return, such offices as women may do to help save themselves and their country, I will join in with my little strength."

"All our strength will be put to the test," said the treasurer's wife as she hid her daughter's face in her bosom, "but perhaps it will turn out better than we hope; we may have been only terrified by false rumours, and have to thank them for keeping you with us."

But it was not so. First came back to them the disconsolate André, on pretence of giving civil information, but really for the chance of a little comfort in his own most palpable fright, which, however, Richard and the priest most industriously laboured to augment. He had brought the intelligence, that the Church of the Augustins was nearly unroofed, and that gunpowder had been applied under the walls, the report of which, heard soon after, showed that that work of destruction was proceeding.

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to cool the feverish remains of the night's unrest, and the earliest news of the extent of their danger.

First they were greeted at their door by troops of citizens, burrying past to the assembly, called that they might tax themselves for the necessary expenses of the proposed defence. The timid trader saluted them, and hurried by to offer a part of his stock, as if his safety could be purchased if he paid but a sufficient rate for it. Next came a miserly quack, rich in the spoils which ignorance lavs down at the shrine of assumption, made liberal in the bope of saving still. And then passed the honest patriot, giving next to all out of his poverty; and the truehearted citizen, stanch to his trust, and bearing a princely donation in his hand, that the poor might not too much suffer in the general distress, which would come first, and most fatally to them.

As the street grew thin at the hour of assembly, Marie and her two female companions ascended the roof. Old men, women, and children, were entering or leaving the crowded hurches; some might be seen lingering at the doors in earnest conversation. The walls were filled with busy occupants. Here the cannon rolled heavily on the ramparts; there the cross-bow, the mangonel, and the arbiast, were fitted

to their stations. On the top of his tower flushed Maltre Jean's red feather, and his son's just peeped above the parapet. The Lord of Claucourt, the grave and elderly governor, armed, all but his belinet, for which his picturesque plumed hat was substituted, rode, with many a companion in shining steel, from post to post, examining, listening, encouraging a patient, calm. and proud, as full self-possession, certain experience, and supreme dignity, could make him. Other leaders rode through the streets, or paced the ramparts, or passed across the bridge, to direct the operations-the gallant governor of Montargis, Villars, loved and listened to by all-here shope the belm of Xantrailles. pointed like a Pyrrhic cap, which well became the cheerful manly handsome face it surmounted; and in another direction waved the plume of the hardy Arragonese, Messire Matthias.

They looked further over the southern suburb, and there stone houses and towers were fulling with repeated crash, answered by merry shouts from the thoughtless, while even the owners looked haughtily and firmly on, or recklessly joined in the cheer, as they themselves helped the devastators. Most pitiful of the sights they beliefd was the fine and fertile vinecountry on the south, denoted for leagues of its riches, lest the enemy should approach unseen, or gain shelter or refreshment from the generous plant. This work, labourers, women, and boys, were completing.

None but the bedradden could remain within dura. Alam Dubey had his chair placed at his window, and cheered the workmen and the soldiers as they passed beneath it, while they responded with many a hearty "Vive le bon Proviet!" The party at the treasurer's coarciey left the leads even to take their slight repast; while Richard ran to and fro, collecting and bringing every fresh rumour, and anon lending a strong hand to whatever might expedite the defences of his neighbourhood.

At length, far in the south-west, appeared moving masses; as they drew nearer, the banners of the English host became visible among the suning lances which gleamed above the rich and varied armour. Soon were distinguished, besides the pennon of St. George, the arms of Salisbury, of Suffolk, of Lancelot de l'Isle, of the Lords Scales and Talbot, whose name was a war-cry of might; of Glasdale, and many au English banner; nor did there want the armorial bearings of many a Frenchman false to his

country, yet boasting his chivalry in the field of honour. The bailiff of Evreux, the Lords d'Egres, de Moulins, de Pomus, spread their ensigns, with those of the oppressors of their native land. Next, the clarious were heard, and the multitude came on in its majestic array, watched by the armed defenders from the walls, and by many a groupe, such as that on the house-top of Jacques Boucher, in almost breathless silence. So numerous they seemed, and their serried order so compact, that the mighty machine would, to all appearance, sweep down at once the opposition offered to it by the French defences. Those unaccustomed and unprepared felt their hearts beating with almost stifling throbs, as the glittering tide rolled on that threatened to engulph them.

As the sun sank, they were on the skirts of Portereau—an explosion was heard; another and another; and again in many places bellowed the loud reply; then rose, in one tremendous blaze, the fire from the doomed suburb; then one field of flame seemed to oppose a barrier to the English arms, and their martial blazonry looked yet more terrible in that awful glare.

The Tourelies, whose black shadows lengthened or contracted on the river and the bridge, as

the billows of flame rose and sank behind them, alone stood forth from the universal light, separated and safe from the fire; giants imbued with life and motion did they look in the fitful flashes. Not all the English fifes and clarious could drown the crackling and crashing of timbers, for no house had been left standing but of wood, all were fitted and prepared to feed and communicate the fire.

In vain did they attempt to save the dwellings of their foes; the vast sheet continued in unextinguished brightness during the greater part of the night, and the English rested on their arms, watching, like the citizens, the wide destruction.

CHAPTER IV.

THE escort which André Beschard had left in Portereau, it may readily be supposed, had some time since abandoned it: but their cowardice had a different instinct from their leader's. In vain did he look for them within the walls of Orleans; the circuit of a beleaguered city was the last place in which they would choose to be enclosed. Using a diligence and stratagem for their own safety, which none of them had thought of in behalf of their master, they managed to clude the English army by making a circuit as if they had taken the road to Bourges; and so, with no worse lot than much fatigue and fright, returned to Chinon.

La Tremoulle's further proceedings in enforcement of his rights will be related in their place; it is enough that, for the present, his refractory ward is doomed to share the fortunes of the Orleannois, and watched, should she escape the general disaster, by André, a vigilant spy, though an irresolute guoler.

Our post is still on the towers of Orleans, or we pursue the fate of Marie, in that of the ritizens, from her rarely forsaken watch upon the house-top. For two days the embers of Portereau, black and smoking, or bursting out into unexpected flame, where any fuel yet remained from the first fury of the fire, kept forced truce between the armies on the ground, immediately before the Tourelles. But the tents of the English pitched orderly in their vale, and the huts of boughs, built by the soldiery for shelter, over which floated the standards of their foes, were sights to try the forbearance of the French chivalry.

From the Isle aux Toiles, which runs, south of the mid-stream, along the eastern part of the town, many forded the river, or were floated in barges to the southern bank, to try in daring and vindictive skirmishes the personal prowess of the respective warriors. Each unengaged party watched, with rather the enthusiasm of spectators at a tourney, than the anxiety of enemies pledged for life or death, the result of three assuults.

The omens which they drew from these ex-

hibitions of skill, valour, and strength, were nearly equal. The English fought for their old pride, and in the confidence of long success; the French with the valour of the unfortunate, who have yet the last and dearest stakes to lose—their freedom and their honour. These were the contests of personal vanity, or national hatred. A more terrible game was to be played for the prize of the French monarchy, in the capture or defence of Orleans.

As soon as the English could pass over the smouldering ruins of Portereau, without the certainty of falling instant victims to a useless daring, they made right for the point which was to become the heart of the conflict. At daybreak on the Priday, they might be seen toiling over the yet glowing heaps, to take up their position full in front of the Tourelles. In vain did bolt and shaft, bullet and slung stone, call their already arduous advance; coolly as men occupied with a peaceful labour, they cleared away a passage for their cannon, and a ready access for themselves to the church of the Augusting. Mattre Jean's culverin struck many down: the French knights sallied from the outwork of the Tourelles; but Salisbury and his noble spearmen spurred through the red cinders to meet them; and of the soldiery, the struck dropped in the places where they worked, and the unburt went on, almost unbeeding them.

The walls of the church, its broken pillars lay, some crambled, some cakined, round its former site; but there was still enough material to commence a bulwark. Here, not more than sixteen or eighteen feet from the outwork of the Tourelles, did they begin the entrenchments with which they designed to enclose the fated city.

At first, the rubbish served only for momentary defence against the desperate assaults of the besieged, burning with shame at the audacity of the besiegers; but, bit by bit, the works acquired strength. In the rear of the first line piles were driven, the stones were placed with fagots in the interstices: and by night-fall, a fenced and mounded square, to which a fosse was already commenced, bearded with the banner of St. George the flag of france on the Tourelles.

The ruins of the castle of St. Jean le Blanc offered the same advantages, and were used with the same determination: they lay higher up the river, facing the south-eastern quarter of the town.

Exhaustion rather than the darkness put an end to the affray, but not till many, though not of note, slept their last sleep, and had cemented that first of the English bastilles with their blood. Salisbury lost not even the night of that weary day; with a fresh watch of men, he commenced from his new embankment the mine which was to pass under the walls of the outer bulwark of the French, and render victory certain by stratagem, even should open force fail. The next day presented the same scene, but with a more nasured success on the part of the besiegers, with a more sullen and faint hope on that of the bedeged. The bastilles were more and more advanced, and many a French warrior cust himself that night upon his couch with a despondency that he would scarcely own to himself; the lion's paw had struck, and the first gripe held firm.

The first trumpet-call of the morning banished all such thoughts; another day had risen for victory or loss, and the nerves were strung anew for the strife. But now, from the yet incomplete bastilles, as well as from lines along the shore, the artillery began to play upon the town. From the bastille of St. Jean le Blanc, one monstrous engine of the war, named in the language of military boasting passe-volant, throw stones weighing eighty pounds upon the opposite quarter of the Postern Chemeau, bringing with its

then unusual roar affright to the inhabitants, and destruction to their dwellings. Marie, whose habitation seemed yet out of the range of its aim, was spared too the misery of beholding its first victim, one of her own sex, named Belle, who fell mortally wounded at her parent's door.

Night and day without intermission, these peals were sounded in Marie's cars, till they almost lost their terror, unless in some new and fatal instance of their effect. And even in the midst of these, and the more appalling dangers that ensued, the honest and pious citizens found cause to trust in the Providence to whom they looked for their deliverance; and one shot, which fell upon a table where many were at dinner, yet left them all unhurt, was publicly declared to be withheld from its slaughterous office, by a miracle performed at the request and intercession of "Messires St. Aigman and St. Euverte," the patrons of the city. The minor inconveniences of the siege the citizens little regarded, and repaired with alacrity such damages as admitted of it. Twelve of their windmills on the banks were struck down by the English cannon, but they instantly erected horse-mills in the city for grinding their corn, which offered no mark for

their enemy. Each day presented too its feats of individual valour in the skirmishes.

In this harassing lottery of safety and destruction, life and death, passed the first week of the siege; Salisbury then prepared for a closer and more fierce assault. The outer bulwark of the Tourelles was his most obvious prev.

On the tenth day from their arrival, Thursday the 21st of October, the order was given for the conflict. To gain the command of the bridge, was to paralyze one limb of the Orleannois, the sole land-entrance from the south, and in a degree the command of the river would be gained. Upon the whole front of the Tourelles his cannon had unceasingly played for days—truethat the art of gunnery only admitted of their being fired at long intervals; but from the closeness of the discharges, they were delivered with terrible effect. At ten in the morning the redoubled shouts called Marie as the other inhabitants to a spectacle, which a week's endurance had not rendered less exciting.

The constant irritation of loss and danger to those nearest in affection, as well as to themselves, had made the citizens of Orleans eager to prove, in one decisive struggle, that the English had no chance of success against such defenden; a feeling which the women more than shared, indignant and passionate at each new disaster. With the English all was decision; every man knew that the moment of attack was contrived and calculated by his great leader; and each obeyed as part of a machine, almost merging his individual pride in the hope of the general renown; yet resolute and anxious, that his own arm should bear its full share of the victory. At ten the fagots were thrown into the ditch of the outer bulwark. and the scaling-ladders were mounted. Bodies of archers were placed on the south bank above and below the bridge, to gall, with their fatal missiles, any reinforcement that might be sent along it from the town. As the English leaders and knights of the greatest prowess attempted to scale the walls, they were received hand to hand in personal contest by the French of best re-DOWN.

An accident had deprived the veteran Gaucourt from sharing in the honour of the day. Riding hastily from the northern part of the town, to take the command where the hot assault needed his bravery and skill for defence, his horse plunged at a heap of ruins before St. Pierre l'Empont; as his ear caught the increasing shout, and he came within view of the strife, he

was thrown from his saddle, and with a broken arm led to the baths. But Villars fought as at Montargis-Mathias the Arragonese, the Lord of Guitry, the Gascon Lord de Coroaze, and his two brave countrymen, Poton de Xantrailles, und his brother the Lord of that name, with Peter de la Chapelle, who had just come in from his neighbouring lands in Beauce, led the garrison by constantly occupying the post of toil and danger, and were worthily seconded by them and the The nobler warriors wiekled their swords, their lances, and their guisarmes; the least practised could seize the ladders, hurl on their assailants stones, lime, and burning cinders, while the archers returned the English shot with every description of arrow.

Ere these means could fail, the women of Orleans rushed along the bridge with fresh ammunition. Upon them, in the heat of action, the archers of the besieging party did not hesitate to direct their fire as they passed; but husbands, sons, and fathers, were defending the tottering outworks, and they rushed on, regardless of the mortal storm. Oil was heated in every vessel they could supply, and use for the purpose. They helped to make the iron circles red hot, which, cast by an experienced aim, environed the

half-armed warrior with a painful death, while the calthrops were showered on the ground to trip and gall him in retreat. Darts tipped with flame were discharged to burn the pavisors, from beneath which some of the assailants launched their missiles. Whatever could destroy or main was vented by each on his adversary, with the vigour of anger, or the cooller and more deadly skill of determined bate.

Yells of pain, shouts of courage, the scream of excitement, and the wild laughter of success, filled the air with a continuous din, reinforced at intervals by the deep base of the cannon.

For four hours continued the unabated strife. Fresh troops were brought up by Salisbury, Talbot, Glasdale, or moved by the direction of the brave and experienced marshal of the host, Lancelot de l'Isle, as the slightest symptom of yielding, fatigue, or loss, shewed itself in the English lines. To the French ramparts the women brought wine, or, as their friends retired exhausted from them, bandaged their wounds, or wiped the dust and sweat from their brows; but they could not render the scene of blood less fatal; Guitry, Coroaze, Girèsme, the more renowned Villars, and Poton de Xantrailles, were wounded; Pierre de la Chapelle received his

death-blow, and many of the French lay dead or wounded within the shaken and crumbling defences.

Before their parrow front, on the English side, the bodies of more than two hundred and forty were piled in heaps of death, and many more were crawling wounded to their tents, or borne by their friends or followers from the strife they could no longer augment. The French maintained their ground, and gathered their remaining strength to meet the last struggle. There were yet English troops ready to march over the bodies of their countrymen to the fight, and cope with the desperation of their foes, but their leader would not add to the number of brave followers he had lost. He feared nothing : he deplored nothing; his army had done his work; and Salisbury, looking firmly to the event of to-morrow, dismissed his attempt for the day, and with his brother chieftains calmly retired to rest and banquet in his pavilion.

Bringing up such fresh men-at-arms and citizens as could be collected, the French chief left them for the defence of the Tourelles, and retired with the wounded into the town. Their dead were borne with reverence and affection across the bridge, as their relatives among the citizens had found them in the base-court where they fell. Varied, indeed, was the picture by the hearths of the Orleannois that night. Here the young burgher narrated his first achievement, and his relatives were proud to find a hero of their blood. In another room lay the gashed corpse, bewailed by those he had gone forth to protect. Essewhere, the Amazon, who had seconded and cheered the labours of the men, returned to her domestic toil in the preparation of an evening repast, and boasted, as she got it ready, that the women of Orleans alone would prove too strong for their assailants.

In richer rooms, and with more solemn as well as stately cheer, were assembled the leaders of the war, satisfied with the resistance of the day, and even proud of it, but full of the responsibilities of the morrow, and feeling that before enemies so determined and inveterate, one slight accident of the combat might render all their valour unavailing. Long council was held, and then orders were sent forth which, even through the night, kept the streets of Orleans in one din of preparation. Long ere morning, waggons laden with wood were seen leaving their bardens on the bridge near the Tourelles, and the citizens flocked at daybreak to

apply, under the guidance of their commanders, these new strengths to their defences.

Through the night the bells tolled from the churches, in which burned innumerable tapers; they, too, contained many of the bodies of the slain; and the masses for the dead and prayers for the morrow, not unmixed with thanksgiving for the present respite, resounded through their aisles, or were murmired in their chapels. Still continued the unrelaxed fire from the English cannon, and at intervals the crash of walls mingled with the more solemn sounds.

With the earliest peep of day Xantrulles and Villars, disdaining to yield to the pain of wounds which did not deprive them of the power of motion, repaired to the scene of yesterday's combat. With the exception only of the constant toil of the artillerymen, all seemed still within the English camp. The walls of their own outwork still afforded a nominal shelter to those engaged behind them; but it was clear that a few more hours would lay them prostrate, and that the only rampart before the Tourelles would be one of steel-clad men.

"Salisbury knows this as well as we do," said Xantrailles: "how comes it, think you, that he gives us this time to breathe?" "He waits his time, and knows his means," replied Villars.

"Even now he is at work," said his comrade, "more fearfully that he is not seen. Bid
all be silent, Captain!" he continued to one
beside him; "lend me thine arm, Villars; and,
in spite of this hurt, I can yet lay myself along
on the earth. There is indeed a noise," he said,
as he placed his ear against the blood-soddened
ground, "but whether it be the movement in
the camp, or one more to be dreaded, I can
scarcely tell. Captain!" he cried again, as he
rose, "bid every man stand as still as if he feared
to take breath; and now, sirrah," to another
attendant, "bring a tub and a pitcher of water,
with a plummet line, and place them here."

It was done: all waited his experiment motionless and silent.

"Now let the water trickle into the tub, as if you feared to shake the less of old wine; 't is well! does it stir? Fix two stakes in the earth firmly across each other over the water. Now give me the line." So saying, he fixed it to the cross of the stakes, and suffered the plummet to sink upon the surface of the water so quietly that it made no ripple.

"Mark you! mark you! Villars," he ex-

claimed, after a moment's pause, "it rocks into a wave—there was then no cannon fired. Again! look! they must be under our very feet. Ho, there! we are undermined; let a horn be sounded from the tower-top till they ring the alarm from the belfry. Bring hither pickaxes, men: we'll meet and tilt with them, as did Barbazan and his knights with Henry V. in the bowels of the earth."

In obedience to his commands, the first signal was made from the tower of the Tourelles, and it was not long before the alarm was rung out from the tower of St. Pierre en pont. The citizens hastily resumed their arms, and the garrison once more moved its strength towards the menaced point.

But Salisbury was not inattentive to their movements. Could be have won the bulwark by a surprise, he would not have delayed an instant; but the alarm and the passage of the garrison told him that his intention was discovered. In vain, when the force was assembled at the post, did Poton de Xantrailles listen or watch for further indications; his experienced opponent knew that the walls of the bulwark rested now upon stays, which he could remove when he chose, and reduce them to a ruin: he did

not wish to neutralize his assured advantage by

Xantrailles and Villars were equally wary and decided. They read his motions as he did their's.

"We must abandon the outwork," said the first warrior, and he sighed as he said it; for he well knew that this was the first step of the plan by which the English would by degrees strengthen and confirm their hold, till Orleans was full within their grasp, unless they might be foiled by some tremendous check; their patience and cool tenacity he was no stranger to. The chiefs who were with him sadly admitted the truth of his advice, and he rode across the bridge to get it confirmed by the disabled governor.

The watch and the pause of action continued till his return. Every eye was upon him as he dashed over the drawbridge into the outwork. He gave his commands silently, and they were rapidly and silently obeyed. Without noise, and masked as much as possible by the buildings, the main body retired through the fort to the piles of wood which had been constantly accumulating on the bridge.

There were yet left, of defences on that side,

the turreted gate by the Châtelet, on the town end of the bridge; the bastille of St. Antoine, where it crossed the island nearly in the middle: and the main fort of the Tourelles itself. But of the latter, the walls were riddled or tottering with the cannon-shot, and it seemed as if every gallop of the horsemen across the bridge might bring them toppling on their heads.

In front of the Belle Croix then, which, as has been said, stood on the pier between the eighth and ninth arches, counting from the position of the enemy, Villars and Xantrailles directed the building of a fresh outwork.

"It will not do," said Xantrailles, " to lose one defence without substituting another; we must defend the bridge, arch by arch, and if each costs them as many men as their assault of yesterday, we shall scarcely leave them the skeleton of an army to walk over the ruins of our town."

The well-timed development of their resources restored courage to the citizens, among whom the rumour of ahandoning their outpost had spread no little dismay; they had felt it as one chance irretrievably gone—one bar removed between them and slavery or death. Their spirits rose again as they found they had a substitute.

The heaps of wood on the bridge, thrown a little in advance of their intended work, shielded the builders from the darts, and in a great measure even from the cannon-shot of the English; and massive, indeed, was the wall of timber, strengthened, wherever it could avail, with earth and stone, which they raised. The builders of the town seemed eager to empty their stores upon the bridge, and every citizen and almost every woman pressed repeated offers of aid in the work.

In the mean time a line of the ablest warriors filled the ramparts of the tottering bulwark which they were about to ahandon. Trumpets sounded defiance from the walls; arrows were shot, and banners waved, and bands of skirmishers issued from its portal, or made across the Loire against the right of the English lines fully to occupy the enemy.

Salisbury suffered them to imagine that these manaeuvres employed him: he was satisfied with the knowledge they gave him that the Tourelles were his own, and this, for the present, was sufficient for his design. The skirmishers were met bravely on his part, and his cannon did not cease; else he made no movement.

One operation of the French was more open to his check, and upon this point he directed all the missile engines of his cump; it occasioned some loss to the besieged, but did not prevent their successful labour: this was the casting down one arch of the bridge in front of their new bulwark, the thirteenth arch from the town, the seventh from the side of Portereau and the English camp. Towards evening, this line of defence was sufficiently complete, and a simultaneous blaze from many parts of the outwork of the Tourelles gave notice to the English leader that the ground on which it stood, if not the ruined fortress, was abandoned to him.

It burned fiercely for a while, but by midnight those in the bastille built on the runt of the Augustin's church saw no obstacle between themselves and the blackened dilapidated towers flanking the gateway of the Tourelles. In these a guard was still left for the night, while the new bulwark of the citizens was perfected but when the cannon were brought fully to bear on them in the morning of the Sunday, and the besieging chiefs, heedless of the day, commanded an assault, the French abandoned almost without resistance platforms which shook beneath their trend, and on which, so shattered were the

walls, that they scarcely dared stand upright lest they should prove ample marks to the certain and fatal weapons of the assailants.

The cheers of the English soldiery swelled across the river to the city as they took possession of the fort, and again were they redoubled as the banner of St. George rose above its towers. The sight of the ill-omened flag but stirred the besieged to more vigorous exertion; they threw up another strong defence in the city itself on the side of the bridge. The English began quietly to repair and secure their conquest; they atrengthened the outwork towards the city, on the second arch from Portereau, and broke down two arches immediately in advance of it, Between these two arches, broken to fortify the English, and the one destroyed to defend the French, three were yet left entire-a circumstance which, we shall ultimately see, had much to do with the issue of the contest.

With all his soldierly stoicism, Salisbury felt clated with his advantage: the enterprise had been undertaken on his own express recommendation, and confided to him at his entreaty. The regent Bedford, who possessed much of his brother Henry's fertile genius in war, had only known of his wishes to oppose them, and the

reputations of the two leaders, especially of him who had undertaken the task, were in no small degree pledged to the event. The attempt once begun, Bedford was too honest a patriot to withhold any succour in his power; but it was clear that the success would be Salisbury's, both in plan and execution. Nor was the nature of Salisbury that which suffered any drawback in the moment of victory; his conscience was that of a mere soldier; he was brave, firm, and devoted to his cause, without any consideration as to its rectitude; he was severe even to cruelty. rapacious even to sacrllege, formed upon the model of his master Henry, with whom success was virtue, and failure almost the only crime. It is marvellous that the generous affections of peace, or even the true magnanimity of war, could survive a time when such men held their unsparing and degenerating rule; but they did return, even under princes whom the weak have called weak, to judge and condemn for ever those who had trampled on them.

Let not the evil memory rest solely on the English; but for the mulady which smote Charles VI., at a time when France was powerful, and England divided, the French might have become the aggressors, and Henry V. might

have been the avenger and vindicator of his own land, instead of the oppressor and devastator of another. The proud knew not their duties as men; it was left for the simple and low-born to instruct them

But this was the high tide of Salishury's triumph. His devotions that day were deep pledges to the fall of Orleans; and he sallied from his tent to look upon his conquest, and gloat over the spoil and vengeance that he meditated.

"Let us see these new defences," said he, that they have erected, and mark out what strength to-morrow shall wrest from them. I will convince the Regent that this shall be no tedious siege; we will go right onward, and drive them inch by inch, if they dispute our march so bravely, from their town."

"It is a pity we cannot invest the north and hem them in," said Sir Thomas Gasgrave; "then not one of them but should be put to his ransom; the knaves will carry off the treasure, if we leave that path open to them."

"We must win the town by onright assault," observed Glasdale, "if not from this quarter."

"Never fear the prey, friends," rejoined the Earl of Salisbury: "when we strike here against their last rampart, we will spare you, Sir Thomas Gargrave, if you will, from the assault to hover round them, and ease the fugitives of their wealth. By the mass, these look to be rich churches here, and I will have their plate and shrines for a spoil, to match with the rich prize we made when we sacked Nôtre Dame at Clery."

They were received by the guard at the foot of the drawbridge at the Tourelles.

"This tower commands the bridge and every part of the town," said Glasdale: "here you may choose the sport for to-morrow." So saying, the newly appointed commander of the fort led his general to the entrance of the eastern tower.

"What ho, a light here!" he cried, "for it grows dark, and we have not left the stairs in quite so good condition with our cannon, as we might choose, for our own tenancy." With the light he led the way.

They ascended, and Glasdale pointed to the window, whence the prospect of the town lay clear in the evening light, and the rough, iron soldier condescended to play the courtier to his general, or perhaps to indulge in a boast be might share.

"My lord, look at your city; you can see it well, and at ease from here." Salisbury looked on it, and believed his officer; and, in that instant

thought which girdles the earth in a second, saw himself its victor in the market-place, and then calmly exulting at the council-table at Paris, thanked and honoured by those who had condemned his enterprise; and even London and its court, and his feudal home, rushed through his brain in the same procession of glory, the multitudinous triumph of his conquest.

Mattre Jean was among those most discontented, and least dispirited at the events of the preceding days. He fired his culverin more rapidly than ever, but his aim was by no means steady.

"I know not how it is," he said to the soldier, who kept watch by him on the platform of the tower called Notre Dame; "the Euglish have laid some spell upon me too. I have struck but two out of three of the varlets that I marked, and but one of them wore a surcoat of arms. The poor knaves were scarcely worth powder and shot; had it been yesterday morning I should have spared them."

"Ay," replied his honest companion, "they showed us yesterday and the day before, that every man's life among them is worth a round of powder at the least."

"Worth a round of powder!" replied the

gunner indignantly; "thou ratest rascals at catolerably high rate, my friend; perhaps thous wilt say next, they are worth the skill that takes them off; I hit them to keep my hand in, and because I see no better game; and 'showed themselves yesterday,' forsooth! yes, when Frenchmen chose to give up defences to them that they might have held till doomsday, had they been so minded."

"The defences were good for naught," rejoined the soldier; "battered and ruined towers."

"I suppose they would keep the English from the French, as well as the French from the English, and if they fell, both might meet."

" Ay, ay, but we were fewer."

"When did Frenchmen ever care about numbers? when did they ever fail to beat twice their odds?"

"Azincour, where the odds were ten to one in their favour."

"Bah! and, perhaps, a lie-perhaps a mistake of the generals', like this. Bah! Azincour!"

"Well! they have beaten us pretty often all through the war."

"Nonsense! here and there; but in the main—Bang!—ah! missed again! It is listening to such nonsense that spoils the sight."

"Well," quoth the pertinacious soldier, "but if it is not true, why are we here penned behind walls, while they are outside trying to get at us?"

"Pooh! policy—it is our way—or a mistake of the general's."

"But," continued the frank soldier, rather irritated, "if they come they are now three to one. If three of them get round you, would you have a chance?—they knock you on the head."

" Perhaps,"

" Perhaps—perhaps you wouldn't condescend to die if they did?"

"Die! why, yes, I might die; but I should die in my opinion."

Both parties were silent; and the gunner proceeded for the next quarter of an hour, with the assistance of his mates, in reloading and repointing the gun."

"Father," cried a young attendant, who was seldom absent from him, "you have taken neither food nor rest to-day, and you've been on guard now these eight hours."

"Bah!" replied the gunner, repelling the boy's caress, who had laid his hand on his father's shoulder, as he knelt to take the sight; "it is no time for eating or drinking or resting, when men forget their honour, and others can be found to excuse them for it;" glaring angrity at the soldier as he said this. "Go along and sup yourself. I suppose you're becoming a glutton like the English; you'll be fit to live under them."

"I!" said the boy, proudly; "I live under the English! I a glutton!---I have not tasted a morsel, and won't till you have eaten—and I live under the English!"

"If I haven't touched his honour! that brave little man's honour!" said Mattre Jenn, with great remorse; and tapping his left hand upon his breast, "there, come along, we'll clink together and be friends, young comrade! embrace!"

"With all my heart! but no clinking yet! this is my time of the watch; get your supper, father, and come back, and then I'll take mine; but for all the suppers in the world I'll not lose my watch. Is it loaded and primed?" he asked, looking at the culverin, as if he loved it.

" Ay, ay, boy: but come, we must be friends."

"We are friends—but my honour must not be doubted," said the boy very seriously. "I shall prove I'm no glutton, by staying here; and, perhaps, I shall show I'm not likely to live under the English—there—I've a right to satisfaction; and this is the only way—go, father, and eat your supper."

Jean lifted up his hands and eyes, partly in parental astonishment, and partly in parental gratitude, for having such a son; and he went as he was bid to his afternoon meal.

The little man clapped his red-feathered cap on his head, as soon as his father was gone, rather more on one side than usual; and took a few turns up and down the platform. His honour was appeased; so he banished the premuture consequence that Maitre Jean had fostered in him, and turned like a boy again to the gun.

"What!" said the lad, rather amazed, as he looked along the sight, "does my father leave it pointed at stone walls? does he think those crumbling old Tourelles are worth knocking down; or does he see no English strutting about and daring their betters? I'll have another look round."

Knowing that he should be unable, till his father's return, to get the cannon ready for a second discharge, he took some time to single out a mark worthy of his only shot. At last, he spied a bright suit of armour; and the indivi-

dual who inhabited it, with the retainers who surrounded him, would, probably, have pud dearly for his evening's walk, when, casting he eye once more along the sight, the boy spect of glimmer of light, by an iron grating high up at the East tower of the Tourelles, which, as the sun was set upon the opposite shore, had presented its dark side to him, and not allowed him to observe any difference between the opening and the rest of the wall.

"But it is not true," he cried, in an agony of impatience to the soldier: "here, Philip, hep me a little, a very little more to the right. The light moves, so here goes."

In a moment the linstock was applied; the shot was discharged.

"It has struck the side, Philip, the stonework, or at most a bit of the grating; it ought to have gone clean through; the light is in the room still. Oh, if I could but reload!" said the boy, as soon as the smoke had cleared away, and enabled him once more clearly to see his mark.

But ere he could say much more the gunner returned. "So, my boy, now to your supper; and then come back to me here. Aha!" he said, as he saw the recoil of the gun, "you have had your shot; I heard the report."

"Ay, father, but I believe I have done little

"You have hit the side of the grated window, and cleared away some of the iron-work," said his father, as he examined it; "not amiss that."

"It was a hasty aim. I saw a light; but they care so little that it is there still."

"Humph!" said the gunner, considering, but it moves rapidly to and fro; there is great stir in the room; and look you, many armed men are come to the grating; and there are others on the top of the towers, all eagerly looking towards the city; and their action is earnest. Look, look! with what speed a messenger leaves the Tourelles—you can see him yonder; that black mark that goes so swiftly along the bank, in the direction of the Earl of Suffolk's tent!"

"That shot has done more than any you've sped to-day, Maître Jean," said the soldier.

"I hope so; I hope it has," said the gunner; the son should improve upon the father. I may leave a name behind me, but let my son eclipse it: I shall love his glory better than my own;" and he tapped his breast with his left hand, and then hugged his son in his arms.

"There is confusion in their camp," said the steady guard; "that is, confusion for soldiers

and Englishmen: there are groups, and they go from one to the other, and talk and hurry away again."

"You are right! there is something, but—but—not a word of this in the town."

"You're not envious of your son's success, a so it be?" said the soldier.

"Envious!" replied Maitre Jean, with inchble scorn, "no! But do you remember what the did with the man that led the crowned doals? round the walls of Meaux, and called on the English to ransom their king?"

"They hanged him when they took the town."

"Ay, ay, now glory's a great thing, and a man's shoulders may bear the responsibility of it; but if the English should take this town,! should be sorry that my boy should be owed a mortal grudge by them."

"I thought the English were never to take it."

"They never will, they never shall; but if

"Our leaders should mistake and let them?"

"Yes, then we may as well keep the matter quiet till they're safe out of the way, and ther for envy! Why little Louis shall ride on the culverin all through the streets of Orleans, and I'll walk behind him, and that, I think, will be fame; but no danger if we can help it; so off now to your supper; and if you're back soon, you shall help me to take a few more pops at them before we go to sleep."

What that shot had done the French then neither knew nor inquired. They were left, indeed, for days, without any fresh assault, subject only to the constant cannonade, which seemed remorselessly kept up against them.

But this might be accounted for by the circumstance which then engrossed their own attention. The brave young warrior, the bastard John of Orleans, entered the town for its defence with a company worthy of his fellowship; the fortunate soldier, who had little more than attained his majority, was as noted for beauty and grace as for valour, and the women of Orleans made his beaming black eyes their theme, while their husbands spoke of his prowess and skill in chivalry.

The Lord of Ste. Severe, Marshal of France, was with him; and so were the Lords of Beuil and Chaumont sur Loire; Messire Jacques de Chabannes, Seneschal of the Bourbonnois; the Lombard Knight, Theaulde de Valpergue, with

his Italian infantry, bearing bows and pointed stakes, such as had served the English so well at Azincourt.

But most welcome, next to their young leader, was the soldierly La Hire, the idol of the camp, the model of each aspiring esquire and page, possessed of all the good-fellow virtues of his calling, and ignorant, even in his prayers, of a thought beyond them; that commanded absolution from a priest on going into battle us he buckled on his armour, and asked no other hour of Providence than that it would do by him as it would be done by - an odd reading of a Christian text, but one that, in practice, makes up many more fearful and dastardly crimes than Etienne de Vignolles, such was the real name of the Gascon knight, ever committed. The Captain of Vendôme and Messire Czernev the Arragonese, were of his immediate band; the whole succour amounting to the welcome number of eight hundred men.

Did this array paralyse the motions of the English leaders, or did Salisbury plan, nay, was he not executing, some new and irresistable device? His sullen cannon, and the constant cool repulse of skirmishers, were all the tokens of the besiegers' vigour. At length, rumours came in to

Orleans which the citizens scarcely dared to believe for joy; but circumstances confirmed them, fresh assertions were added and credited—their most redoubted for was dead.

While his ears yet drunk the flattery of Glasdale's speech, and in the high intoxication of his heart, the crash of the stone shot sounded on the iron grating, he was struck down miserably. piteously mangled. Half of his cheek was carried away, and one of his eyes was burst, Sir Thomas Gargrave fell mortally wounded beside him. In this extremity of wretched helplessness his accustomed spirit did not forsake him. A leech was summoned, and his wound was dressed on the spot; to him he spoke no word, he knew his fate, and desired of surgery no more than so much time as should leave his will of vengeance a legacy to his countrymen. A messenger had been despatched to the Earl of Suffolk, who instantly repaired to him, but the door of the apartment was closed; the leech was enjoined, by a sign from the general, to secrecy.

Men cannot remove all the signs of calamity; there are actions that our sympathies instantly interpret. Suffolk repaired to his commander: many conjectured and hinted the truth. At night, when all had been purposely kept within the bounds of their quarters, Salisbury was horne by his own chosen servants to his tent; there the chiefs awaited him, and there, conquering the pain and danger that rendered his speech a part of martyrdom, he gasped and stammered out in imperfect utterance:—

"Let not the fate of one poor life prove the loss of England's power in France; promise to do justice to my memory; let not an accident rob it of its rights—rob you of your conquests—our master of his dominion. Promise me, friends, not to abandon this siege: fight as we have fought together—often—here; and by—the city shall be your's; ay, ay, and France with it; it is the high road—there is no other way!"

A clamour of assent, in broken and harsh tones of fury, and of unwented feeling, was sweet music to the fainting warrior's ears. He roused himself, and grasped each firmly by the hand, and dismissed them all but Glasdale.

"They are brave and noble; they will do me right," he said faintly; "but you," and he summoned his strength for the last effort, "you are as myself—where you plant your foot that ground is won for the king we serve; hold the Tourelles till they fall above you." "I will," replied Glasdale.

A hideous smile beamed on so much of Salisbury's face as could be seen.

"And now let me be borne from the camp to Meun; let me not discourage the men by dying among them. Farewell!" again he pressed his lieutenant's hand. "Now!"

He was borne to Meun silently as he desired, and, there, on Wednesday, the 24th, three days after he was struck, died the man whom the English themselves considered the "arrow-head of their cause, without which the shaft were worthless."

CHAPTER V.

THE morning of the 8th of November was bright and clear. The citizens were assembled with many of the lenders upon the ramparts; for the English army gave symptoms of retreat. The firing still continued from the Tourelles, now fully repaired by the vigilance and activity of Glasdale, from the batteries of St. Jean le Blanc, and the Bastille of St. Privé; and a line of armed men stood on the shore, ready to repulse any sally on the part of the besieged. The last waggons and sumpter horses were being laden with the pavilions and stores of the host, and the troops, formed into two divisions, under the banners of their leaders, seemed ready to depart in opposite directions. Warriors, and those who had first learned to wield weapon in the late attacks, crowded round the Bastard of Orleans and the Marshal de Ste. Severe, impatient to be led to the attack of the retiring foe. The horses

of La Hire and Poten de Kantrailles were ready below the wall, and the ferry-barges rested at the Postern Chesneau, which opened on the water-side ready for a sally, or even for a general sortie, should one be determined on.

The eye of the Bastard glanced to and fro with eagle keepness, and his youthful colour came and went as he looked on the masses which lingered on the opposite bank.

"His heart is for the battle," said Jacques Boucher; who, with Marie, stood near enough to watch his countenance.

"Shall we not all dash forward?" asked Xantrailles, and give these English a last alarm? Methinks we might even win from them some of those treasures they are trussing up so orderly, as if they were in their own land preparing for a merry progress, rather than in the presence of an enemy."

The Bustard looked at Ste. Severe. The marshal said nothing; but his eye by no means seconded the enthusiasm of the Gascon knight.

"My brave countryman," said La Hire to Xantrailles, after a pause; "this will not be the last alarm we shall have to give to the English before Orleans; they have lost their leader, and they may change their plans, but by St. Louis! some plan or other will they still have to make themselves masters here. It is a respite, my friend, but no pardon. No matter if they return; we may make them retire again, by the mass I to choose another leader."

"They are not gone yet," said Ste. Severe; "they will hold the Tourelles, and their three bulwarks; or before this they would have begun to raze them to the ground."

"No, it is impossible," said the Bastard, after a long survey. "Their guns at the Tourelles would take an advance on one flank, and their battery of St. Jean le Blanc on the other, were we to cally from the Postern Chesneau."

"It is galling enough to see them march away so coolly," observed Xantrailles; "see the marshal of their host, the Lord Lancelot de l'Isle, riding from post to post, preventing all haste, and keeping them in as quiet an array, as if they expected the dead Harry himself to review them."

"Ay," exclaimed La Hire, "I know de l'Isie for a brave veteran, and—see! youder is Suffolk's banner, and here rides their Tulbot—were I but on the other side of the river, I might have a tilt with him, just to say, 'au revoir.' I respect him as I do the devil himself, for being

so brave on the wrong side—but—" and he cast a long and wistful glance round him; " by all the saints in the calendar, and as many more as there will be when I'm made a saint—and I fancy the Pope will be a long time coming to my turn—I don't see where we're to touch them!"

"No sign of moving from the forts," again exclaimed the Bastard impatiently—" they will return then."

"And hem us in on every side," replied Ste. Severe; "they teach us what to do; see you how they are destroying the little you left by accident, in their neighbourhood."

" The wine-presses in the valley of the Loire."

"Yes, they'll leave no shrub or board to shelter an attack upon their entrenchments."

"Humph," replied the Bastard, and he cast his eyes wistfully over the finest environs in Prance. "The poor citizens!" he at length exclaimed, "the good, patient, brave, loyal citizens!"

"It is like keeping off wolves with a cudgel," said La Hire; "by all the caths of Orleans! I beg the saints' pardon for not knowing them well enough yet to swear by; I'll go to the churches on purpose."

" My friends!" cried the Bastard, turning

shortly round to the citizens, "our weak numbers offer us little chance of success should fall upon our retreating foes; we have so what the English have done in pitched bath when they have had time to choose the groun against very different proportions of number from our's. And now dare you use the time of fortune gives us for a further sacrifice? The contest is but delayed; the Tourelles they sthold, and evidently with a force beyond out means to dispossess: they will come back will you leave them a chance of advantage the you can take from them, for the sake of all sacrifice that can be asked of you?"

"No! no! speak!--What shall we do?" and a hundred voices at once,

"Leave nothing of Orleans without its walk was the reply.

"Down with all!" came in a shout from the people.

"To the Halles then! call your fellows! You Poton, and you, La Hire, take, if you will, companies; pass out by the Burgundy gate, as keep upon the right; there you can protect of or threaten them; we have our work to do!"

Away in a tide rushed the people, with the leaders, the short distance from the souther

ramparts to the Halles. The treasurer went to the council; but Marie, attended by her esquire, watched, on the southern bank, the orderly retreat of the English, till they were almost lost to sight: and then, turning to the eastern quarter, she saw the top of the high tower of St. Aignan already hurling to the ground—a signal that the devastation had commenced on that side; and that, even when they believed the danger past for a time, the citizens were capable of sacrificing to the cause of their country, possessions, in extent and value, nearly equal to that which they still hoped to hold for themselves, and their rightful sovereign.

As soon as she returned home, she found the treasurer; new anxieties arose in the place of old ones; the joy, which shone in almost every face she met, only reminded her that the nature of her perils was changed.

"And are you still determined," asked Jacques Boucher, "to remain with us, and share what every one in Orleans will assuredly have to endure, and of which you have yet but a slender experience, rather than submit to the king's will?"

"I am here at home among my friends," replied Marie; "and shall not leave them for my persecutors, unless I am obliged."

"We thank you for your love, and all of us believe in it," said Jacques; "but it behaves you well to think; however, whether it be for our sakes or not," and he ventured a smile as he said this, "remain you probably can, if you so desire it. The English, if we are rightly informed, will go no further than Meun on the one side, and Jergeau on the other; and holding the Tourelies here, the country between will not be safe for travellers."

"But if André should prevail upon any of the parties passing to and fro for convoy of provisions to admit us into their company?"

"André is not the most adventurous knight I ever saw; and these convoys do not always reach their destination, of which I will take care to inform him."

"Thanks, my really kind guardian! But of the larger bodies that sometimes pass under the leading of the generals, there can be no such doubt."

"With the generals themselves I have some influence," answered the treasurer; "and La Tremouille is too much of a carpet knight to be popular with them; I think I can persuade them to grant any civil safeguard to Master André himself, that will take him out of the

way; but," venturing another smile, " I will tell them what trouble they would have to lead you safely whither you didn't wish to go; and, perhaps, they might think with me, that they might spare themselves the pains."

"I am strangely pertinacious; but you will forgive my fears----"

" Of a husband? ves-what else?"

"If La Tremouille should now get special orders from the king to send me with a detachment for the purpose."

"The girl thinks herself of no little importance, wife," said the treasurer to his lady, who had just entered; "but she must be of more consequence yet, before the leaders here would think their men well employed in escorting her at La Tremouille's pleasure; and for the king—but it is as well not to say it above one's breath; we serve him, but that is in our own way, and for his own good; but not always exactly in the manner he wishes, or, at least, directs; for we take it into our heads sometimes to suppose that he does not direct us exactly as he wishes, and so substitute better measures of our own."

"Then I am safe! my dear kind friends," cried Marie, as happily as if she had nothing more to apprehend. "So far at least, I hope," answered the treasurer; "and less cause will they have to care about you at all, for your vineyards, poor girl, must share in the common sacrifice."

"Let them go," responded Marie joyfully.
"I care not how little I have—so it be but enough for—for the humblest wants; let them go! no one may covet my hand then. I shall be as free as a peasant, may bestow it where I please, at least without the cruel restraint that rank and fortune impose on it."

"Mark you how glad she is to get rid of wealth," cried the treasurer; "ay, ay, there can be but one reason to make a girl rejoice at losing all her sex would contend for."

"And that is independence," interposed Madame Houcher. The treasurer took the hint and held his tongue.

Glasdale, with six hundred chosen men, still kept the forts, and his artillery were not idle; yet, to the harassed townsmen, this state seemed almost a cessation of arms; they cast large cannon, and replied to the English fire so as to keep the garrison in constant employ repairing the damages they made; else, so much is even tranquillity comparative, that Orleans seemed for more than three weeks almost to enjoy a holy-

day. Provisions arrived, and sometimes men, from Tours, from Blois, Bourges, Chateaudun, from every town where the true-hearted people, fearing the peculations of a selfish ministry, could send their tribute of succour direct to the advanced guard of French nationality.

It was rumoured that the court would desert the middle provinces, and seek refuge in the south, but, let who would betray their King. there were vet citizens in France, determined to the last to be true to themselves, and in that to their covereign. In many a rich province, party had arrayed men against their own national existence; the aristocracy in any case could save their estates by swearing fealty to the strangereven the King's favourite, his Chamberlain La Tremouille, was more than suspected of intending such traffic, when his eastle of Sully was placed by its English captors under the government of his near relation; the unsophisticated people were true, and they found among the chivalry of France, and at last among themselves, leaders worthy of their devotion and their cause.

November passed without any very serious interruption to Marie's tranquillity. The attempts she had anticipated were made, and they were once, indeed, André believed he had a chance of performing his task; a mercenary escort could be procured for a considerable part of the way, but the treasurer hinted the danger to Richard, and the youth quickly acted upon the suggestics. He apprised André, that, at the point where they were left by the convoy, he should withdraw his purole, and have the satisfaction, without breaking the peace of Orleans, not only of doing his best for his mistress's liberation and his own, but of trying how far he could pay the debt which he acknowledged for the trouble of their capture.

"That is little to be heeded," said André, but he took care to admit, that more dangerous enemies might be met on the remainder of the road. He dreaded Richard, the marauding parties, and he dreaded another siege; but, internally cursing the chance that had led him into the trap, was fain to remain in it like other raged vermin, because he saw a surer destruction at its door.

Winter set in with all its inclemency, the last vestiges of habitation were destroyed in the northern suburbs, and the English returned in force to the task they never intended to abandon. At first they merely visited the Tourelles, but soon their leader's matured plans were put in practice. Suffolk, nobler and more generous than Salisbury, was an enemy in the art of war equally to be dreaded. He had the advantage of the Regent's perfect approbation and support.

Bedford never approved the attack upon Orleans, but, once begun, he saw that the final success of the English cause depended upon its being carried through. Suffolk could be patient, he knew that he was entirely trusted. Talbot and all the leaders, who had strengthened the councils and battles of his predecessor, served gladly under the gallant Suffolk; the siege was carried on without remission or truce, save for six hours on the very festival of Christmas, when the clarions and trumpets of the adverse forces met at the Tourelles to perform a solemn music in the presence of the leaders of both nations; yet even there, their talk was of the war, their jests were defiance, their compliments the memories and promises of combat, and their salutations, glances measuring each other for the future strife.

Glasdale was still left in command of the forts to the south; Suffolk and Talbot, and the other leaders, commenced the same system of isolation on the other bank, following it up at last by even building a bastille on a small island in the river, below the town, so as to cut off all supplies that came by water from the west, while Jergeau controlled its passage on the east. It was to be the battle of coolness, strength, and patience, against impetuosity comparatively weak. Have you not seen some gigantic athlete, despising the activity of an ill-matched opponent, laughing at exertions that brought only exhaustion, waiting till all vigour was gone, to win an easy almost an unopposed victory?

Daily skirmishes were dared, to give some vent to the impatience of the garrisoned chivalry. Suffolk smiled: equal loss was to him certain gain. The martial animosity was shared by the weakest, and the youngest—the gold-headed Aymart de Puisieux led the French pages against an array of English youth, and they fought with stones and flints in severe and dangerous conflict, before leaders who trained them to valour as the first of virtues.

Maitre Jean could find little mirth in Orleans, and he, therefore, made his own with the enemy. With his culverin now placed in a niche of the bridge, he guilted those who guarded the advanced works of the Tourelles, and causing it to be carried wherever a sally was expected, added to the English loss, in almost every encounter.

"Mourn over me, Louis," he cried to his son, as he threw himself upon the ground, after placing two or three of his foes in the same position. "Mourn over me, Louis! stoop down to me and kiss my cheek; there now, wring your hands—capital! the rascals will think I'm dead, and then they'll come within range of the shot. Aha! look how they're rejoicing. Now, comrades, take up my body and bear me into the town."

"It is too bad to act the farce of a corpse here among corpses," said his old friend, Philip.

"Nonsense! death's a fellow that never resents your taking liberties with him; so, there, carry me properly! By St. Euverte, but the fellows are shouting for joy! Now they think they're sure of me. I'll be back among you presently, you dogs; be as quick as you can; don't let us ose time by our sport. I'll break your head, lead as I am, Guillaume, if you spill the powder. Laugh and jest always, but make it help business."

As they were entering the gate in this

mournful order, an English arrow struck one of Maître Jean's supporters; and, in the pain, be let full the corpse. Maître Jean lay quiet enough in appearance, though he swore at his bearer for a coward that cared for a little smart; but, as soon as the gun was ready for him, back lw sprang to it, and, taking his aim, laid three or four of his astonished opponents in the dust.

"There, my boys," said the gunner, "there a messenger to tell you I'm alive and merry. Aha, you ruscally Godons! that will teach you the difference between jest and carnest; your tumble is no pretence. Now, boys, loud again as fast as you can; we'll pop off some more before they've done staring at the others."

But, notwithstanding the vivacity of the French character, Maître Jean found fewer sharers in his jests than his valour.

From day to day grew the malice of the war; the leaders still interchanged civilities. The Bastard of Orleans returned martin-skins for a winter fur, to line the robes of his adversary, and graciously accepted the present of fruits, which accompanied the request from Suffork; but many, whose sons or parents lingured as wounds, or had been sent to their last home, abhorred and reviled the courtesy which seemed

for a moment to stay the fierce implacability of vengeance.

It was in saddened curiosity that Marie now looked from the walls, where all had been beauty, or had indicated plenty and comfort; the winter's desolation was mercy to the work of man: nothing relieved the tedious panorama of ruin, of blackened arches, and crumbling heaps, but the strong square towers of the invaders; their wood-fenced parks, with the huts of the soldiery just visible above them, and the line of wall and ditch, which began to join each fort to its nearest neighbour, so as to leave no road for the arrival of friends.

The events of each day were honour or discomfiture to the chivalry who led the skirmishes; to the citizens, to their wives, their children, the arrival or the capture of a convoy which might, for a few days, stave off the cravings of hunger from such as had never before known it, was the news that brought the light into the sunken eye, or the flash of pleasure or disappointment into the gaunt and care-worn cheek.

After more than two months of suffering came that joy, which none but such prisoners of fate can feel, of the hope of deliverance.

Charles of Bourbon, Count de Clermont, allied

to the royal house, was to lead an army to the attack of the reinforcements which Sir John Fastolf was bringing to the siege, with such provisions as might supply the English camp during the Lent. The leader was young, as were most then in hereditary authority throughout France. The slaughter and captures of Agin court, as well as of many subsequent battle were felt in the absence of almost all high nobility of experience and conduct.

It was on the 10th of February, (Thursday that the citizens of Orleans beheld, with man an earnest prayer, the brayest of their defender go forth to reinforce the young Count, wh was then at Blois. John, the Bastard of Orlean was accompanied by two hundred men, and follows lowed the next day by fifteen hundred con batants, led by Messire Guillaume d' Albre William Stewart, brother to the Constable of Scotland, Saint Severe, Graville, Verduran, and those who found their place in the front of ever danger; La Hire and Poton de Xantrailles, with his brother, and many knights and squires, equi perhaps, in valour, though not in the fortune of renown. This noble array was to join, on the Paris road, with an army of four thousand combatants, Scotch, and from Auvergne, and the Bourbonnois; among whom, besides the Lord de la Tour, Buron of Auvergne, and many valiant French, was the brave John Stewart, the Scottish Constable.

As the gallant army passed out, the citizens stood upon the ramparts, and cheered their defenders. They gave them freely of their small remaining store, to comfort and inspirit them on their march; and they talked to the soldiery of the trophies which should be prepared to great them when they came back from the certain conquest. Marie stood among all the outpoured womanhood of Orleans, and promised with them the tempting prize of woman's praise to all who should deserve it. She sent forth even her faithful and only adherent; and Richard deemed that service the best fidelity to his mistress.

The citizens did well the work of the major part of their garrison in its absence; each hour might bring the tidings of rescue, and toil and suffering are light with such a thought. The Saturday passed in conjecture; rumour, indeed, born of men's wishes, gave them tidings of success, but none could trace it. The Sunday came, processions were made in the streets, and many a solemn service was offered on that day.

The number of Fastolf's army was known, it did not exceed fifteen hundred, the Franch must be nearly four times as many; the praises of the Bastard of Orleans were in one mouth, while another spoke of Poton or of La Hire, and sad that, had there been such leaders to oppose Henry V., Agincourt itself had not been lost.

Tidings came of the march, of the battle begun; the people became fevered with suspense. The house-top of Jacques Bouchez, whose dwelling, built of hewn stone, had suffered little from the siege, commanded, by looking to the right, the Paris road, from which the tidings must come of the engagement. There, sheltered from the English arrows by such screens as the servants could frame, Marie and her companions kept which till the early twilight deepened into night, and rendered observation hopeless.

All in the house shared with her in the general impatience, and hastened with her to the Bannier Gate, at the north-east angle of the town, whither, as their chance of more distant discovery lessened, many of the citizens were thronging.

The treasurer of the Duke of Orleans commanded respect for himself and his party, who else might have been in danger from that anxious crowd. They had not been at the gate more than half an hour, when a horseman arrived at full speed. A shout of "News! news!" was followed by a continuous clamour of demands; the man was wounded and lacked assistance, but he was stopped by the general greetings.

"Is it victory or surrender?"—"The worst!"
—"Are we saved or lost?" were among the thousand exclamations of inquiry. As he waved his hand, there was a breathless silence.

"The day is lost," he exclaimed. A groun of despuir rather than of reprohation followed: he was suffered to pass on, while some few crowded around him to learn the particulars and extent of the disaster.

Almost all would have followed, but Maître Jean revived their curiosity and their courage.

"This fellow left the battle ere it was over, friends," he cried. "Who does not know that Fortune changes ten times an hour? This fellow was struck, and he thought France must be lost because a little of his blood was let out. Let us wait for the next. We shall have good news!"

"Good news! Vive la France! Vive Mattre Jean!" shouted the people, and all bent eagerly for the next comers.

It was more than six o'clock in the evening, and stragglers, in parties of two and three, began frequently to arrive.

"What news?—it must be victory?" called Mattre Jean to the first party.

"La Hire was doing what he could," replied the fugitive; "but you see I am disabled, and so is a better man, John of Orleans!"

"John of Orleans! the brave Bastard! He is not dead?"

"No, no!" exclaimed a thousand voices.

"Wounded, not dead," replied the man feebly: and he and his comrades passed on.

"He is not dead!" cried Mattre Jean.
"There is hope while he is alive. Vive the Bastard of Orleans!" The people heartily responded to the cry

A larger party arrived, and they bore with them many of the wounded and the dying; the goom began to deepen, but none could now leave the spot. Though the victorious English army should come next to the gates, all must stay to learn their fate to the full. The mournful passing bells began to toll; the churches were opened for the rites of sorrow. Hour after hour passed, but neither Marie nor any of her fellow-spectators could return home.

Midnight struck, and then the main body of the French forces appeared. Dispirited and wearied as they were, they were still more in number than Orleans had had within her walls, and the citizens looked with wonder on so many warriors returning alive from a field which they had not won. They yet more than doubled the computed number of the foes they had been opposed to.

First of the leaders, among the retiring force, was the Count de Clermont.

"His shield has not a dint, no more has his helmet," observed Mattre Jean; "and look at those who surround him! not a feather knocked out of their crests! Oh, there has been some wretched cowardice here!"

Those who heard him uttered a low murmur; but it was in mournful and shameful silence that Charles of Bourbon passed on through the streets of Orleans. Their eyes searched long for the Bastard; at length he came, wounded severely in the foot so as to be unable to keep his stirrup and sit firmly to a charge. He smiled sadly, not for his pain, which

he did not feel while he thought of that unhappy day. He did not notice or even see the treasurer; his brow was knit, and his teeth were clenched, and, as he passed, the people gave a shout which responded to his looks—steady, determined, vigorous, but which no one could have mistaken for a cheer of joy or congratulation. Then was a low and mouraful murmur, for the bodies of the two brave Scotch, of the Constable and his brother, were borne along on a horse litter; the people lifted their caps and cast their eyes to heaven, and muttered a prayer for the souls of their dead champions. Last came those of the valiant men yet alive who had borne the brunt of the fight.

All looked anxiously for Xantrailles and La Hire. As the sad procession closed, they appeared, ready still to ward off the enemy's attuck, should be pursue.

Late as it was, for two had sounded from the bells of the Sainte Croix, a lusty "Vive La Hire!" "Vive Xuntrailles!" "Death to the cowards who betrayed them!" woke the still schoes of the night, and resounded to the English camp.

"Shut the gates, and keep good watch, both for friends and foes," cried La Hire. "Welcome! welcome!" cried Jacques Boucher. "All is not lost yet when so many brave men return to us."

"Ah, Master Treasurer!" answered the Gascon frankly, "command me a cup of drink for the love of the Virgin, for, by St. Denis, if he will condescend to be sworn by such a day as this, I need something to wash the remembrance of this business out of my throat!"

A dozen cups were handed to hun, and to Xantrailles, from the nearest houses—some with wine, and some, from such as had not wine to offer, with water.

"The day is completely lost, then," said Jacques Boucher, after La Hire had emptied two of the largest cups.

"Lost! We are here back in Orleans, without bringing in their convoy, arms, ammunition,
fish, all stores that warriors could desire, with
which they now will peaceably supply the camp;
and look you, how we come in? Is there a man
that looks better than a thrashed hound? Oh
that new-made knight, that Count of Clermont,
his spurs should have been knocked off in half
the time they took to put on! By St. George, the
only saint fit for a gentleman to mention now!
we were there, ready, in greater numbers than the

English, panting to be let slip on them, when first comes an order from this general of a day, that no man is to strike till he comes up with his men. I could have eaten my gauntlets for spite; but I knew that many a battle had been lost for want of order and discipline; we obeyed. The English had time to play their old trick; they put their waggons in the rear, fortified their front, which they shaped like a wedge, with sharp stakes, and two-thirds of our advantage were lost. Yet there was hope to bear them down with numbers; next came the order that no man was to dismount. We did not obey that, for no cavalry could get against their spikes: we fought hand to hand, when we could reach our foes, but we were struck with arrows, picked off from behind entrenchments; and when this Count Charles, who had been so eager to prevent our fighting without him, saw how we were beset, he forgot all his ardour, and mute the best of his way back. Many a guilant band have I seen curred by the leading of a fool, but, by the whole calendar! never tid now had I the shame of obeying a craven! If it were to do again, I'd beat the English in the teeth of his commands, and no merit either to defeat a few hundred footmen! and then

turn round, and do as much for this prince, for mistaking the leading staff of an army for a child's bauble. Good night, Master Jucques, good night to all, for I'm weary."

For the first time in her life, Marie looked upon a spring without hope-Nature's promise was destroyed ere it came to birth. Happy was the day which did not add to her record of calamity. On the morrow, the cannonade of the English was resumed with a vigour, that spoke to her ears their triumph in their victory. Called by the shouts from the bastilles, she beheld Fastolf's small army arrive on the Thursday at the camp, laden not only with their first convoy, but bearing the spoils of the French from the battle of Rouvray. Some of the English soldiers advanced and taunted their defeated foes, "A mes biaulx harengs!" they cried, and held up their Lenten provision; the fight itself they nicknamed "The Battle of Herrings." She descended to hear news more fearful.

"Marie," exclaimed her now almost mother, as she re entered the room, "we must part at last; it costs me much that you should leave us now, but it would be a wicked and a selfish love that would detain you; the time is come for all who can to depart from Orleans."

"You leave it then?"

"I may not. Oh, dear Marie, I am very weak, my poor child! but for the officer of the Duke to leave his post now, would be a dispiriting, a fatal desertion, even for me to leave him! no, no, that will I not; but we must not keep those over whom Orleans has no such claims."

"I am of it; it has sheltered me at need," answered Marie.

"I know your real motives," said the treasurer's wife solemnly. "I am not one to dishonour them, even to know of them without a cause; but the time is come to put all motives and all duties to a dreadful test, and those who ought not to answer for them with their very lives, must not encounter the responsibility. Hear me out—they are abandoning Orleans!"

" Abandoning !"

"Ay, this Count de Clermont, stung with the reproaches of his companions in arms, treated with silent disdain, even by the lowest of our rabble, leads forth his discomfited followers to-morrow from the city, in numbers more than it has yet had of auxiliaries for defence. The Admiral Louis de Culan, the Archbishop of Rheims, Chancellor of the Kingdom, go with him; they perhaps have a right to look to their personal

security, but it is hard when our own pastors abandon their flocks trembling before the wolf. The Bishop of Orleans goes with them—there should indeed be danger when the shepherd flee."

"There are yet left some brave and gallant knights, the Bastard John, Xantrailles, La Hire."

"Ay, John of Orleans has spoken, as brave men speak to those who waver in the battle field, words that make the blood boil to hear of them; but he spoke to cowards, whose hearts could not glow—he entreated, conjured them by their patriotism, their self-love, their interest, taunted them with their shame, pictured to them the fate of other towns, rendered in peace to the English, where yet their soldiers wallow in wickedness and cruelty, terrible and shameful as the fiercest war could perpetrate. Yet, Marie, these men will depart. All but himself, Ste. Severe, and Xantrailles, leave us to our fate—the fate be has put before their eyes!"

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed Marie, "what said La Hire? did he not rail them into staying through shame and fear?"

"He leaves us too—promises, indeed, to return with succour; we must believe that he intends it; but be he true, we need a thousand such arms to save us."

"And he will bring them. John of Orleans will yet keep the town for weeks, nay, months!"

"I must not let you hope. Reflect—I will not have your blood upon my head in the terrible hour we may so soon endure. Oh, if two months were spared us, Marie, and we here as we are now, what then might you not reproach me with? I will not hear you, dear child: think of the most terrible of fates, and bless Heaven that you can yet escape it! To-morrow they depart for Blois: go and pray for us."

Madame Boucher could no longer control her feelings, and Marie was left alone.

She sate for a while in deep silence—It was a strong trial for love, which she believed to be yet unacknowledged, which might never have the opportunity of being declared, even though the destruction of her property might suffer her to forget her rank, and so remove one of a hundred obstacles.

"Oh! that I were in that peaceful valley! sharing his and his sisters' toils, but it will never be:—yet," she continued, and the very picture, impossible as it seemed to realize, gave her the strength so to conclude, "no risk the duties of any of my sex may compel them to run, shall shake a constancy vowed to myself and Heaven.

I may never be his, but the terrors other women encounter I will brave, rather than voluntarily become the wife—nay! the slave of another!"

The romance of love, generous as it is, is ashamed of its own motives. Marie had determined on her course, and as the sacrifice would be purely her own, she felt that she had a right to venture it, yet she wanted an excuse to confess her resolution. It is not selfishness, it is not even the modesty of owning noble thoughts; love has its own sucred scenecy; let those who call it weakness put its efforts or its endurance to the proof, or search its heart-springs to the very core.

While she mused on the method of breaking her intention to Madame Boucher and meeting her arguments, the treasurer came into the room. Madame Boucher's conversation with Marie had been the result of a consultation with him, but he forgot this in his desire to alleviate the painful anxiety his information must have raised in his family, and he only, at the moment, thought of Marie as part of it.

"Come, come?" he said hastily, as he saw her endeavouring to compose herself in his presence, "all is not so utterly gone yet; we may perhaps change masters, but not become the vassals of the English. Call Madame Boucher, Marie, and Charlotte; I have news that may give them some comfort." Marie lost not a moment in obeying the summons—all then returned with tears half-blotted from their faces.

Madame Boucher's only question was a long sob of expectation.

" Xantrailles goes," said the treasurer, coming at once to the point, "to Paris, to the Duke of Burgundy; he is there with the Regent Bedford. I thank Heaven for the inspiration which prompted me to speak of it! The Bastard of Orleans instantly consented: he thinks of nothing now but our interests, our safety; Xantrailles is to offer our city to the Duke of Burgundy's keeping, a rich prize for Philip's ambition, and to ask of him to keep it, during the imprisonment of our Duke, as neutral until the question of this war be settled. It will at least give the fearful passions of the victors time to cool, and if all is lost for the French name, we may find some distant and humble retreat, and our fellow-citizens who remain pass as peacefully and securely as they may under the new ruler, with either the Duke of Burgundy, or our own Lord of Orleans, to interpose between them and the wantonness of a successful faction."

"Thank Heaven even for this! you ever do wisely and well," said Madame Boucher affectionately to her husband; "the forces of Charles of Bourbon will remain for the reply."

"They depart to-morrow, but I warrant we will hold our own till we know the best or the worst. Xantrailles is diligent; in other times, he served under the Burgundian Duke against the ambitious Gloucester: he will be listened to at least, and gain his despatch as quickly as possible."

"And they will not defend us even for that time?"

"Their services belong, they say, to the King of France; we negotiate to save ourselves."

"Yet Heaven knows," replied Madame Boucher, "not till we have lost and endured as much as sovereign could ask of his subjects, for more than four months have we borne privation, and danger, and anxiety, and fear more trouble still —our property lies in ruins, what can we more?"

"We must trust to ourselves and to John of Orleans and Ste. Severe."

"And to Heaven!" concluded Madame Bouwher, resignedly. "But Marie-"

"She departs with the Count to-morrow; you have spoken with her?"

" Yes."

"But I do not depart," said Marie, firmly.

"I will not affect more interest in your fate than I feel, and I am sure that that is much—you believe it so, do you not? but I have considered, balanced everything; I remain in Orleans."

"You must not," said the treasurer, earnestly; "why put more in peril, and such peril! than need?"

"The peril is at distance, yet—there will be other chances, if all the efforts now made are vain; it is very wilful, doubtless, but unless you drive me hence, I remain with you, and if I am thrust from the city gates, I will take any road, ay, even to the English camp, rather than that of Blois."

"Marie's firmness overbore the opposition of Madame Boucher, agitated and tremulous with the unexpected revival of hope. She contented herself with warning Marie of the event, and emphatically referred her again to the experience of two more months of terror and suffering, should they be so long spared to witness the fortunes of the war. She said no more, and pressed Marie to her bosom, and they witnessed the departure of the Count de Clermont's army the next day, sharing in the indignation, but not

yielding to the despondent misgivings of their countrywomen.

Two months elapsed, and the hour they had flown found Marie in the same room. She was paler and thinner; her face more care worn, but not less beautiful; her air less buoyant and youthful, but her look and manner more firm, as if she had been schooled by danger, and, perhaps, privation, to calm patience and constant presence of mind. It was April; a fine day the air was mild; and, from the air of spring, even the war and its miseries could not take all its inspiriting cordial. Marie leaned at the open window. The town was still, save at intervals the roar and echo of the cannon, sounds which six months had made all so accustomed to, that they scarcely seemed to break the monotony of silence.

An armed citizen, as he passed, saluted her. "Good day, Maitre Everard, you are returning to your home."

"Not to my home, lady," replied the man; "mine lies in the street; my wife was crushed as it fell; but my neighbours give shelter to my babes, and the town let us have a ration of food once a day. I have been on watch since midnight, and must make the best use of my time before I am called up again."

"Good day, and better times!"

"Ay, lady, we need them!" The citizen passed on.

"Is Maitre Jacques Boucher within?" asked a respectable burgher of her.

"Not now; he is at the town-house, waiting on the lord of Gaucourt and John of Orleans; they expect tidings."

"Heaven send they be good! I came to offer him this cross for sale, if he have any money left to buy it with. My shop has been shut these six weeks: none who owe me money can pay me; and all whom I owed it to have been clamorous with me. Ere the siege I was thinking of leaving my trade to my son, and retiring to my lands in Beauce, but I must find some one to buy this family relique, or I shall need a dinner." He went on towards the council-house.

A half-famished man, scarcely covered with his tatters, approached. She was on the point of closing the window, lest she should be asked, who had now nothing to give, save the jewels which were to supply the place of her birthright; but the man rushed forward with a desperate effort and prevented it.

"Do you not remember?" he said; "but even you are changed, and well may I be. You

spoke to me so kindly and cheerfully, when you visited your vineyards, and promised to befriend me; my children and my wife cannot come with me to ask compassion; they have nothing to cover them but straw, in the cellar of a deserted house; but they live — if I might get but a piece of bread."

Marie asked it of Madame Boucher, alleging her own hunger, and gave it to the man. She intended to spare as much from her own share, in the daily food; for even in the treasurer's house the famine was felt. She gave it to the man, and closed the window.

A yell of the mob, persecuting an English prisoner, was the next sound that awoke her from her reverie; she scarcely glanced at the cause. She had no wonder, scarcely pity, for the event, so completely lad the hatred of those who caused suffering extinguished all sympathy for their own.

Mudame Boucher had taken a seat by her: ahe did not perceive her till she turned; for the treasurer's wife passed about her house with a resigned and noiseless melancholy, from which it was but rarely that any one could arouse her. Marie sometimes won from her a half smile; and, whatever were her own thoughts, she now

endeavoured to cheer her benefactress. But she could draw nothing from her but the evidences of their hopelessness.

"Even Ste. Severe is gone with his followers," said she. "Ah, Marie! do not attempt to deceive me by what you do not yourself believe. All must see that we draw towards the end of our trials; the last and sharpest is indeed to come. Oh girl, why did you not leave us? but it is wrong to speak of it; it is done now."

"Will Charles make no effort ?" asked Marie.

"Charles! alas! La Tremouille will lead him to the mountains of Auvergne, and there maintain a desultory war, till he can make his own bargain with the conquerors.

"Charles is happy if he can escape captivity. The poor king, he does not want for goodness or for courage; but he is sold and betrayed. Sorrow itself has taught him nothing but to seize on the pleasures of the day; and in that riot to forget to-morrow. He has scarcely a crown in his treasury to pay the beaten army that stands between him and a prison. Our citizens fight yet with a mad bravery; mad, indeed! Yesterday, they beasted that they had lost fewer than the English in a sally. They had just sense to own that they had lost from hundreds;

the enemy from thousands. And who shall say how many of our own may be relied on? There are rumours of treason; and some bear frightful proof. There are others besides the master of the Almonry who would give us up, sell us for their own safety, or for English gold."

"The master of the Almonry?" asked Marie.

"He had pierced the wall of his house, which opens to the country a part of our defences, when his villany was discovered. Some say that he had made other defences within; but for what? He fled. The last thing we could cling to — trust among ourselves, is gone. If the Duke of Burgundy send us no hope, and the delay tells us what we may expect, what can be done to save us?"

At this time, as she threw open the window rather from an irritability than with any intention, the treasurer was seen entering his house. "Ah! he comes back more sadly than he went; we need not ask his news; but let us hear it. Well, what do they speak of now, dear Jacques?"

"Capitulation with the English!"

"No, no! massacre under the name of peace and truce!" she cried with energy. "What! will not even the Duke of Burgundy accept our city?"

"He would gladly have received us to pro-

tection, but the good Duke is powerless at Paris: before the regent in the council, he was told that Orleans would be won with English blood and treasure; and that it was not their custom to hunt down the game, that others might enjoy the feast. Even John of Orleans talks now of surrender, and making terms for the people."

"And does he not remember what these asvage conquerors have done elsewhere?" asked Madame Boucher, with an energy which her terrors inspired; "has not be himself spoken of it? No; it must not be capitulation, surrender; they are butchery and violation. Come with mo, Marie, to the Halles; run you, Charlotte, to our friends; tell them to assemble all the women of Orleans; say that they talk of surrender; let them come and bring with them all they have to give."

"What would you do?" asked Jacques Boucher, astonished, and almost affrighted at this violence in a meek and gentle woman.

"What a mother and a wife should do; be assured, my husband, nothing disgracefully—nothing, if I can help it, unadvisedly; but it must be done!"

Hor injunctions were obeyed; and she hurried

with Marie to the Halles. As they went, they called upon the citizens' wives, and they again sought for their friends till the streets were fitted with the female crowd. In an hour, all the women that could quit their houses, with many of the men, filled the arena of the Halles, and the streets outside its gates.

The words of the treasurer's wife were few and broken, but they were answered by the hearts of all her auditors.

"They would give us up to the English," she exclaimed, "matrons of Orleans, they would let us become the prey of the English. You know what that fate is; the garrison murmur for money, for bread. Our defenders should eat even if we starve. Here is all that I and my daughter have left, of jewels or of wealth; let them be taken to pay the soldiers; but let them defend us to the last."

There was a loud shout from the men, as the glittering heap fell from her bund on the bench before her. Marie silently laid down her store, and another rent the air; she blushed and clung to her friend.

"We will fight to the very last," cried Maître Jean, who stood on a stall to make himself seen, "but if ——not that it ever shall happen." "But if they should get into the town, they shall find us where and as we ought to be," cried the excited woman. "We will go, my friends, to the altar of the Sainte Croix; we will place there all that the war has left us, and we will there die and leave the church a burning pile over our bodies, rather than become the lemans of those savages."

" Vive Madame Boucher!"

"Vive the ladies of Orleans!" cried Mattre Jean, tossing his now draggled red feather into the air, and from the auditory responded a long and heart-felt huzza. The women hastened to add to the precious pile, which was borne to Gaucourt and the Bastard, for the payment of the soldiery, in a desperate triumph, Madame Boucher walking at the head of the band, leaning feebly upon Marie's arm, for she was exhausted with her feelings. "Poor girl, that you had left us!" she could not belp murmuring as she went on.

A man from Chinon was in the audience hall, just retiring from a conference with the Bastard An unwonted animation was in the faces of the attendants

"Is she indeed a prophetess?" asked one.

"See her and speak with her !" replied the man.

"Hear of the perils that she has already dared

and escaped, as by a miracle. I tell you, an inspired maid shall bring succour to Orleans."

"Succour! succour!" asked the voices of all who caught the unwonted sound. "From whom?"

"From one who bears that mission from Heaven itself," replied the messenger; "from Joan of Arc, who has traversed the Burgundian possessions from the borders of Lorraine, led in safety by the saints themselves, she and her brother, with an attendance that would not escort a mule load."

"Vive Lorraine!" cried Maitre Jacques; "you may believe if she comes from that country."

"A trick! a deceit!" said one or two.

"Time will show," replied the man; "I believe in her." And many who were there, accustomed hourly to wait on Providence for a meal, or for safety itself, even out of their despair caught the possibility of such an interference in their behalf. Marie only turned to the treasurer's wife and said, "I was not wrong to remain."

CHAPTER VI.

Would that, in turning for a time from this catalogue of human sufferings, I could banish all relation of misery from my story! But who can write of France, in that hapless time, and draw, in any of its provinces, a picture of untroubled peace, and the plenty-giving benevolence of order? I, Jacques Alain, come now to relate memories that have made up my latter years of life. Recluse as I am, I have been a part of what I attempt to chronicle; the scenes I describe were my earthly fate; they may have fixed the more awful ages of my existence What should I do but recall them?

Years of sweet, though indistinct enjoyment, fleet quickly from the opening of our lives; we begin to mark as we begin to feel; we trace the privation of our fore-enjoyed delights to its source, and there often commences our story. We do not date the occurrences of our day from

the rising of the sun, whose warmth and light we basked in, but from the tempest that drove us to shelter. I speak now of myself; there are those on whom even the tempest's fire, though it destroy all around, sheds nothing but glory.

Of whom murmured the people of Orleans in the faith of an expectation, which seemed almost inspired as the promised succour? It is of her that I am to write; and the story shall begin with the first of its events that stands clearly in my recollection; the first that called into life the mental germ, which expanded into a tree of so mighty shadow.

It was in November 1422, more than six years before the events of the preceding chapters, that I, then a lad of fifteen, lingered on the outskirts of the little hamlet of Domremy, though the setting sun warned me that I should have been some hours passed at my own home, in the village of Maxey, a full league distant. I had been half with the excuse of a message, and half on an avowed visit to my uncle, Conrardin de Spinal; and, in compliment to him, as well as our village, and, indeed, that no imputation of fear might rest on my own character, when venturing among the hostile party, I were the red cross of Burgundy upon my arm. Though

so late in the autumn, the evening was beautiful, and the rich valley of the Meuse seemed little sensible of the coming winter.

It is natural to love the scenery of one's birthplace; but surely that valley is a lovely one, seen with other eyes than those which looked on it first. The beautiful stream winds through a flat, covered with corn or rich pasturage, with the peculiar table-topped hills of Lorraine skirting it to the east, and the road runs on the side of heights which face its western side. These hills are covered with wood or vines, or divided into beautiful fields; and on their sides us in the valley, many hamlets and even rich villages give human interest to the picture below Domremy. To the south, at about the distance of a mile, begins the fine forest of oaks which takes thence its name, Chenu; and through this lies the road to Neufchâteau, near to which it again changes its character, carved out of rocks, and running by their side to the town. To the north, the valley follows the winding course of the river, peyond the scene of this history, and presents at Vaucouleurs, a distance of nine miles, almost similar features to those of Domremy, save that the falls are bolder, and the valley is somewhat narrower, and the castle of the town commands

from the eastern height: here the hamlet lies under the same ridge in the valley. The one street of the hamlet which we are now looking upon, runs from the little church by the road side, watered by a rivulet, and shaded by trees that half hide the row of humble dwellings.

The cattle had been brought in to the homesteads; two or three children only remained at play in the street, and a few of the women were watching at the cottage-doors the return of their husbands or sons to the evening meal, or talking for a moment with their neighbours. There was scarcely a breath to disturb the quiet of a village evening; nor would there have been anything in the whole picture for a lad of fifteen to remark, but that the last rays of a red sun-set lit up one face that even then he watched with an interest which may account for his truant loitering in the precincts of Domremy. A beautiful girl, of twelve, was leaning from her small chamber window on the ground floor of a cottage near the church, which commanded the view of the road towards Vaucouleurs; and the parting light, shed fully on the glossy bright hair which, at that time, she suffered to fall upon her shoulders, seemed to crown it with a golden glory, and its sidelong ray gave more

than usual lustre to the clear blue eye, and the laughing red cheek beneath it. Yes, though even then no thoughtless child, a smile of habitual cheerfulness was the general expression of her face, becoming strangely earnest if its theme of musing changed, or brightening into shrewd intelligence and sparkling humour, when jest or absurdity provoked her to mirth.

Though I had no wish to forbear a longer gaze, I had no right to continue it. She had bid me farewell in the village, notwithstanding the badge I wore, and which was a symbol she was early taught to dislike, and although she confessed that she loved my uncle less than any one of her neighbours, because he sided with the unpopular faction; so soon did mutual injuries then teach us to mark out the class of friend or foc.

I passed on by the side of the road lingeringly, where I could be least seen by her, and stopped to catch a last glimpse, when I saw that she was earnestly watching something before me, which in my almost backward walk I had not observed. I turned, and beheld a venerable figure, though poor, travel-soiled, and somewhat halting with fatigue. His gown of dark grey frieze was confined by a cord, to which were sus-

pended a rosary and cross, and his feet were sandaled; but when the wind blew aside the hood from his silvered head, no tonsure appeared to denote his belonging to any of the monastic orders. Though his age must have been, as I should suppose, full eighty, I thought still more then, for in this youth always exaggerates; he was still erect; and his tall spare figure, the energy of his clear bronzed features, and the air of independence with which he walked, made me salute him, as he approached, with a low reverence.

He gazed for a moment at me, and then looked at the badge which I wore on my arm, with so evident a reprobation, that I replied to his thought, without waiting for him to declare it.

"I wear," I said, "the badge of my party, which all my kindred wear, and all my friends in Maxey: they would hoot me for a coward, if I put it off, when I came among the Armagnacs at Domremy."

"Poor boy," he said, "I do not expect thee to be wiser than those who should instruct thee; it is they who should have kept thee from this brand of hatred, which marks one half of France for the slaying of the other."

I looked at it wistfully, and with some shame; for there were in his pity both majesty and truth, which forbade debate or answer.

"Every one must take some side now," I said; " and I am a Burgundian."

"Alas! I blame thy fellows scarcely more than their opponents; but why should I reason with thee of what thou canst not understand? The only lesson graven on the heart is that of experience. Go, my son—Heaven shield thee! shouldst thou live till thy temples are whitened like these, unless these times make thee wicked beyond instruction, thou will remember my sayings, and know, for a truth, what thou wouldst now refuse to hear. What call you this village?"

" It is the hamlet of Domremy."

" And you call its people Armagnaes."

"They are, all but my unde-Good night" and I made another salutation, which I could scarcely have believed I should have bestowed upon one who blamed my party.

I had worn that day my hadge through Domremy, although it was the custom for the lads of that village to range themselves against our's, under the Dauphin's ensign, in encounters which gave some foretaste of more manly broils. I knew that the numbers would not fall on me singly; but it was a fair challenge to any one, and even Jeanne d'Arc could not think the less of me, that I ventured to wear it. Yet the old man's words made me doubt my own achievement. I turned to look upon him.

He walked on till he came to the house of Jacques d'Arc, and accosted the beautiful girl that was still at the little window. Their converse was brief. I knew its purport, as if I had been there. Never did the wayfarer pass that humble dwelling at nightfall, if he would accept the proffered meal, and the sacrifice which Jeannette, as she was then called, invariably made of her own little couch to the limbs that needed it more than her own elastic and untiring frame.

Soon she left the window, and appeared again at the door, which admitted the old man; it closed, and I had no further motive for delaying my return to Maxey. From her own brothers and sister, and from her parents some time after. I heard at full the conversation of that evening, when party feuds had given way to other considerations, which will soon be clear enough to the reader.

As the old man entered the cottage, all the

family, with the exception of his conductress, were seated round the wood fire, which had warmed the evening meal of which they were about to partake: the fare was homely, but sufficient, such as the other labourers, and even the lords of that simple race, were accustomed to enjoy; a small piece of the flesh of pork for the men, with bread mixed of wheat and rye, and a pottage of milk, which was to form the supper of the mistress of the house and her daughters. A happy family were they then, united by all the affections which make duty a delight. There sate Jacques d'Arc, with his honest face of mingled simplicity and intelligence, a hale, strong man of forty-eight or fifty; he rose to salute the stranger, and offer him the place of honour which his years and air exacted. But this the old man declined, and placed himself in an humbler part of the circle.

A grave and placid woman was its mistress, Isabel Romée, many years younger than her husband; she could then have scarcely been more than five-and-thirty; for her sake, Jacques had left his native place of Séfonds near Montierender, and settled in her small possession at Domremy. It was difficult to tell, though the two faces were so unlike, which Jeannotte most re-

sembled. In after years, when her face has been lit up with high enthusiasm, I have looked at it as a portrait of her mother painted by some wondrous artist, whose skill far transcended his original, and again, when she was tempted to expose folly by a mirthful scorn, or questioned the truth of some plausible pretence, or gave way to indignation against some more palpable fault, it was as if the same limner had traced the very expression upon sweeter lineaments of her frank and single-minded father.

But I anticipate. By her mother's side-she had just been repeating the prayers, which were all the instruction Isabel could give her children -knelt her youngest daughter Catharine, a beautiful creature, with soft and regular features, and a placid expression, that made her seem a shadow of her mother. As if to complete the pleasant contrast, by his father stood Jacquemin, his eldest son, his friend, his companion, just what Jacques had been himself, a bold manly youth of near twenty. His open brow, and right outlooking eye, and the good-natured smile of his fine mouth, would win kindness and trust from a mere stranger. With some rude tools of carpentry, he was just engaged in finishing a chest or cupboard for his sister Jeannette, intended to match, or as he said to surpass, one made long ago for his mother, and again to be exceeded when in the long winter nights he should be able to commence another for the parent he loved; lest she should think he prized even his aister above her. Watching the operations of his broad hand, and satisfied almost as he himself was with the completion he was approaching, stood little Pierre, Pierrelo, as he was called, a boy of eleven, dark-eyed, and with raven hair, with a clear brown oval face, finely marked as a blood horse in his features.

As Jeannette came in, indeed, he left even the wondrous piece of furniture, and whispered to her as she took her place near her mother. "Tell me another legend to-night of some of the Saints, who were kinghts and gentlemen, and did their devoir manfully in the field. I should like to hear something of St. George, only he was an Englishman; it is a great pity they should have such a preux chevalier as he was for their Saint. Tell me of them, for when you do, I dream of them all night, and think I see them, and you always speak as if you knew them, not as if somebody had told you, like the Curé."

One more completed the groupe: it was Petit Jean, older than Jeannette, yet scarcely so tall in appearance, swarthy, broad set, hardy and strong beyond his height. He was contriving a sling, and pondering over it with an earnestness, that took little note of anything else, and thinking doubtless of the use he should put it to, for he was already the acknowledged leader of the youths of Domremy, when the young Armagnacs met, in pitched battle, us their Burgundian foes of Maxey.

CHAPTER VII.

"You come, sir, from a place where the fare is better than what we can put before you," said Jacques d'Arc to the stranger, whose bearing, though free from a repulsive pride, completely effaced any idea of mean station which his dress might give rise to, "or you spare an humble supper for fear that there should not be sufficient; it is not a maigre day; eat with us of the meat, for after your day's walk you must need it."

The old man smiled. "I have partaken of richer fare in my lifetime, yet I was never dainty of appetite, but now what you offer me is as much beyond my custom as it once might have been below it. Pure water, and such bread as I may easily procure, are all I now desire. Contented with these, the oldest and the feeblest might, until these wretched times, be independent, and the labour of the young and strong requires

nothing beyond. Nay, would a man labour well and constantly, either with mind or body. let him first discard his appetite; he might rise above the world in more senses than one, who would resolutely take no more than he barely needs in it. Yet," he continued, for he read on the faces of his bosts rather a ludicrous dismay at such denunciations, " it is not in the peasant's cottage that such sermons need be preached. though even there he prospers best who consumes the least; it is in palaces and in camps, to the luxury, and estentation, and waste, of the proud, that the lesson should be addressed; and it is fitly hid from the ambitious, that selfdenial is power. Proceed, my children, with your frugal meal; honestly carned, it should be cheerfully enjoyed. Providence does not spread its rich abundance over the earth to be despised by the innocent; the ascetic of eighty might be the reveller of forty, and find in his latter abstinence, not only the pardon of former folly, but the present health of his body and of his mind,"

" You are a hermit then, father?" asked Isabel.

"I was, while I could find a refuge in the land for my solitary prayers, but even caves and the wild forests reek now with the crimes of men, and charity has other and nearer claims than to bring even a crust of bread to the cell of the aged recluse."

"You are come to a land that is not quite so poor yet," said Jacques; "we have alarms sometimes from the Burgundians, but this part of the valiey has yet been safe from their inroads, beyond the theft of an ox or a horse; a sore lose that too, for a poor man like me; but one that leaves, perhaps, a just remembrance to tell us how much we are spared. What we keep in doors, makes amends for what we lose without, and bids us think that all are not left as we are."

"Stay among us, and let your age be our teacher," said Isabel.

"What need of teaching where I hear such words?" said the old man. "I do not mean to offend you by praising you, but you think justly, and practice rightly, and such examples teach the teachers."

"You have travelled far to-day, father," said Isabel, turning the subject with a woman's tact.

"By the river's side from Void, wandering up its course to Neufchâteau, where, under the protection of the Duke of Lorraine, I may claim such means as will serve the little of life that remains to me."

"The territories of Lorraine begin soon after

you have crossed the river," observed Jacques, "should you wish to enter them before you reach the town. You are from a distant part, then?"

"Even from Paris," answered the stranger, and, indeed, from leagues beyond it; but last I tarried there, to see the remains of him under whom I had once served, and who, perhaps, may have been the last of the Kings of France whom a Frenchman could serve, carried to the resting-place of his ancestors, whose line of monarchy-his death may close."

"Do not say that!" exclaimed Jacques; "long live Charles VII! As long as he lives, Frenchmen have a King to serve, and I—but you said you came from Paris; we have constantly heard of that city, governed by the traitorous mob with butchers and executioners for their leaders, and now by the English, fit to rule over such traitora. I. I am forgetting again, but I am a true Armagnac, and as you came thence, perhaps you are a Burgundian, or an English Frenchman, they are the same thing, since John of Burgundy trafficked with the English to sell his country; but if you be, you are under my roof, and a way-farer; and I can hold my tongue, for 'tis a

wretched niggard that gives meat and lodging with a churlish or unwelcome speech."

"They offend not me," replied the old man; "I would truly that these words of faction were dumb in the mouth of every Frenchman, and the cause of them forgotten for ever. France and England, and each in its own peace, not infusing into each other's cup the poison of civil strife, and then taking advantage of the victim's weakness to take the prey. I did not always think so moderately. But, believe me to be, as you are, a true subject of King Charles VII., and it was to indulge in a bitterness of spirit that I remained in Paris to see to my old master, his father, Charles the well-beloved, borne by the English to St. Denis, and mourned by Bedford, Regent of France as he calls himself, the brother of our great oppressor, as the representative of the dead king's English heir, in the capital of our land."

"Heaven has cast the English dominion on an infant," said Jacques; "it will need, perhaps, stronger hands to keep what his father got."

"It may; inheriting the crown of France from Charles VI., he may also inherit his grandfather's mulady, and his uncles may play the same game of selfish wickedness with which like relations began his grandfather's misfortunes." "It is something for us that the iron-handed Harry died before his futher-in-law; had he lived---"

"No! no!" exclaimed the old man, rising suddenly; " that was marked out, fated! There are those who think that Providence does not interfere in the concerns of human life, that That which watches the sparrow's fall, suffers men to act their own wills, and traces not out for them their day of doom when the smiting hand shall drop powerless, and the breath, whose commands went forth to slaughter as a plague, shall be stayed! His death-hour was to come before that of his poor mocked victim; and though the king of France went to his grave mourned only by the hypocrisy of his enemies, his corpse was spared the last indignity, the feigned grief of the king, who had hunted him to his death for his spoils, and who would have mourned him, decked with the regalia of his race."

"Henry was to die?" asked Jeannette, whose attention was deeply fixed on the old man's words.

"It was prophesied," replied her mother; "I know not exactly what: that he should die

within a certain time—but the prophecy was accomplished."

"It was," answered the old man. phesy if it he, that comes unbidden through a weak brain, with no sense of power, but with the irresistible impulse of truth. I stood among heaps of slaughter; relations I had none, but those who had succoured and loved me were to me children. I had cast off the gauds of the world, not its affections; I loved the true and honest, the poor and the innocent, and thuse were struck down at the door of my cell, hunted for sport, tortured for riches they had not to give. And the king, whose minions did thus, had himself wreaked his royal vengeunce on the true citizens of France. I had heard of Rough and its famine, where mothers, driven from the city lest they should eat the soldier's bread, received their new-born children from the priest, baptized that they might be starved as Christians, and that in the sight of a Christian army! - an army that refused to let them pass to succour! The king was before Dreux, ready to renew his demon's work, under the banners of the Trinity and the Cross, I fasted and prayed, for all the temptations of batred crownted about me; I almost thought in visible shapes,

and then I went to the conqueror as he stood in arms before the beleaguered town, and, in the name of God, I summoned him to appear at his bar within the year. Within the year he died. He, then a conqueror full of health, youth, lustihood, died within the year. He was doomed!"

The old man's form, drawn up to its full height, his breast swelled with the fulness of energy, his white hair streaming down his shoulders, his eyes glaring with his earnest passion, looked, in the flickering and uncertain light of the embers, as men might imagine the shade of Samuel to rise at the incantation of the Witch. For some time his hearers watched him with a breathless, awe-struck silence. The clear, full, thrilling tones of his voice seemed to dwell upon their ears.

But one, though the great marvel held her motionless as the rest, appeared to crave more of the old man's words, and to meet the soul that gave them birth as with a kindred and understanding spirit. There are eyes which look with calm, subdued, and searching fear, into an abyss from which the common gaze shrinks back, unable to meet the contemplation of the depth. Jeannette's encountered their

guest's with the strength as with the terror of imagination. But the old man shuddered, his form collapsed, and he sunk upon his seat.

Jacquemin, at his father's signal, cast another fagot on the fire, and, in its brighter blaze, they found more than its ordinary cheer. Jacques had fixed his eyes upon Isabel as waiting, from her readier mind, a relief from an embarrassing silence; but the stranger resumed.

"Yes, my friends, you have evidently heard of the hermit of Dreux, he is the man whom you have so kindly sheltered. You may believe that he is one who feels with you all that France has suffered, and prays with you that her trial may ceuse."

"May the prayers of the Prophet be heard, they will speed our's!" answered Isabel humbly.

"Cail me not Prophet!" said the old man, with a meek and humble reverence, and with a low solemnity of tone that indicated his own naw of the theme. "I have no share of such a glory; took upon my wants and upon my weakness; I remember, too, my past life. I have no power of miracles, or of miraculous foresight. I know, indeed, that I have foretold a truth. I feel that that truth was foretold as a terror to him to

whom it was addressed, as a warning to all that the hardness of heart of a proud man is the high raised tower which is built but to be struck prostrate by the bolt. But though a warning thunder rolled through my feeble voice, the storm was no miracle. The time, the occasions, the wielders of miracle, are gone. Like the first causes of the world we see, their creative office is past. They could be given but to form the mental chaos into its order. But the laws which are the frame of Nature exist; they bring on the seasons and the tides, the birth and the death of man. They constantly communicate the eternal will to things created. I cannot believe that the mind, creation's highest object, should alone be left without a link between it and its Maker. Weak as we call it, it is His greatest wonder on earth, and His highest engine to effect His purposes. Through it, as through all other ministrants, the eternal will must be obeyed. And do we not possess a faculty capable of receiving these commands? Have we not imagination, meant, when pure, to be the receiver of such impulses? Does not that which is born of it, the honest enthusiasm of man, in pity, in generosity, in just indignation, in love, in gratitude, in devotedness, speak and

do as of the words and deeds of Him who created the feeling? Man has a constant inspiration given to him in a right enthusiasm, let him fulfil its conditions. The purpose must be pure, the occasion must be worthy, and of these the event judges. No liar is that Imagination, when its voice is not corrupted by selfishness; it will not utter falsehood to the heart that seeks to receive its impressions in humility, in resignation, in prayer, in dependence, in trust.

"I have heard those speak who have been snatched from the very brink of death, who may almost be said to have looked into the gulph they were not yet to loap, who have endured the agony of drowning, and in the last seeming moment of existence have summed, as if for the trial they were to meet, all the actions of a long life, many of them forgotten till that hour. That is the sharp blow of the occasion, which strikes the fire from the flint. It is the pang of a just indignation wound to its utmost power of bearing, that sees the end of evil deeds, concentrates the reasoning against evil into prophecy. It is an agony of the sparit wrestling with life like that drowning man's. Alas | alas | I pretend not to goodness, but in that which I then thought I had cast aside all mortal

fear, I was willing to devote myself for my fellows; I would have been the martyr of my country: in that wisdom, and in that mental throe, I spoke the truth! My dear children, you reprove me that you look upon me with wonder, I knew not that I had been so vainglorious. We will talk of other things."

"Let me ask you, father." said Jacquemin, "how that proud king bore the words you spoke to him; methinks, he should have trembled and repented."

"Such men may sometimes quail within their hearts, but they fear most to show their fears," replied the hermit. "I asked of his soldiers to bring me to speech with their monarch; their loud mirth at my demand, the insults and injuries with which they replied to it, gained me what they scoffed at. They even meditated worse violence against me; they would, perhaps, have baled me to their shambles, and added my blood to that they had spilled in ferocious sport, but their merriment disturbed the king; he desired to know the cause. In death-like silence, such as tyrants love to be obeyed in, I was led before him.

"' Who is this,' he asked, 'that you welcome with such clamour!'—' A hermit! a prophet!'

exclaimed a thousand voices, 'that would speak to your Grace.'—'Ha! ha! a prophet!' exclaimed the monarch; 'since thou hast disturbed our council, thou shall at least read our fate before thou meet'st thine own. What shall the chronicles of England write more of us?'

" I looked forth helplessly, for I was exhausted and faint; and in my weakness I would have died to escape more derision; but at that moment I saw a herd of the plundered and beaten peasants driven like swine into the camp, vet worse in condition than swine; for they were to be tortured for ransom. A feeling came upon me, such as never in the heat of ardent battle, even under the Holy Cross, flashed through my eager brain. They have little more to write than thy death,' I replied. 'My death will come, doubtless, some day; but it will find me ready,' said the monarch unabashed. 'It will find thee soon!' I continued, as the uusought answer came upon my tongue; 'slay me if thou wilt, and so within the year thou shalt find one more accuser waiting thee at the bar of eternal justice!' The King regarded me fixedly; his countenance fell not; his evelid did not move; his lips were but for a moment almost imperceptibly pressed together. He smiled at length

gravely, and with great dignity, when he saw that my eye sank not before his own. He spoke, 'He who can brave a king, must not die by the hand of a villain; let him go free, fellows.'

"All left me; he turned to speak with one of his officers, and I passed through the camp as though there had been some spell upon my tormentors; all bore the cold calmness of discipline that would not lift on me an eye, so surely was that stern monarch obeyed, so was his fat respected, even when he could not see its execution."

"He died within the year!" said Isabel, almost to herself.

"Yes," rejoined the hermit; "and in no brave melée, such as he would have chosen; but of a disease painful and humiliating as might beful the lowest peasant, he died two months before the poor king he sought to succeed; and whom, in the course of nature, he should long have survived."

"The hearts of rulers should be moved to pity their people, father," said Jacques, addressing the hermit with great reverence, "when such tokens of wrath come to tell them their duty."

" May it be so!" answered the hermit. " The

story of our rulers has been but a list of hateful crimes; and for and by them is desolation come upon our land. The voice that runs in the common ear, 'that France should be lost and saved by a woman,' is fulfilled in its worst part. Isabel of Bavaria has been the scourge, may another prove the healer! False to her afflicted lord and king; false too, as men say, with his brother Louis of Orleans; she has joined in turn every faction that made Charles the Sixth's madness a pretext for devouring his subjects. First shamefully linked with Louis of Orleans. she wasted in luxurious dissipation the revenues of the state, leaving the helpless king, her hushand, and her own children, to such utter disregard, that they lacked even food and change of raiment. A beggar might pity the monarch who, for five months, wore the same unsightly rags,"

"That inhumanity was cruelly punished in the person of the Duke of Orleans by John the Bad, of Burgundy," observed Jacques.

"The Duke of Burgundy," answered the hermit, "only saw in his cousin, Louis Duke of Orleans, a rival in power; a regent of the kingdom while he held possession of the queen's love. Had Orleans combined the guilt of every traitor that ever held a false thought, little had

that been to John the Bail-besides he made accord with him-swore a false friendship-slept in the same bed with him, in token of reconciliation; even took the blessed sacrament of peace with him; and the next night had him called forth by a foul stratagem, and murdered. The wretch-prince as he was-nearly allied to the crown, trembled at his own deed; it was not for days that he had the hardihood to avow it. when others had found for him the excuse, that, in slaving his cousin, he did an act of public justice. That deed laid the curse of unavenged blood on France-the public justice, forced, in the person of the poor king, to absolve the murderer; the sons of the murdered man pursuing with his widow an ineffectual vengeance; the vile queen joining with the murderer's party, as suited the designs of her own luxury, lust, ambition. The king sometimes awakening from his stupor only to behold the wretchedness which civil war caused among his people-and only once dealing terrible justice on a new paramour of his wife: and then to overheap the measure of our desolation—the foreigner—the usurper of his own land-the English king, pretending a false right, and claiming our crown, and the substance of our land for its enemies! Mighty heaven!" continued the old man, "said

I to overheap the measure? it is not yet full. Two princes of the royal house — two dauphins dying young and ignobly, and the third Charles, yet left, though snatched from his Burgundian foes, saved, perhaps, from massacre by Tanneguy du Châtel; yet he, the only hope of France, casting away her slender chance of safety with his own honour, in idle thought-lessness, if not in blackest crime!"

"The Dauphin is yet but young," expostulated Isabel.

"Would that his imputed faults were only those of youth! When John the Bad himself came to the prince at Montereau sur Yonne," replied the hermit, "when all might have been ended, and the land once more have drawn a few short breaths of peace—it was under the eyes of the Dauphin that Tanneguy du Châtel slew the Burgundian duke."——

A heavily drawn breath, at this moment, stopped the hermit. It was Jeannette, who, half kneeling, half leaning, at his side, devoured what he had been saying; her very pulse almost arrested by her intense interest, till startled by this catastrophe.

"You were listening to me, my daughter, with more than a child's attention," said the

hermit, laying his hand gently on her head, and passing it over her shining hair; "what did you think of what I was saving?"

"The murderer was himself murdered," replied Jeannette.

"The terrible vengeance of another crime, to bring in yet more wrath," said the hermit.

"Did not Tanneguy du Châtel allege," asked Isabel, "that he feared for the life of the Dauphin; as the bad Duke John, in rising from his knee before the prince, laid his hand upon his sword?"

"I fear me," replied the old man, "it was the spirit of ancient hatred that came full into the heart of Tanneguy du Châtel, that made him disregard the honour of his prince, as the commandments of his religion—even if there were no preconcerted plan to take the duke's life, they acted afterwards as murderers act-they buried him so hastily that he was found lying in the very clothes he had worn, when the town was taken from his assassins."

"Yet the Dauphin was then but sixteen years of age," resumed the mother.

"Scarcely more—his sin might only be that of not opposing or punishing the evil of others, for both he might be powerless, yet in that lack of

power, or of will, the future hopes of France bave almost perished. Five years before, the fatal battle of Agincourt had deprived us of the flower of our chivalry. The king incapable, the queen incensed ugainst her son for depriving her of treasures unjustly amassed, wickedly seeking his downfal in the union of her daughter with the English Henry; but one rallying cry was left for truehearted Frenchmen, the Dauphin, the heir of the crown. This act made them blush to call on his name-ranged Philip, the son of the slain Duke, first in the number of his foes; then the princess Catharine wedded Henry in the Cathedral of Troyes; the shameful contract was made, which declared the English King the inheritor of the French crown. The Dauphin Charles had to encounter no powerless justice, the process of the French court was upheld by the English strength; he was promptly summoned to answer for the death of Burgundy, on his refusal to appear degraded from his blood. France became the almost uncontested prey of the English conqueror,"

"It is all true—too true," answered Jacquemin, "and if what men tell us be no falser, those who call themselves our friends are as had to us as our foes. Here, indeed, they are as gentle

with us as I suppose soldiers can be. Robert de Baudricourt, who is provost of Vaucouleurs, is a cold and haughty man, but he lets none of his men take more than is needful, perhaps, from the labourers."

"You are happy in that," said the hermit; "throughout the distracted provinces it is far worse; they plunder the country under pretence of the difference of party when they can, and where they can offer no such cause, they either take all as a levied contribution, or, like Vaurus at Meaux, they make a trade of pillage, and cruelty is their curious art, as a means of extortion."

"He made a brave defence, did he not, against King Henry?" asked Jacquemin.

"No one could doubt his determination, or that courage which ought to be called insensibility," said the hermit. "But what is the merit of obstinately defending stone walls for King Charles, while all that lived within or around them were but so many victims awaiting their turn of death? He defended them as a butcher would his cattle. The tree which grew upon the walls, and which they called his elm, was horne down with the carcases alike of friend or foe. Thither he dragged the poor peasant, whom he

had seized in the fields, unless his friends could offer a ransom far beyond his own little store. Nay, when the pregnant wife, returning too late with the sum that was to buy her husband's blood, has spoken in God's indignation against him who shed it—she herself has by Vaurus been lashed, beaten, shamed, tied under the accursed tree where her husband's body hung among his fellows, and so with her unborn offspring been released from suffering, only by the devouring wolves, who came to prey upon the careasses. Her shrieks were heard by her countrymen, yet none dared aid, lest he should share her fate at the hand of Vaurus."

Jacquemin stopped the speaker to look upon his sister's face; her eyes were tearless, when all others were moistened; they were raised to heaven; her face was ashen pale, her lips were compressed, her hands clasped.

"There are the thoughts we want in men." murmured the hermit. Jeannette saw she was observed, she blushed and hung down her head. Jacquemin drew her to him, and held her close as if to ward off the emotion which the stranger's discourse created.

"Mighty Heaven! and these are our friends, our countrymen, our rulers, those who should

protect us!" said Isabel weeping. Pierre's eyes flashed fire, and his hand trembled on his mother's arm. She checked her emotion. Petit Jean snapped unconsciously the stick he held in his hand, one of the thickest of the fagot that was burning. Jacques cleared his throat audibly.

It was yet some short time before any spoke.

"Can it be wondered at," at last exclaimed Jacques, as starting from a painful reverie, "that the poor man turns round upon his tyrants, and becomes a savage too! Merciful Heaven! these wolves, who call themselves knights, make war upon all that cannot resist them, upon women and infants; but he died, father, a dog's death, did he not? That ever I should rejoice in the death of a Frenchman!"

"He was hanged by Henry V., on his own elm," replied the hermit.

Though there were never kinder hearts collected round a winter's fire, every one of them felt the lighter, and beat the more easily, when the hermit said so. So are the charities of the good, the instinctive and implacable enemies of tyrants.

"One may think too badly even of the worst," said Jacques; "I do not mean of Vaurus, or

such as he; perhaps, we ought to be thankful that we cannot understand the nature of such men; but when the people of Saudron were pillaged, and, having nothing left, seized on a deserted castle, and held it as an independent band to rob for themselves, I did not find so much of an excuse for them as I do now, when their maxters teach them they've no safety or means of life, but in such deeds!"

"But if all did so, what hope would there be?" usked Isabel, almost imploringly.

"I don't know," said Jacques, "but I know how I should feel if—if," he looked round him, and his three sons looked as he did—he could not finish the sentence, which every body understood. "But we will not believe that!" he concluded, "no—no—we are spared from such things yet."

"Your wife is right," said the hermit; " it is the most terrible of all the desolations of the war that it should leave none good among us, that the gentle, kind-hearted people of France should be changed into a forest of tigers fighting to blood and death for the day's meal, which soon must fail even the strongest. Famine will come with unsown fields, or crops reaped only by the spoiler; it is not, thank Heaven! quite come to that yet, we see that it is not, and let us be grateful to the mercy, that protects man against himself, that it is not. And we must hope as long as we can, for hope is virtue now. It is from the people that their own succour must spring. The nobleman makes war a game, only played for a higher stake-ransom, a changed master, under whom to wear his honours and keep much of his wealth, or the death he seeks in the field of honour: if he is successful, he spoils his enemy; if beaten, he wrings to the last from his own. It is the blood of the peasant that calls from every desolated village; it is his cottage, the fruit of his toil, whose smoke ascends an incense of vengeance; it is his wife and child that are driven dishonoured wanderers through the land, to earn, during the short life of such misery, nothing but the bread of shame!"

"What would you have us do?" asked Jacques.

" Rally round your king, for good or for evil."

"Alas! there is even a doubt upon his true birth that harms his cause," said Jacques.

"Yes, we have to thank his mother's crimes even for that last dishonour, that last blot upon our cause; but it is only a doubt, and one which she, even in her most violent anger against her son, never put forth or allowed. That woman's reckless malice would not have scrupled even to declare her own shame to lose him, when he deprived her of her treasures — no; the people! and the only leader that they may invoke, a Frenchman, a native king!"

"Yet, what would you have us do?"

"Bear all honestly; die, if it must be, virtuously; wait, and hope, and trust. Do we know why we are smitten? Can we tell when the scourge will be withdrawn? Of such singleness of soul as this," continued he, laying his head upon Jeannette's head, "were it His will, he could make a buckler and a sword for France; a deliverer and a guardian of the land. Meanwhile, we must watch and pray."

They knelt; France and peace were the themes of the old man's prayer; and they all joined in it as of one heart. They retired calmly and trustingly to their repose — Jeannette and her sister lying down upon the temporary bed they made, near the expiring fire, and Jeannette recalling and repeating the words of the old man in her sleep as dreams blend realities with wishes, hopes, and fears. They arose early; and leaving a fervent blessing with his friends, the hermit of Dreux departed, though with an intention changed by his own reflections of that night.

He no longer sought his own repose, but went forth, an apostle of peace, of order, and of patriotism, through the villages of France. At Domremy, the seed his words had sown had not fallen upon barren ground.

CHAPTER VIII.

For some time I had no further opportunity of visiting Domremy. Left by the early death of my father too much my own master while yet a boy, there was one whose remonstrances I respected; and, to fulfil whose wishes I. though too unfrequently, yielded a part of my own. It was my mother's ambition that I should raise myself above the humble station in which we were placed. Had I chosen to continue a cultivator of the land, I possessed what, in our rustic seclusion, might be considered wealth. My father had laft me a house, to which, as be had done. I might in due time bring home a partner, and fields, rich in soil, abundant in produce, and sufficient in extent, to employ and to feed more than a single family. These I held by an easy service, which did not impeach my rank as a freeman; and my own youthful dreams scarcely went beyond my native valley, and the predominance in it of my own faction, without a wish of injury beyond submission to any of my opponents.

But this would not satisfy the desires of my mother. I had learned to read and write, acquirements quite rare enough among us to make me noted, and, in her eyes, illustrious. She wished me to become distinguished, and, at the same time, she feared to give rein to the spirit which was then pearest to becoming active in me, the ambition of success in arms. Besides this, she was devout; and she possessed some claims upon the church, which were not openly acknowledged, but which might as essentially serve me as if they were. It was left for the higher dignitaries to proclaim their breach of oaths. My grandfather, though the Abbot of a tolerably rich monastery, had been more decent, if not more virtuous. To this distinction, however, he had arrived, after the marriage of my mother, or he might have sought for her a better match than a simple cultivator. As it was, he was content to make some effort to provide for her son, out of such means as would not interfere with his own luxuries.

The shelter which the old man anxiously seeks is little envied by the youth; yet, in obedience

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to my mother's desires, a very few days found me on the road to Troyes; and that, too, without the excuse or the opportunity of paying a visit to my uncle, Conrardin de Spinal; he had married a sister of my father's; for he had himself come over to Maxey, to assist with his advice in the preparations for my journey.

It is not the part of my life passed in absence from her which I have to relate. The spring came on; and as it advanced, brought me the means of visiting my mother; and one of my first excursions from her dwelling was to that of Conrardin, that I might pay the duty and the love I bore to him, and he amongst my half playmates, half-enemies, of Domremy. But I was now accustomed to the sedateness of a cloister; and though the Abbot was of the faction our village had assumed, for Troyes was then under the English rule, yet I no longer were the partisan badge, or bore myself as might become it. Perhaps I was glad even then to have an excuso for laying it aside for the time.

Vague and weak as are generally the preferences of a boy, my remembrance of Jeannette had grown even brighter in my half-solitude. I sought her. For some time I looked in van. I went to the dances round the fairy tree, whither

all the youth of the village were wont to repair. I found the noble beech garlanded with flowers. as it used to be; decked till it looked like one vast bower; but among the hands that had adorned it, Jeannette's was not to be found. She never heeded much the dance, but she was wont to accompany it with her sweetly musical voice. I was too bashful to ask of her. I renewed my search alone. I well remembered the field to which she used to drive her father's flocks; so accustomed was she to one shady seat, that the birds with whom she shared her poontide repast were accustomed to come thither to claim her bounty, and eat from her hand. I heard the singing of the birds, but she was absent. I knew that at vespers I should find her in the church, but ere that I must return to Maxey; and it might be years before I should again see her; and by that time my fate might be fixed, and I must think of Jeannette only as a daughter of that church, of which I might become a priest.

This thought, which should have destroyed, served to ripen my boyish passion; and I wandered along the bank of the river, almost determined to break in upon my appointed return, rather than depart without a word with Jeannette. An hour would almost serve to scan the pas-

turages, but I had spent that time without finding her. At length I recognized a favourite ewe of her flock, and I knew that I was near the shepherdess herself. But I advanced cautiously, umorously, stealthily. I was not then aware that such were the tokens that betray what, for the first time in my life. I felt anxious to hide. 1 saw her, but if mere bashful consciousness would probably have held me from instantly speaking to her. I was now more than ever bound to refrain. Two or three trees, with some underwood, formed a small thicket, through which ! could perceive her on her knees. The bell of the hamlet was just heard in the distance, but it scurcely seemed to that that she was attending, or joining, as had been her anxious wont, even at a distance, in the service of the little congregation at the mass.

It was full sunlight, but she was sheltered from the heat, yet so that I could observe her features clearly. In the seven or eight month that I had been absent, how strangely was she changed! scarcely in mere feature; though she was a little thinner, the colour had not left her cheek: but there was an expression in her countenance of rapture such as I have never beheld on the face of any other being. Her

arms were crossed on her bosom, compressed carnestly against it, her eyes were filled with tears, her lips were just parted, and a delighted murmur escaped her lips. Then she bowed herself passionately, and kissed the earth as though it had been hallowed. I knew not then what footsteps had been there. I knew not what sight had left its glory on her brow. I knew not to what speech her lips murmured a reply.

But, boy as I was, I should as soon have profaned the holiest rite of the church as to have intruded on the thoughts which spoke to me no other language than that which intense emotion addresses to sympathy.

I drew my breath cautiously. At length she arose, and, with a sad and almost forlorn air, tooked wistfully round; the tears gushed amain down her cheeks; she wiped them from her eyes, and walked silently, and almost sadly, onwards. I would not approach, for I dared not let her know what I had beheld. Yet I would not leave Domremy that day without speaking with her. I took another road, and scated myself in patient watching till she should return to the village.

The emotions of men are often utterly different from those they prepare to encounter. How much more so in a boy! I thought it so easy to shake Jeannette frankly by the hand, to speak to her words so full of kindness and affection, that she should not be able to raply to them coolly, to watch what she thought of me, and if I found such a return as I most desired, however indirectly it might be avowed then, to shape all the efforts of my youth towards the accomplishment of a mutual wish.

In walking from Maxoy to Domremy in the morning, I had in imagination defied the wrath of the Abbot, and given up my expectations from his favour with an exemplary magnanimity; I had assuaged the disappointment of my mother, and reconciled her to every thing I proposed. I had discovered a good part of life in that short walk. What wonder that our boyah hopes are so strong when the pictures they present are so delightful!

A boy of sixteen, and a girl of between thirteen and fourteen! In the opening affections of the boy there is nothing so unusual as in the object of them; it is generally the dignified grace of rips womanhood that they aspire to with a reverence of pure chivalry; but the superiority of mind, of rank, as well as that of age, anything that substitutes respect for the boy's contempt for his juniors, will sometimes awaken the same devotion. Jeannette was the boast of the neighbourhood, and Albert de Urchiis, one of its most regarded nobility, had declared that he should wish a daughter of his own to be no other than Jeannette.

My fancy, too, in my retirement had done the work of years. I beheld her, changed indeed, but changed so differently from what I had pictured. I leaned against a tree by the roadside, by which I knew she would enter the village, and when I saw her approaching I was embarrassed by the idea whether she would remember me, or wish to recognize me, if she did.

I remembered the constant enthusiasm of her devotion, that she had, young as she was, given money to the man whose charge it was to ring the bells for the compline, that he might not forget his duty and deprive her of the delight she felt in hearing it in the fields, for her thoughts were with those it drew together; I had seen the devotions of the repentant and the entranced solitary, yet in these was there nothing so beautiful and so strange. But my reverence exceeded my curiosity for the cause. Perhaps I had learned in the monastery even

then respect for such communings, yet I believe that the instinct of the least instructed would have been as my own feelings.

All this I might have spared myself. She saw me, and came up to me with a girbsh frankness, yet with so noble a solf-possession, so gentle a benevolence, that another might have thought he was addressed by a rustic princes: I saw in it the sublimer nobility of the heart, whose effusions were still before me. The trace of the tears were still upon her cheeks, and the unearthly light still quivered in her eye, and her rich tone thrilled me in only speaking my name; all I wished for at the moment was that she should remove these traces of emotion, too sacred for other eyes; but none else had the same key to its meaning, and if they had, all considered and loved her yet as a child.

She asked me affectionately of my pursuits, envied my life among those whose lives were one profession of holiness.

"It shall, perhaps, be mine —I hope —I think," she said; "I believe — when other things are done, perhaps — but I cannot tell that yet. Is it not the true, the quiet road to paradise? Perhaps I may be allowed to walk in it some time."

I listened with wonder, and made no reply. I had beheld a comment on the words which, joined to the expression her face now repeated, gave them the earnestness of a struggle to clutch at events to come. Then, as if recollecting herself, "You are a Burgundian," she said, "or are you turned indeed to peace, as you should be, living where you do? I am for France, but if I had the strength, I hope I should not have to harm any one-" She recalled herself from a tone which seemed half imploring, and smiled gravely, "I am even friends with your uncle Coprardiu de Spinal now: I used to hate him, but it was before I was told what hate was; I do not wish now 'that it may please Heaven his head should be struck off," and you are changed too ?"

"I am what I was," I replied, "though I wish, too, there were no need to be of any party; but——"

"Ay, ay," she exclaimed quickly, and again came an anxiety almost terrible to behold over her round and soft features: "I wish as you do, but there must be two parties—I suppose—I fear—or else we might all rest happily at home, and do nothing but love our parents and

bless—" She ended by a low and earnest reverence.

We walked on silently through the street, and reached her father's cottage. There stool Jacques d'Are at the door. He received her with a wistful affection, and bade her go m; she wished me kindly good night, and I tried to say that I must soon depart, and then that it would perhaps be years before I should see her again; but the words died away on my tongue, and her father told me earnestly that be feared she thought too much. "Not," said be, "but she is gentler, and more obliging, and loving, uy, and as healthy and active as over; never shrinks from her tasks, but she looks and sometimes speaks as I do not quite understand. One is accustomed always to know better than a child; even my son Jacquemin, so much older as he is than she, is not heedful as I am, donot seem to know as much as I do, as who if to expect it? But Jeannette's eyes make fools of us older ones: I do not know why, but I look at her sometimes and think of that hermit of Dreux."

Lad as I was, I only expressed my worder in reply, without confirming his observations, at I might, by my own. What I so dimly guessed

of Jeannette seemed sucred to me by the awe of the subject. But I was not tongue-tied to the bonest countryman. I told him of my past life and my future expectations at Troyes, that I must speedily return, and perhaps might not visit the valley again till I had taken the tonsure. This I said in a tone of earnest complaint, and Jacques admitted that a priest's life would not be every one's choice; but he bade me consider, and be prudent, and careful, and, above all, obedient, for none neglected the advice of friends in their youth that did not repent it in their age. From all which I differed, and rather petulantly, wherefore the old labourer kindly bid me "not be a foot," and, with a " good night," by no means ruffled by my impertinence, bid me speed home to Maxey.

There were a few days yet that I might, ere I returned to the monastery, take the occasion of coming over to Domremy, and I availed myself of the privilege as frequently as it occurred, but I saw little more of Jeannette. Although her time for watching the herds and flocks had expired, and the charge of the village wealth was therefore entrusted to another of about her own years, she had found another occupation, which more effectually kept her from my conversation.

Simonin Musnier, a boy about a year younger than herself, had fallen dangerously ill of a fever: he had no mother or sister to attend en him, and Jeannette claimed the watch by his sick bed as her right; no one wondered at it, and in the hamlet, a place where kindness makes all neighbours, still less would any attempt to prevent her generous zeal. Such charity was a matter of course, and Jeannette was its most accustomed ministrant. An earnest interest, though differing as widely from the boyish love with which I had sought her as the influence which led to each differed in themselves, made me desirous of sharing sometimes in her vigils; but the poor boy was so ill that a whisper disturbed him, a breath of air might bring death. Jeannette must remain with him always and alone. I saw her once hurriedly. but as she went from her cottage to his father's; and the time was come that I must again quit the Vailey of the Meuse for the more proudly noted banks of the Soine. I bade my mother again adieu, and repaired once more to the monastery at Troyes.

I shall pass rapidly over the three years which I spent in this seclusion; we learned indeed, constantly, events that form part of the history of our country, but all tending, almost without a check, to the downfall of the Dauphin's party. First came the battle of Crevant, where Suffolk, with the Marshal de Toulongeon and the Count de Ligny-Luxembourg, led the English and Burgundians to the defeat of John Stuart, Constable of Scotland, who commanded the French forces; the next year, we heard of that of Verneuil, gained by the Regent Bedford in person, assisted by those renowned generals, Salisbury, Warwick, and Suffolk, over another Scotch leader, then Constable of France, the Earl of Buchan. Nothing for a moment stayed the progress of conquest, but the dissensions of the English themselves.

The Duke of Gloucester's quarrel with the Duke of Burgundy, on account of the rights claimed by the former as the husband of Jacqueline of Hainault, embarrassed the proceedings of the conquerors, until even a later period, 1427, when the marriage was declared void by the Pope; but the more than equal dissensions in the court of the Dauphin Charles prevented any advantage being taken of so favourable a circumstance as the quarrel of the protector of Eugland with the chief vassal and ally of that crown in France. Had it not been for the mur-

der of his father in the Dauphin's sight, Philip of Burgundy would doubtless then have thrown off the foreign domination; but this was a part of the ill-fortune of Charles.

In his household we heard of favourite succeeding to favourite, as each was sacrificed by his indignant nobility. Richemont, constable of France, who brought for a short time the succour of his brother's duchy of Brittany to the French cause, negociated for the banishment of Tanneguydu Châtel, who voluntarily retired for the make of his sovereign; but his successor Louvet, who married his daughter to the boy John, Bastard of Orleans, was driven from his covereign's presence by force, and the defeat at St. James's de Beuvron, incurred by the inability of the pext minister Giac, cost him his life at the hands of the indignant constable, though he permitted his death to be pronounced with the forms of justice. The Camus de Beaulieu was more summarily disposed of; his reign lasted but for a few months, and was ended by assassination

The King, in the defence of his favourites, was driven from place to place by his own adherents; till at length he received from the English party the nickname of the King of Bourges, that being almost the only city over which he possessed any

personal control. There, after the death of Camus, Richemont himself appointed him a minister, whom he thought less likely to betray the interests of his country; but Charles warned the constable of his error, when he accepted at his hands the services of La Tremouille. Young and ever gentle in disposition, Charles grew attached to him, whom his sagacity told him he ought not to trust, and suffered him to complete the work of his predecessors by alienating Richemont himself from the cause.

Such news created no discontent in the mind of a Burgundian. In the wealthy city of Troyes we enjoyed luxurious security, protected in our superfluities even from the exactions of our own government by the privileges of the church. In the career which opened to me was much to tempt my ambition. Were it possible that, by assuming the cowl, I should succeed to the Abbacy. I might even indulge the hope of martial honours at the head of the vassals of the monustery, and for such a succession my grandfather appeared to be preparing the way with great caution, but with indefatigable zeal. He evidently looked on me with favour and interest, and not unfrequently sent presents to my mother for my sake. Nor was there anything so ascetic in the lives of the brethren, as to deter a young man from embracing the same career.

Perhaps the only consideration which made a struggle in my determination, was a feeling of early conscience, which pointed out to me the hearth of a virtuous family, as something more sweet and safe to the heart than the licence which, decently disguised, was still perceptible around me. And into these pictures came back Jeannette, scarcely in her own form; it was the general instinct of love framing for itself, in a name, that which its possessor might become When I had been near her, I had loved her loss, and respected her more. Probably at that time any other woman that would have given me an excuse to believe that my imagination was realized, would have obliterated her from un visions. How strangely different then had my life been !

At the age of nineteen, prudence, advice, the general opinion of those round me, and the enviable prospects which appeared before me, had determined me to enter on my noviciate, when an event changed all my views. The Abbut died after an illness of a few days. A very few hours served to teach me the lesson, which, indeed, we soon becomes trite to all. With my patron's

breath, all my popularity and all my hopes expired. The brotherhood behaved respectfully to the corpse, because its veremonial interment was a part of their system; but the living representative was now only regarded as a scandal to be got rid of as soon as possible.

The hearty indignation of youth served me at once to repel their neglect, and to console myself. I shed some unfeigned tears over him who had suffered his natural affection to overweigh the discretion of his order; and I prepared, as soon as his obsequies were performed, to depart with what he had in his lifetime bestowed on me. The brethren, who knew that such gifts would no longer be employed to conciliate themselves, now strictly enforced against the Abbot's appropriations the principle, that a monk has no private property, and made a merit of sparing me a very small part of what they confineated as due to their community. Their decision was doubtless canonical, but I thought it very hard at the time.

To remain in this or any other community of the sort had lost all its charm: nothing remained to me, but to return to my mother at Maxey, and I was heartily thankful that I was still at liberty to do so with the right of a future choice of life quite unimpaired.

It was strange to re-inhabit our humble cottage, after being accustomed to the chapels and refectories at Troyes, and to return to the simple viands and humble liquors, which had so long been substituted by delicacies, such as few even among the priesthood could command; it was stranger still, to look forward to labour as a necessary resource for constantly ensuring three, after the dream of luxurious rule which had been so studiously conjured up for me. But the return to home, after three years of a cophisticated life, the affection of a mother not seen for such a tune, native things, however they seem to change, when it is really ourselves that are changed. bring their own reinvigoration to the mental frame.

I did not now so anxiously seek Domremy, for I felt that at home all was more rustic than I had remembered it to be, but Conrardin de Spinal came over to greet me on my return; and among the little that is to be told of a hamlet, no wonder that he spoke of Jeannette. He dwelt on her goodness, for that was remarked even among those people who were themselves so unselfishly good; he dwelt rather on the effects of her beauty than on her person itself, telling me how the lad she had watched in sickness.

had grown up to regard his nurse; and how Jean Waltrin, a youth of about her own age, seemed to exhibit some awkward symptoms of rustic jealousy, but that he thought there was little chance for either; she seemed, except in general kindness, to disregard both-perhaps, and then he looked at me, there might have been another, but to be sure she was then very young. He went on moreover to say, that although released by her ripening years from the tending of flocks, and more ordinarily employed in household duties with her mother, yet that there was not one of her futher's horses but knew her and came to her hand; and that, after all, she might think more of them than her lovers, for that she rode them as steadily, and managed them as easily, as though she were an armed knight, which was wonderful courage in a girl, seeing that they were of the most mettlesome breed in the valley. Some too had seen her use a heavy mace in manner of a sword, so swiftly and skilfully that they declared they should not love to encounter her with such a weapon. Yet, after all. she was meek, gentle, obedient, and strangely devout : for Jean Waltrin had seen her on her knees often in the fields, and once came away terrified, for it seemed to him as though she were talking with one—and here Conrardin crossed himself, and was silent for some time.

This last allusion completely abushed the as of superiority I was prepared to give myses, after three years' residence in a city. I felt that if I ought to disbelieve now, I must have been very weak some time ago, and I determined, at such a time as should show my own coolness and leisure, to repair again to Domrem, and at least to satisfy myself as to the truth of reports, which, coupled with what I knew might properly excite curiosity, and even meterest, in one who was more than nineteen year of age, and had for three years sate at the board of a mitred abbot.

her beauty, the grace of her nature and of her expression, the carnest truth of her occupation, offered no trace of offending rusticity to him who came to discover it. There were nothing but piety and sweetness of thought unconsciously expressed. I was humbled again by the same resistless superiority, the same evident disregard of self, which left no weakness to lower its possessor. I watched the glow of devotion lighting up her eye, and flushing her cheek, as the service proceeded, and which seemed, for the time, utterly to banish the melancholy with which she at first had been oppressed.

As soon as all was over, I left the chapel, and placed myself in her path. A young man, able boneatly to persuade himself that his reason should approve his more funciful admiration, is not long in yielding to his impulses. Why question how far I was possessed by the renewal of old feelings, or the admission of new ones? The realization of my hopes, or rather of my wishes, was there; the Jeannette of my own dreams, in which I had never ventured to believe, was before me.

Ah! how lovely did the now half girl, half woman, appear, as she left the little porch of the chape! The bashful, ingenuous delight still

ance before, yet it almost surprised me now; I did not so much feel that she always had been, but that she was become, very beautiful. Her height was now tall, to the verge of being remarkable; but the roundness of her form and its delicacy of proportion made her superior height a grace. The countenance was still the same in feature, only somewhat more advanced in womanhood, retaining still all that was naive and simple in her childlike expression, and must delicate still in the form of her features, and the perfect eval in which they were set. Her deep chesnut hair, in the sombre nook in which she knelt, seemed almost black, as did her full, large blue eyes, shaded richly by the lashes; her cheek, though a little paler, still retained a hor of perfect health, and her small round mouth bore as pure a crimson as ever.

Of course no one could have spoken to her at such a time. I even avoided the chance of her seeing me, respecting the sorrow which her countenance indicated, scarcely less than the occasion itself. But though her garb was poor, decent only from its cleanness; though the sun and air had bronzed her complexion, and her actions, when she changed her posture, were quick and regardless of ceremonial nicety.

her beauty, the grace of her nature and of her expression, the earnest truth of her occupation, offered no trace of offending rusticity to him who came to discover it. There were nothing but piety and sweetness of thought unconsciously expressed. I was humbled again by the same resistless superiority, the same evident disregard of self, which left no weakness to lower its possessor. I watched the glow of devetion lighting up her eye, and flushing her cheek, as the service proceeded, and which seemed, for the time, utterly to banish the melancholy with which she at first had been oppressed.

As soon as all was over, I left the chapet, and placed myself in her path. A young man, able honestly to persuade himself that his reason should approve his more fanciful admiration, is not long in yielding to his impulses. Why question how far I was possessed by the renewal of old feelings, or the admission of new ones? The realization of my hopes, or rather of my wishes, was there; the Jeannette of my own dreams, in which I had never ventured to believe, was before me.

Ah! how lovely did the now half girl, half woman, appear, as she left the little porch of the chapel! The bashful, ingenuous delight still

revels in my veins with which I beheld her surprise, her half recognition, and then recoved her cordial greeting. She asked me question after question with unsparing curiosity; of the place where I had been, of my occupation, of the manners of the large town, of the English I had seen, of what Frenchmen thought regarding them, whether they were really stronger and braver than ourselves, if I were still of their faction, scarcely waiting for my replies ere some new and eager query called for an answer. in the midst of this animation, her countenance sank, for we were near the end of our short walk to the village; she became silent and thoughtful, and hurried through the sitting-room of the cottage to her own small chamber which adjoined it.

Isabel, who was alone within, did not recognize me so soon as her daughter; my dress was better than it used to be; possibly my manners were more courtly; she received me even with diffidence. I did not suffer this long to remain, though I was not corry to witness the effect years had produced. I named myself, and received a heartier welcome.

There are no secrets among those who have lived from birth in the same rustic neighbour-

hood. Isabel soon confided to me the cause of her child's sadness.

"I am quite at a loss what to do," said the mother; "she loves us and obeys us almost before we can speak; we see nothing to reprove in her, and yet we hear things that afflict our hearts, and which Jeannette herself will not deny. I have kept her father from speaking to her, for he would be rough and passionate, and that she could not bear; she suffers already, as one may see; you have noticed it, have you not?"

I admitted that she was grown more serious than when I had left them: "but that," I added, "may be expected from her age, and a babit of devotion, such as her's, growing with her years."

"Devotion!" reiterated Isabel, and seemed to consider for awhile. "Ay, it is that which I fear to disturb, or to question. Surely we ought to be thankful that she is pious; and that her piety is true, Master Guillaume Fronte, our curate, assures us. 'Does it not appear in her conduct?' he asks, and tells us that, if he might reveal her confessions, we should hear nothing but what would rejoice us. He is a good man, and we ought to find much comfort in his sayings—but—" she looked anxiously round, as

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fearful that Jeannette might overhear her, and then spoke almost in a whisper—" have you not heard of the prophecy, 'that a maiden should come from the Foret Chenu, who should save France?' She does not deny that she believes in this; she does not even say that she may not be the person it means; I dored not press her further, it seemed so much to distress her; and I feared myself to hear more of the truth."

"And what if all were true," I asked "would not her lot be an enviable one?"

"No, no! do not say it; do not suppose it in mercy," said Isabel: "when have any that have even succeeded in doing these things had happily, and ended their days in peace?"

"Their history does not end here," I rephete for I was well read in legends of faith and heroism; "its last page is one of a happiness we cannot fathom, and on that page eternity we written for the catastrophe."

"But what is to become of us?" asked the mother with a sob, "even if I could bear it, a I were quite sure of the truth, her father——She paused with emotion. I waited till the chose to resume. "He has heard of what she herself has said to others; we have observed her

ourselves; I have questioned her as I told you; there seems a something on her mind to be done, which she only reveals by hints to a few; not to us who should know all. Some have seen her strangely employed for a girl, earnestly practising, as though she were wielding weapons. Oh, Jacques Alain! we fear that she will leave us some day with the soldiery! What could that be, but to die miserably at the best? We should have to pray earnestly to guard her from a worse fate!" Isabel wept aloud.

I ventured to console her. "Look at the future from the past," I said, "all that she has done is good; and if it be ordained that her life should undergo some extraordinary change, you may believe that she will not disgrace her parents."

"Not willingly, I am sure," replied the mother fervently; "but her father's grief and mine, and her brothers' and sister's! When her father heard of it, I thought the words would have driven him mad! 'I would rather that you should drown her,' he said to Jacquemin, and the other hals; 'I would order you to do it, and if you refused, I would drown her with my own hands, rather than she should leave us so.' I did not let him speak to her, but I told her

myself, and she made no reply, but with her sobs and tears, when, if we had nothing to fear, it would have been so easy to say the word that would have made us all happy; it would have been so easy and so kind to say that she would never leave us. I dared not tell her father all, I begged she would be silent about it with him, and I promised him that all should be well presently, when she had reflected, and I had spoken to Father Guillaume; but I fear—I fear—"

We were interrupted by the arrival of Jacques d'Arc and two of his sons, Jacquemin and Jean. Pierre, I was told, was in attendance on the Seigneur of Domremy, the lord of Bourlemont; who, pleased with his quickness and his courage, had promised him, when old enough, an honourable service among his men-at-arms, for which, in the mean time, he was fitting lumself. In a house where all were welcome, my presence was joyfully hailed as that of an old acquaintance Jacques d'Arc seemed to find pleasure, as well as relief, in questioning me, and all listened to the story of my fortunes with sympathy, and concluded by congrutulating themselves that I had come back among them; and that there should be a learned clerk who would not disdus the office of a custivator. I had much to tell

that was new to them; and they appeared proud of their guest, as well as glad to receive him.

Jeannette had stolen in silently among the listeners, taking, what appeared to them, an unusual interest in what I related, yet bending most of her concern on her futher, whom, by every attention, she strove to win to a kindness of manner, which the good-natured Jacques could not long refuse, but which he paid gravely and sadly. However, it was kindness; and Jeannette sate by him, and held his rough hand in her's, as after a slight repast the conversation went on. I looked at Isabel, and I saw that, although not quite satisfied, she was comparatively happy. With the rest the evening sped in unmingled gaiety.

"If you are not too great and too learned for us," said Jacques at parting, "and now, you know, you are come to live among such as we, walk over to us when you have leisure; you will be taking your lands into your own hands now, as a labourer ought, and perhaps we can tell you, here and there, something that may be worth your attending to about that, and, if we can't, why we have hands, at all events, that are more used to work than your's, and when you need us, perhaps we can spare a little time;

you may do the same by us in return, so as to make it no favour; so come to us whenever you choose, and we will be good neighbours."

"Ay," said Jacquemin, "don't spare us; they say here that I can do work enough for two; so as I have more than my own share I ought to do something for somebody else.

My ancient enemy embraced me most warmle at parting; for Petit Jean and I were no longer rivals in combat. Catharine too, grown nearly in size and years to what Jeannette had been when I left her, though still with the same differences which had characterized them, gently added her good wishes for seeing me again to her mother's parting words, and even Jeannette smiled on my replying promise.

Never since I had returned to the valley of the Meuse had I felt so contented with my state. I walked home light in spirits, country on the resources which even these humble office of friendship afforded me, and accepting them as evidences of a good will, about which I could not help caring. I rejoiced my mother's heart by my cheerful determination to tread in the steps of my forefathers; and she forgot her former ambition for me, and its disappointment in the alacrity with which I greeted my new pro-

spects. As soon as I could frame my intentions, I turned sturdily to labour myself; and though, at first, my unpractised strength could do little, I was enabled to afford out of my patrimony the means of paying others who could work better, and what I had brought from Troves, though of little account there, was a store of wealth where riches were almost strangers. And, as week by week, and afterwards, almost every other day, I repaired to Domremy, I found an unceasing motive for toil; one that gave me delight in enduring it. The favour with which Jacques d' Arc and his wife had received me evidently increased, rather than diminished; and, from a cause that grutified my heart still more than my vanity, Jeannette attended to my descriptions of the little tract I had visited, and its inhabitants, which, to the simple members of the family, were as important as if I had compassed the pilgrimage of Palestine, or wandered among the infidels of Poland.

I traced, throughout her curiosity, and so sometimes, as I thought, did Isabel, one constant reference of purpose in all her inquiries; but Jacques only saw that she was interested, and, he hoped, forgetting the very design for which she was amassing fresh materials.

Young as I was, and daily more delighted with her presence, I cannot wonder that I suffered my wishes to overcome my cooler convictions, and that I believed Jeannette might, with no great difficulty, be led from listening to my speech, to sympathising with the speaker.

After a much longer hesitation than I at first contemplated; for a sincere affection, and such mine had in every sense become, rates its own qualities despairingly low, in comparison with those of its object, I took the advantage of Isabel's praises of her daughter, which, despite of her apprehensions, were not unusually upon her lips, to reply to them with a warmth which might suffer my own feelings to appear. She perceived them with womanly instinct, and replied to them with matronly tenderness. She promised, on his coming home, to speak to Jacques of the avowal which, in conclusion, I had fervently reiterated, for, once made without reproof, it was a declaration in which I gloried.

As soon as he saw me the next day, (and it was early morning that I sought him in his field) I found his answer in his conduct: he present me warmly to his heart, told me he hoped that I should be the man to save his daughter's good name and peace of mind, called

me, again and again, his dear son that he was proud of, and would have led me at once to Jeannette, with an injunction of parental authority, to accept me as soon as should be fitting, had I not myself interposed, and endeavoured to shew him that, by acting too precipitately, we might lose all that time and persuasion might more safely bring to us.

"What more could she have or wish for?" asked the impatient father; "the richest young man of our neighbourhood; and suppose that goes for nothing with a young girl; the women say you are good-looking, though we men can't see that—and honest and well-learned, too; ay, and kind and obliging, which is better than all; and one that has been brought up, as she herself says, to think as you should about what we ought all to care most for. And you are no Burgundian now. Let us go to her at once—she can have only to say, 'Yes,' and I should be at peace for the rest of my days."

I implored him to let me have the chance of winning, of securing her love, before I asked her for it. I pressed upon him that it might only be putting her on her guard against any attentions to let her see their aim: I advanced all I could, and that as forcibly as I was able, to stay

him, for Jeannette might be seen by this time, coming to him with his morning's meal; and I dreaded as if more than life had been at stake, lest the hour from which I hoped to date my joys should be the witness of their utter ruin.

Though his "Well, well, perhaps you know best; I fancy I thought as you do, if I remember right, though I had no occasion for it," gave me a sort of half-promise of forbearance; I saw that it was with great difficulty he could keep any such resolution; he embraced his daughter with one arm, while he hugged me close with the other; and when startled into almost painful gratitude, at this now unusual exhibition of his fondness, she knelt before him to thank him for his love, "Yes, yes, you will be happy," he exclaimed; "all will be as we wish, as we both of us wish."

He looked at me, blessed her, "And now," said he, "Jacques Alain, Jeannette will lead you down the pastures, and show you the horse I wanted you to see; I can't be spared from my work."

I shook hands with him, and walked away with Jeannette, in obedience to his stratagem; and, as I turned at some distance, I saw him still looking earnestly after us, and his breakfast lying untouched on the ground beside him.

To have experienced the timorous uncertain rapture of that hour is worth a life of pain. I said little or nothing, that Jeannette, quiet as she was, wondered at my silence. I did not wish to break upon my treasured hope with the ruffling of a breath. I was content to believe, to trust, to feel, that, in the anguish I should endure in disappointment, there was a faith it could not be inflicted. I would only snatch glances of apprehensive devotion, and then ransack my own thoughts for means to do her service or delight. She saw that I was embarrassed and absent, but no guess of the cause flushed her cheek. What would I not have given that she could have read my heart, and not blamed its desires; yet, next to that, I rejoiced that they were not betrayed to her.

And the horse! It was fortunate for me that her father's errand had some slight foundation, and that Jeannette had heard him praise it to me a day or two before; it was well, too, that her own spirit was awakened as she showed me the noble steed, telling me it was fit to carry the Provost of Vaucouleurs himself in the field, and herself exhibiting to me its manège as it obeyed her caresses and her voice. This done, she left me, for my seeming instlessness suited

little with the activity of her duties, and I had nothing but to propose to myself a hundred plans for winning her favour, and reject them almost as soon as they were formed.

To some particulars I was constant. I obtained from both her parents the promise of secrecy for the present; Isabel's opinion gave me pain by agreeing so entirely with my own, that haste was danger, and I set myself to work by all the assiduities in my power to make my constant presence a pleasure, perhaps a want to her.

She accepted my gifts with unsuspecting frankness; if they were of flowers, they were used to crown the images of her favourite saints; if of fruits, they became the portion of her mother, her sister, or of the sick; ornaments only she refused, bidding me make offerings of them myself, and, taking them, but on the condition of so dedicating them in my name, which, when Father Guillaune told to my uncle. Conrardin de Spinal, he and Jacques agreed was much of an admission for such a maiden to make, in soliciting thus an interest for me where all knew her own firm hopes were placed.

Yet, by Isabel's advice, I was silent. Her

husband had more difficulty to bear himself with the patience she enjoined, but so month after month wore on with alternate flattery and depression in my thoughts. I have believed since they were such as those of one who watches the progress of a loved being's decline, her absence from ordinary amusements, her hunger after solitude, her pensive meditation bursting forth at intervals into acts of enthusiastic charity, or sometimes into fiery restlessness, which it required all her love for others to watch and curb: these, mingled with the unvarying benevolence that made her regard an unkind or hasty look as a crime to be confessed and expiated, were tokens sufficient to irritate the suspense of a lover, and make him feel his fortunes fluctuating with the winds.

Her face was my study, for it was the only index I allowed myself to her thoughts. I had not the meanness to seek her in her hidden exercises of devotion; I reproved those who lightly reported to me her deeds or her words. But I snatched often in her rapt air a glimpse of the lofty converse she had held, though its meaning was indistinct and clouded; I watched her overanxious, half-remorseful affection for her parents, and that I dreaded most; I trembled under the

flashing of her eye, when some one inadvertently spoke of Prance, and of its king, of its old peace, and of its present oppressors. And then one gentle, generous, word annihilated all. I did not suffer myself to reason that such words she gave unsparingly to all who loved her.

Thus came on the autumn of 1427, when Jeannette was within a few months of completing her eighteenth year.

I, her father, and her brothers, had acquired the habit of working almost always in company. I sometimes at Domremy with them, they sometimes at Maxev with me: we were almost inmates of each other's cottages, and I often east myself on the hard couches with Jacquemin and Jean, which were laid down for us, at the retiring of the rest, in the outer room at Domremy. We had thus been peacefully labouring together, and were returning to such a repose, when at the entrance of the village we met my uncle Conrardin. He had always been anxious to promote the marriage between myself and Jeannette, which was looked forward to by all the hamlet, except Jeannette berself, and this time he believed that she had confessed it to him.

"If you were not a Burgundian, my friend,

I could tell you something," she had said to him in the course of the day, and, as he could not readily fancy any subject so likely for her to hint to him as her marriage with his nephew, he had set down the reserve she afterwards put on to the natural sense of her modesty, and good-humouredly waited for us to give us joy of the tidings.

"Ay, ay," said Jacques d'Arc, as he heard it, "you are right, Conrardin, and we are all right, Jacques Alain and all. Ah! you may trust a young fellow sometimes for seeing his way in a courtship. I think Jeannette would have had him at first, but he fancied it was best to wait, and perhaps it was, but we'll have no more dallying now; to-night all shall be made as safe as promises can make it, and we'll not wait long after to put it beyond doubt altogether. Why how is this man?" he continued, turning to me, "you look blank on the matter! What! you don't repent of your offer — if so—and yet for the girl's sake, now she loves you—"

"Oh do not fear me," I answered cagerly;
"I shall be glad, indeed, to find all you believe
true—but——."

"But!" he interrupted me; " was there ever

such a lover? a pretty life you'd make of it if you were to be as afraid of her after you're married as you are now. But you're young, and don't see the nature of women; they never own, even by so much as a look, if they can help it, for fear they should n't be asked after all, but let them be sure, and they're just as pleased as we are; why you hear wint she has said to your own uncle, on purpose that he might tell you. I say it is settled, if you don't go back."

"Pray hear me a moment!" I at last managed to interpose, "May not Jeannette have something else to tell my uncle than the news of her marriage? What has his being a Burgundian to do with that?"

"Ay, you think she has other secrets!" replied Jacques, half angrily; "she had, I know well, but she has given them up; you must have marked it; we have n't had an unhappy look between us for months, and no one has told me a word lately. I won't think it of her any more; and, if it were so, high time it is that it should be put out of her head altogether. I would n't for any thing now put off what I mean to say for an hour; I should n't sheep to-night after what you've said, if it were not

all cleared up. Where were you both, Conrardin, when she said this to you?"

"We had just been talking with two armed men from Vaucouleurs, who asked if there were any news of companies in the neighbourhood," replied my uncle. Jacques and I looked at each other.

"Well, well," he said after a moment's pause, "there's nothing in that! what had you been saying just before?"

"That it was a pity we should be troubled with alarms about such things, when we might all be so happy without them." We looked at each other again, as if each claimed the victory.

"She thought so, too," said Jacques, "when she thought of her own marriage."

I did not answer, but the words were on my tongue. "She thought so, too, and of the means to gain what she wished."

"Come! come in all!" said Jacques, for we were at the cottage door.

"I have my doubts about the soldier's questions," said Conrardin; "I'll come back to you presently."

"They were doing their duty as scouts," replied Jacques; "but, as you choose: come

back to us, man, for we shall have news for you, news that will make us brothers I hope at long as we live."

His hearty grasp of Conrardin's shoulder bade him a friendly good bye, and he then turned to the door. I stopped him an instant

"You will wait a little — make some gunule trial," I ventured to say.

"If you mean rightly, you'll let me go straightforward," was the answer. "I'll not have a lad for a son-in-law, that is afraid to speak his mind, or that is suspicious about his mistress. Come, come," he continued good-humouredly, "when the plunge is over, you'll thank me too pushing you in," and with that he did push me into the cottage with an action quite hearty enough to tell me he was determined to have his own way.

The family was soon assembled all but Pierra, whom we only saw occasionally; he still propered in the favour of the Seigneur of Bourlemont. Jacques could scarcely suffer the evening's meal to be despatched before he entered upon his object. Jacquemin and Jean hurried their that they might not be intruders, for, having heard their father's declaration, the young menneeded no better prompting than their own

natural feeling, to avoid any embarrassment to

I ate nothing, and I would have gone, too, but Jacques held me forcibly by the hand, and kept me in my seat.

"The lads are right enough." he said to me in a half whisper; "but you must stop and speak for yourself."

Isabel looked at me anxiously; I returned her observation with a deprecating glance, but she had no time to interfere.

"So, Jeannette," said Jacques, "you have been talking to Conrardin de Spinal to-day. Come, let your father hear what you would not tell him; if he is a Burgundian, I'm a true Armagnac. You needn't look so abashed and terrified, girl, changing white and red as quick as an aspen leaf flickers—and your lips! Come. Jucques Alain, I see it is time for you to speak, now, at once, and manfully, and don't mind Isabel and me—or—this way, wife!——I'll save you some time, too—he loves you, girl—there, that's said for him, and do you say as much in return for yourself——'

"No, no! my dear father!" cried Jeannette; her cheeks crimsoned with an earnest blush, which I own at the moment deceived me into hope, and inflamed the passion I could not afterwards extinguish or restrain; "I did not speak of Jacques Alain; indeed, I know not what I have said that he could think so of——"

" And you trembled and changed colour when I asked about it, and yet it was not of your love? It is time, Jeannette, that we should understand one another. I may not be a learned man, or a wise one, and you may have reason to think that you know better than I do, but I am your father, girl, and if you know your duty at all, you must know that it is to obey and respect your parents. Be quiet, Isabel, for whose good do I speak if not for her's? Jacques Alain did say that he was afraid you didn't mean him when you talked to his uncle. I know what he thought, but I told him I knew better, and you must keep my words true. 1 have an honest name, girl, and you have been brought up in the like, and to know the value of it. I would give you all I have in the world, so would your mother, so would your brothers, but you must not disgrace us. I love you dearly, Jeannette, almost better than I ought, when I prefer you so before all the rest; but if you once left me, I would not see you again, or hear of you, unless some one would kindly tell me you were dead, and that there was nothing more to be feared or shamed about you."

"Dear, dear father! I would not for the world! Oh, I am very unhappy!" exclaimed the poor girl. "I will do nothing but my duty. I will pray to know it. I could wish nothing for myself but to stay here with you all my days."

" She will, she will," interrupted Isabel.

"Will she promise that, will she marry an honest man, a fit match for her, one that a girl might be vain of?"

I spoke, for I could not bear to see her emotion. "Jeannette, trust to me—will you listen to me—will you suffer me to be your true friend?"

"No paltering, Jacques Alain," said her father sternly; "you are not to come into my house to dispose between me and my daughter as you think fit. I give her to you as a wife, that she may be honest and happy, that is all I say to you; take her and you have my blessing, else I shall not suffer you to say a word; you are not to help her in her own road to folly, or to hold her up in wilfulness, in disobedience to her father."

Jeannette wrung her hands, looked around as for some comforter; her mother wept, and looked at her imploringly; she was still silent. which will be done, begin when it will!" and her voice trembled with the effort to restrain her enthusiasm, becoming more terrible by the attempt, her eyes flashing with the fire her voice strove to suppress, and one clear spot of red standing almost alone on each cheek.

"If you mean resistance," said Conrardin, quickly and earnestly, "you have no chance, even though Jacques Alain and I should forget our party, and do what we might in behalf of our neighbours. If there were time to muster them, could you get together a hundred and fifty able-bodied men in all Greux and Domremy, sy, and Burey à Côte to boot, and then could they meet two hundred trained soldiers?"

"If they were mustered they might, and if they did their duty they would," said Jeannette; "and it need not be only the men they might count upon."

"It is hopeless," said her father. "Though I should like, too — but," and he looked at Isabel and Catharine, "we must look to our safety. There can he no chance, girl, I my; how could people be got together from places where the Burgundians are, perhaps, already?—What is to be done? Where are they now, think you. Conrardin?"

"Beyond, to the north of Greux, I hope." answered he. "A friend of our party, who knew what I was, thought of giving me warning, on an oath of secrecy though, that I should use it for none but my own family, but you are my own family, and I do not break my oath to save you: though you must be wary, if Jean Guillot should be known to have told of their intentions, they'd burn him in his own house."

"We must warn our neighbours," said Jacquemin.

"Which mad to take?" said Jacques. "Will the little island on the river be secure?"

"I know nothing; only begone," said Conrardin, evidently fearful of saying more.

"I go with you," I exclaimed. "I am no Burgundian now, least of all, when they come to plunder and massacre."

"What road shall we take? Where are we to go?" exclaimed Isabel, and poor Catharine trembled by her in an agony of terror.

"Where is Mattre Aubery, the mayor? We must warn him," said Jacques.

"Don't think of him," answered Jacquemin
"We had better trust to ourselves; let him be

warned if you will, but don't depend on advice of his; it will be much for him to take care of himself."

"And Mattre Bertrand de Poulengy, who should lead us, is away; our hamlet has no other worthy gentleman near enough to guide us in such straits."

"I have thought of all," said Jeannette, quite composedly. "We have had alarms before; this does not come to me for the first time, or unawares. Conrardin, away to the road they are likely to take; join with them, and save what you can of your own from their hands. Jacquemin, go to Bourlemont; let Pierre know who are coming; they will visit that noble house."

"Do not let him know who told you," said Congardin.

"He is of our family whom you meant to save," said Jeannette, "and would no more betray you than any of ourselves."

"Thank you, dear girl," said Isabel.

"Ay, ay, right! right!" said Jacques, re-

"Jean," continued Jeannette, "go you from door to door, quickly, silently, and rouse the sleepers; their flocks must be driven down

the Mouse to Neufchateau, there they will not come; it is in Lorraine, and they dare not make the Duke their enemy. Father, you'll look to my mother and sister. And you, Jacques Alain,——"

"With you, Jeannette, wherever-"

"No," she answered as with a right of command; "as you please else, but not with me. I shall drive the cattle down the river's side. Does each know what is to be done?—not a moment more, then."

Jacquemin and Jean were already on their errand; I joined the latter, and the thought came across me to await the Burgundians, and endeavour, if possible, to save the house of my friends from their malice. Jacques had carnestly embraced his daughter, and then led forth Isabel and Catharine weeping from their home, which they did not expect to see again.

Jeannette took a few of the little treasures they had, even to clothes and comforts, packed them on a horse, then went to place her mother and sister on another; came back, collected all their store of cattle from the homestead, and, driving it steadily down by the river, set an example of quiet to the inhabitants which calmed them more than any injunctions.

It was a bright, clear, tranquil night when the poor pilgrims set forth from their hamlet, urging their lazy cattle to their atmost speed along the valley, yet kept from hurry by the calm activity of the girl and her brother Jean. who, with some of the steadier spirits of the hamlet, closed the rustic retreat. The inhabitants had been alarmed with little noise: their march was one of silent anxiety; save now and then the wail of an infant, or the oxen's low. not a sound disturbed it. Jeannette went to the most timid, comforted them with words of hope and devotion, and I, when she bade me farewell with almost a pitying consideration, stood watching the line in the moonlight till it entered the foret Chenu.

My reverie lasted some time; I could even return thanks to Heaven for their safety, when a shout from the road beyond the village on the other side warned me that the work of destruction was to begin. I looked on towards Greux; the fiames were in the humble dwellings there that must soon reach Domremy. Oh! in that gorgeous scene of nature's peace, how fiendlike looked the accursed work of man! But it was no time to pause. Running with all my might, I fetched a compass to the left, which would

bring me in at the rear of the approaching party as if I had followed them from Maxey, which was a recognised stronghold of their party; so that I might not expose myself to the almost certain death I should have encountered by being mistaken for an inhabitant of Domresny.

I struck in with the ferocious rabble on the road between the village they had just sacked, and the humlet they were approaching. Such of the peasantry as they thought could pay them ransom they had bound, and were dragging along with brutal jests, urging them like beasts of burden with blows; and, indeed, some were laden with the spoils of their own dwellings to bear them along to the den of their oppressors. Some of the plundered were franticly pursuing them, willing, to the loss of all their property, to add that of life too, or, mad with impotent revenge, imprecating curses that were replied to, and sometimes silenced for ever with blows.

The blaze of the houses of Greux shone brightly down the road to Domremy, making the mounlight feeble and tenfold pale. I sought one of their leaders, told him my name and abode, and claimed as my own the house of Jacques d'Arc, not omitting to speak of my uncle

as one of our own party; and so to secure to dwelling, if possible, from the general wrec as Indeed, he had already met them, and made hiraself known to some; and though they were little in the humour to distinguish friend from foe, he had gained the best assurance they were likely to give him of sparing his humble household.

But when they arrived, all thought of modeation, if they had ever entertained it, was atterly changed by the state in which they found the hamlet. Of its little wealth all that we portable had been removed; they ran with yells from house to house, finding nothing for plunder, no human being to wreak their vengeance on.

The robbed themselves could scarcely be more exasperated than were these wretches at the loss of their expected prey. The benches, tables, whatever wood they could find in the houses, they broke up, and then burst open the doors of the church, and piled the fuel within it; when once it had caught sure light in any part, they snatched the brands, and rushed with them from house to house, with yells and screams, sometimes of laughter, sometimes of fury.

i cast open the doors of Jacques d'Arc's cottage, and, having fastened a Burgundian badge upon my arm, stood in the doorway. One ruffian came up with a flaming fagot to cast in; I expostulated, entreated, urged my rights as a partizan to the safety of my property. He cast the fire past me into the house, I struck him to the earth. At that moment, their leader mounted, and, fully armed, passed us.

"Dost thou dare claim a patrimony among these Armagnacs?" cried Franquet d'Arras; "share their fate then with it!" He struck me heavily with his mailed hand; I recled in, and fell insensible.

When I awoke from my stupor, with a sense of the most painful strangling, the cold grey light of dawn was struggling through a thick smoke. I crawled to the door, and gasped for life.

The blood which had plentifully steeped my clothes had dried on the wound upon my forehead. The fresh breath of the morning revived me. I looked down the little street, which the setting sun had left so beautiful in its rural peace; a few gable-ends of earth, blackened by fire, were standing, and in one or two places a cottage, only half burned, shewed that these war-hounds had been hasty in their business. Volumes of smoke rolled up between the scorched trees,

and the street itself was crossed by masses of rubbish smouldering, or which had fulien out of the way of the flames. Mere heaps of miss here and there told where a cottage had hear. Jacques d'Arc's house had been saved, and are or two near it appeared less damaged than the others. My uncle's was a shapeless mound. I listened: all was silent; as silent as an autumn morning might be, on which one living thing alone appeared to look; as silent as desolation might be, from which all help had been driven, and of which the devastators themselves were weary.

Stiff, cold, exhausted, and pained as I felt, a gave me a moment's joy that the dwelling where I had spent so many happy hours was spared; the smoke still came forth from it, and I made an effort to ascertain its rise, and to stop it. I ventured again, and succeeded in reaching the half-consumed fagot, of which some green sticks were still recking; the burning of some drier ones had scorched the rufters above, but these removed, there was little more to extinguish; the water I could draw from the rivulet in my cap sufficed. I looked for the cause of this strange escape, and found that the fagot had been thrown against a large vessel of water which I had over-

set, and which had mainly contributed, with its own greenness, to prevent the spreading of the fire. In a little time I was enabled to pass through the four rooms which composed the dwelling, and to assure myself that, for the present, it was spared.

Then I began a cautious survey of the neighbourhood, lest any of the marauders should yet linger to complete the demon's task. Distant shouts and fires on the opposite hills told me the direction of their course. I walked on to the spot where Conrardin's house had stood; there was no vestige to tell me of its owner's fate. I dared not call aloud; but I examined, as well as I was able, every part of the hamlet that was not utterly consumed.

I entered one small hut, which, being built only of stone and earth, and without any upper story, was almost entire; it appeared empty; and I turned to leave it, when a rustling in the hearth, before which some half-burnt lumber was piled, caught my ear. I stopped, and saw a face hastily withdrawn. Having a strong stick in my hand by way of weapon, I approached, and a faint scream came from the same place. I bade the hidden being fear nothing, and named myself; and then cast-

ing down a part of her concealment, the form of a girl, about fourteen years old, was visible, ghastily covered with blood.

Such an appearance I found betokened more hurt than in my own case. The poor creature, when her fright at my coming subsided, only faintly asked for water, which I fetched; and, washing the gore from her face, saw that it was Jeannette's favourite playfellow—a motherless child, whom she instructed in the domestic duties of her sphere, Colette Mignard. After taking another survey from the door, lest my purpose should be interrupted, I took up the girl in my arms, and carried her to the little chamber of her patroness, where some remains of a couch were yet left.

She told me that she had been left unawakened in her father's house; he was gone some distance the day before on his affairs, until she found the flames around her. In the front were men shouting whom she dared not ask mercy of, but she cast herself from the other side, and, though sorely bruised in her fall, crawled on unperceived by a ditch, till struck by a burning rafter. Though one limb was crushed, she yet had constancy enough to listen and await the sounds of the marauders' retreat, and then, with a last effort, concealed herself where I found her.

All that I could do to assuage her pain I did; but she had need of better help. I covered her as well as I was able from all observation; bade her be silent still for her safety; and then set out for Maxey, to appease the fears of my mother, and to bring such succour as I might to my wounded charge.

I kept within fences and copse, or struck swiftly from tree to tree, as I knew them, on my road, so as to avoid all observation; passing round from the village of Greux, which lay in my way, and which being better built seemed to have resisted the fire more effectually than Domremy, lest I should light upon other scenes of hopeless suffering, which I had no means to assuage; for, weakened with loss of blood, I had but the strength to reach my home, without wasting a step in other efforts.

But Burgundians as we were, there were those among us prepared to alleviate the sufferings of our neighbours, even though occasioned by our own party. To these charitable countrymen, I gave such information of the need for succour as I could afford, and directed one whom I could best trust to poor Colette; and

then, my wound washed, tended by the affection of a mother, I lay down to take some rest upon my own bed, and with this overwatching and my own exhaustion fell into a deep and refreshing slumber, from which it was many hours ere I was awakened.

CHAPTER X.

It was evening before I awoke, still weak with loss of blood, else as well as she who watched me wished. I obeyed her injunctions in remaining quiet for that night, for though I now often think that, as a son, I might have been more attentive and considerate, I trust I have not much wilful perversity to answer for towards this dearest of relations. I had the satisfaction to hear that my little charge had received such assistance as could be rendered. though the only substitute for a surgeon that could be found in the neighbourhood, a man whose knowledge did not extend beyond the virtues of a few simples, had the candour not only to doubt his own success in a cure, but even to confine himself to the most obvious and natural alleviations until better advice could be gained.

For two or three days straggling parties filled

the neighbourhood, though, fortunately, they did not return to Domremy, thinking, probably, that the care of the inhabitants, as well as their own spoil, had left nothing there for the most rapacious to glean. With the badge of their faction on my arm, the only symbol they were likely to respect, I wandered among them, in the hope of gaining the first intelligence of my uncle's safety, and their retreat.

It was the third day before I had news of either; then Conrardin himself appeared at my dwelling in Maxey, and received from my mother and myself a welcome, joyous in proportion to our anxiety.

"This must be your home in future," I said to him.

"Till my own can be built up, I accept your offer with many thanks," he replied; "but I love Domremy, and though they have destroyed the produce, they couldn't carry off the soil; there is the little field to till yet, which I hold under the Seigneur of Bourlemont, who will not be the harder master to me for what has happened within these few days."

"You have found means, then, to do him good service?" I asked.

"Ay, replied he: "notwithstanding the

warning the Seigneur had from Jacquemin, he was forced to defend his château rather than abandon it. His lady, and a young demoiselle. by name. I think, de la Meilleraye, were absent with an old relation in the neighbourhood, tending her in a sudden sickness; they had with them the escort of Pierre d'Arc, and two or three of the men-at-arms; but, had the Seigneur quitted the castle, he feared they would have no place of refuge, or might come thither and find it in the hands of the Burgundians, and so be taken themselves. We know how the soldiery on both sides have treated even the noblest; no wonder the Seigneur should risk all for a chance of saving his wife and guest, his own relation. too, I believe."

"The poor ladies did escape, I trust," said I.

"The morning after they had burned Domremy." said Conrardin, "when, in spite of my party, I was obliged to run for my life, so angry were they at finding nothing to plunder. I saw that a party of forty or fifty had begun to make their huts of boughs and earth before the castle, no doubt with the intent of besieging it. I could not get admittance through their camp to speak with the Seigneur; they would have hanged me for betraying them, so I waited about on the outskirts, hoping to render some service and save something for my landlord, though I had lost all for myself. Towards the evening I got nearer to the walls, and one of the warders knew me.

- " You would help the lady of Bourlemont in a strait?' he asked.
 - " 'Ay, marry, would I,' I answered.
- "Then keep a look-out, and if you we such a party, tell them to keep away till mainight, and then dash for the wicket.' The nights, you know, are moonlight; so I got to the top of a hill and kept watch. Soon after dusk I fancied I heard a party coming near by the road close under me. I could scarcely distinguish them, but I ran with all my might, and had just time to give my message.

"I watched still, and as the moon rose higher I saw the better. At midnight Pierre and the party pushed forward—he leading, and a good man-at-arms in the rear. I saw the wicket open, but the besiegers were soon on the alert; they rushed at once to the place with the hope of capturing prisoners, and perhaps of entering the castle at the same moment. Luckily, their councils seemed divided; some cried "To the castle!" others, 'Seize them; they will surres-

der then! Half-a-dozen from the little garrison sallied, Bourlemont himself at their head; they kept the road clear, and in an instant the tady and two of the men-at-arms were within, but the damoiselle had been pulled from her horse.

" I saw Pierre's sword fall thick and threefold around him on her captors, and he managed to drug her nearer and nearer to the wicket, where the fight was still hot, for some of the Burgundians had thrust in weapons, and even their own bodies, to prevent its being closed. Just at that instant, the Seigneur of Bourlemont, who, no doubt, had thought most for his wife at first, made an effort with three or four fresh men who had come to his succour, tore the damoiselle away, and even Pierre, wounded as he was, was dragged in with her; and I saw the wicket made fast again. They had asked me some odd questions during the day; and, as they might plainly see there was a plan in this escape, I made off as soon as I knew that all was safe, and got back by a roundabout way to Domremy. Though I could get nothing but water to refresh me, I was glad to make myself a bed in the thickest part of the ruins; and the next morning, as soon as the sun was up, set off to get here; but, after I had passed through Greux, where I found a half-hunt loaf, that its poor owner could have no more use for——"

"We won't talk of these things," I morrupted him, with a shudder.

"No, no," he replied: "my heart is as ack of them as your's can be. After I had got on this side of Greux, two or three stragglers, who had drank wine enough to make them the more mischievous, spied me; luckily, the arrow that one of them sped after me was not very steady aimed, but they held me in charc, and forced me to cross the river, near to where their fellows were burning and plundering. It was well these last were too busy to mark me, though my pursuers shouted like devils to bring them on me; but I took a round out of their way, and, with my bit of loaf, lingered about in the woods that day and the next, till they were clear off. or, at least, not in my path to stop me from coming to you."

"And the castle of Bourlemont?" I asked

"I pray they may hold out, but I know no more than I have told you," said Conrardin

"Rest then here," said I, after a little thought; "my mother will take care of you.

and you need it. Good bye." My mother wished to check my departure.

"I know well what you would urge, dear mother," said I to her; "but remember their danger at Bourlemont; I shall run no risk; I only go to Robert de Baudricourt at Vaucouleurs; he may be able to relieve them from their peril, at least; as the captain of this country, he ought to know of it. If it were only for the sake of Pierre d'Arc I would not be idle. Look to Conrardin; I promise you to come back safe." So saying, I embraced them and set off.

My way was free. I arrived at Vaucouleurs in an hour, and was admitted to the Provost, but my intelligence had been anticipated; he had already assembled a body of men to clear the country, and I had the satisfaction of returning with them as far as Maxey, and seeing them on the road to Bourlemont and Domremy.

Without stopping to do more than calm the fears of my mother by assuring her that I had every motive to keep out of danger, and bidding her not to expect me for a day, I prepared to follow the route of the soldiery. I was obliged, in compliance with her anxieties, to wait a little longer for refreshment, and a wallet with some

humble fare in it, and then I set fairly off in the track.

I overtook the troops, and in somewhat more than two hours we had passed through Greux and were entering the hamlet. The invaders had entirely abandoned the roads; one or two were picked up who had endeavoured to hide themselves from an advance, and from them we learned that the main body had already gone again towards the north, although the detuchment before the castle of Bourlemont had waited in the hope to carry it by assault the previous night, and then to establish in it a Burgundian post for future operations.

It was with a throbbing heart that I went on to witness the event of such anticipations, and greatly, indeed, was I cheered with the sight of the banner of Bourlemont still waving on the tower, and the Burgundians still watching about their huts on the outside. The walls were, indeed, black and in places crumbling. Large trees had been slung against them as battering rams, and others had been fired and cast blazing against the parts most likely to consume, while fierce assaults were made under cover of the confusion.

Both parties seemed to have been forced to a

truce by sheer weariness. So exhausted were the assailants, that not only did they offer scarcely any resistance to our more numerous force, but appeared incapable of an attempt at successful flight.

Baudricourt, a stern soldier, would receive them upon no condition short of absolute surrender, reserving to himself the right which belonged to the war, and which was generally acted upon at that period, of expiating the ravages that had been committed by the death of as many of the prisoners as he might consider just. Although their crime was not accounted robbery in war, hopeless defeat entailed upon them an equal punishment, and five of these unfortunates were doomed to add to the already horrible aspect of each desolated village.

Five were hanged upon a scorched tree at the entrance of Domremy, as many were in the same manner offered to the manes of the victims at Greux. The rest were led to expiate their own misdeeds, or those of their fellows, in the dungeons of Vaucouleurs.

In the midst of these dreadful scenes, I enjoyed something like a gleam of satisfaction.

Bourlement was saved. I could be the bearer of the news to Jeannette that though her brother

was wounded, he was rather severely than dangerously hurt. I could tell her, too, that he had brought honour to his family by his courage. My poor little charge, Colette, still breathed upon the couch, which had been rendered more tolerable by the care of the peasantry of Maxey, and the valley, desolate as it appeared, was at least rid of its cruel visiters. With the joyful alacrity of a bearer of good tidings, I made my way through the forest to Neufchâteau.

In a pasture within the precincts I recognized the cattle of Jacques d'Arc, and soon the little peasant girl that watched them. She directed me to the house where my friends had for the time found shelter. The common room of a very humble inn contained the whole family except Jeannette.

Notwithstanding the unusual number of guests, the place was more than ordinarily clean and well arranged, thanks, as the hostess confessed, to the care which Jeannette had taken, not merely of the comforts of her parents, but to show her gratitude, and prevent trouble to those who had received them in their distress. This was the first reply to my inquiry after her health and safety, for Madame la Rousse possessed her full share of the talkativeness of a

landlady, and, pleased with her subject, expatiated upon the qualities of Jeannette, while her parents were silent, and, as it seemed to me, sorrowful listeners.

But the news of Pierre and of Domremy, as well as my own adventures, superseded for the moment even the discourse of the loquacious dame. I told all of interest as briefly as possible, that my hearers might be at ease on all the more essential points I had to speak of.

They accepted what I had done, or endeavoured, with a gratitude that bound us more together than ever.

"He must be our son," said Jacques, "he has done us all the duty of a son already."

"Do not either of you mind Jeannette's manner now; we cannot tell how she may welcome you," said Isabel; "we have made up our minds, Jacques has said so, not to be hasty."

"Why, to say the truth," observed he, "I confess she has a little got the better of me; all seemed very unreasonable till we heard that alarm from your uncle, and then somehow or other, she seemed the clearest and wisest of us all. She owes me duty, and I know — I hope some day she will pay it as she ought, and I am

sure she ought to love you now, Jacques Alain, if she never did before, added to which I will be obeyed when I am in the right, but just now she is restless and impatient — your news, though, will do her good — she yearns like any child for her home."

" Because this is so far from Vaucouleurs; I heard her say so," burst in Madame la Rousse, who had no idea of any conference that could need her withdrawing or even protending not to listen. " And you say right, Maître Jacques, she is restless and impatient, not but she is as meek and humble as if she were a servant of the house, and ten times more so than most of the wenches, and does twice as much work, and more willingly, besides taking the horses and cattle to pasture, and fetching them back: but she is, as you say, restless. One would think all these matters were enough to employ her, but no sooner is all clear and done, and I never saw an end to the work of an inn before, but she is off to the church of the mondicant friars that is close by; she is gone now to confess, she says, though it is the third time since she has been in Neufchâteau, and I don't see what she can have to confess. Once or twice a year is very well, unless one falls into

terrible temptation"-here Madame la Rousse crossed herself-"or unless one were a lady out and out, and had nothing else to do: and then you know one might think of sins half the day, and confess them the other half, as I suppose many such do for want of better employment: but, bless her heart! she can't have had time to dream of any mischief since the has been here, and so affectionate, and so good, and so obedient! but, perhaps it is with one's conscience as it is with the house, when it is all of a mess, why it can't be helped, and one lets it go till it must be cleaned out altogether, but when it is pretty tidy, why one notices the least bit of dust, and it must be wiped away accordingly."

"Vaucouleurs," murmured Jacques d'Arc, sadly looking at Isabel, as soon as the garrulous lady had talked herself out of breath. Isabel appeared to be worn with the thought, but she met her husband's look with one that endeavoured at resignation.

"It is natural, too," she said, perhaps to change the subject, "that those who are turned out of all, should look for consolation among such of our teachers as make it a part of their duty to beg their bread themselves; the poor may learn content from those who have chosen poverty themselves."

"Wife—Isabel," interrupted Jacques rather hastily, "I am not altogether blind; there is a something fighting in her mind that makes her go there to try and get peace; perhaps, to be sure," he continued more placidly, "we ought to be glad that she has so much grace to feel that what she wishes is not altogether right, that may save her and us too—me, at least. Since this last trial, and seeing how well she has behaved in it, how she not only ordered every thing at first, but has chosened and comforted us ever since, I feel that I should not live long if any thing were to happen to her."

This time even Madame la Rousse did not break the silence, but, seeing we were all disposed to avoid reply, and for once not knowing what to say herself, she went to find listeners elsewhere.

After a few minutes Jeannette appeared at the door. She shrunk back as she saw me, but the recovered herself in a moment, and even bade me welcome, though with a coldness that was not to be mistaken. It was plain that she even desired it to be understood.

It chilled me even to a feeling of sickness at

the moment, but I recovered as speedily as I could, and, when, from answering her first almost heedless question of news, I went on to speak of her father's house, of Pierre, and the castle of Bourlemont, and of poor little Colette, she forgot all cause for distance between us, she thanked me warmly, praised me earnestly, and at last laid her hand on my shoulder, and suffered her tears to flow unrestrained.

Could I admit a thought of doubt at such a moment? Her sweet words were in my ears, the pride of them swelled my heart, her hand trembled in its pressure. Jacques saw it, and would have spoken, would have risen and clasped us both, but Isabel put her arms round his neck and withheld him, but even Isabel looked happy. I could not doubt.

Jeannette recovered herself, and bashfully retreated from me. I went on, I spoke of Baudricourt; her eager interest was instantly awakened. What was his age, his look, his manner? I described the soldier of forty, with his iron features, his brow somewhat high and bald, his cold grey eye and compressed mouth, his rigid bearing, his babit of command, and, last of all, I told of the execution he had ordered.

Jeannette appeared disappointed, embarrassed, shocked. Jacques had watched her earnestness of question, and the effect of my replies. With the latter he was overjoyed.

"This," he exclaimed, "is the provost, the captain of Vaucouleurs, Jeannette, and such, my girl, is the soldier obliged to be: who of us would change our kind thoughts and deeds without them, Jeannette, you know we could never pray truly, for such actions, and among such people?"

Jeannette looked at him tenderly, and was silent. The kind father was satisfied with what he considered his victory, and during the remuinder of one happy day gave no hint of any subject that might awaken an unpleasant thought amongst us. I had gained more than my former esteem in the mind of Jeannette; I was delighted to feel it, and grateful to Jacques and to all, that they entered upon nothing that could disturb my delicious fancies. At length we separated to rest, having agreed that in the morning the herds should be driven back to their old pastures, and that we should enter once more upon the dwelling which Providence had spared in the hamlet, and which all its owners were anxious to avow I had been its instrument to save.

But of all hopes Jeannette's seemed to be the liveliest as well as the sweetest, to afford succour and tending to our poor little friend What bliss was in my prayers, my thoughts, that night' in the dreams that did not begin till the morning! Our bodies are as unfit to wrestle with our minds when vigorous in joy and hope, as when stimulated by any of the fiercer passions.

I was awakened before the dawn from the deep sleep which succeeded my first feverish restlessness by the preparations for departure. The assemblage of the people, the lowing of the disturbed herds, the quick and cheerful calls from end to end of the street, aroused me; I was not long in joining my friends, and lending my assistance for the departure. Madame la Rousse was honestly sorry to part with her guests, and even accepted less from them than they tendered for the shelter she had afforded them.

"If you gave me nothing but your thanks and good wishes, I should be quite satisfied at such a time," she said, "but, at all events. I'll take no profit from the unhappy. Nay, nay," she continued to Jacques, who still tendered the disputed trifle, "perhaps I have in my time

taken rather more than my wines and mest might be worth from those who could afford it. and I may even have told a fib or two as to my liquors, when the charge was disputed, for it is a sin to waste good wine upon those who can't taste it, and no need to let 'em have all they order to do 'em barm, and better they should pay for more than less to make them remember it. I may n't be sure that I shall not have some such temptations again, so let this go, and the saints," she concluded, with a look upwards which was meant to be pious, " will, perhaps, put any little difference to my account in the matter of over-reckonings, as the wine-merchant does for the lees of the casks. I'm sure I've been very much edified since you 've been here, and I warrant me shall know my duties better as long as I live."

In the same understanding of truce with which we had parted, we met in the morning, and walked through the forest into the open valley. It was a beautiful autumn morning, from which the mist soon rolled, and left a cheering sunshine. Slowly as our cavalcade moved along, I wished the distance doubled, for, though at first Jeannette received me with an effort, yet she soon took up a tone of calm

kindness, even of confiding respect, which made our intercourse as unembarrassed as it was delightful. Jacques d'Arc, surely as pleased as i myself at our intimacy, took good care that we were not disturbed, only now and then walking up, and giving a moment's praise or affection to Jeannette, that she might see how happy her conduct made him. How tenderly did she receive his caressing speeches, yet sighed as she looked after him!

When he was quite away from us, she questioned me again of Baudricourt, but I had nothing to add, and could only confirm what I had said of him. Then she became silent again, till the sweet air of the morning, the genial warmth of the sun, the beauty of the woods, the cheerful calls and songs of the birds, and, above all, the thought of a home which she evidently recurred to as she had left it, called forth some words of pleasure and thankfulness.

I did not know how to disabuse her of this image, which she retained even with the idea of Colette's sufferings, which whenever she spoke of, she urged on the cattle, or spoke to her neighbours, to quicken the pace of the troop. But we passed the magnificent beech, "beautiful as the lilies," as one of her admiring fellow country-

men afterwards called it in his evidence, on which were yet withering undisturbed some chaplets and garlands, which Colette and her young playfellows had some days before hung there, and we burst upon the open view. Jeannette for a moment stood without advancing and trembled.

"They have done this, and for what?" she said, and kept silently gazing again.

Others, as they came up, and for the first time believed their losses by sight, gave vent to their feelings aloud. Some wrung their hands and wept, some looked anxiously along the altered outlines, to trace, if possible, the extent of their own private misfortune. Isabel looked in terror, Jacques spoke in hope, which was echoed by hir sons.

"We have our limbs safe, and the winter won't set in just yet," he said; "the Seigneur of Bourlemont will be kind to us, I warrant, about the wood we shall want, we shall all get housed before the cold weather. I don't speak because my house is left standing, it is every body's house as much as mine, till we get up the rest of the hamlet."

But some could not so be comforted: there were the old who had lost the dwellings in which

they were born; there were those, not the weakest in mind, to whom the old places were part of the affections. Jeannette's voice was heard for a moment above their wail, and the speech of the cattle recognizing their accustomed pasture. It was clear and ringing, rather high in its tone, but very melodious.

"We must mourn," she said, "because we are foolish, and cannot tear away our souls from these uncertain things; we must wonder, and be afraid that men are so wicked; it is very terrible, because we cannot tell why they are permitted to be so; but there is, there must be, I know there is a something to come, to which all this is as nothing, a sleep to be wakened out of, an instant's pain to smile at as the scratch of a thorn. The struggle is hard too," she continued, as she looked on those around her, "while we have no better strength to bear it; but we none of us felt our sorrows till they came before our eyes; is it not so with our joys? Oh that we all could see them, however distant!"

She knelt down by the road side, many followed her example, and those who did not lifted their caps, and stood silently at the act of devotion, in which, from want of habit, they were too foolishly bashful to join. Soon all arose. and with subdued hearts, yet quickened steps, pursued their way to the hamlet.

Certainly I had never felt the ruin before, as I felt it now; when the beauty of nature and the animation of all that should occupy the place so strongly contrasted with its desolation. We said little more till we came to the spot marked by Baudricourt's memorial of vengeance. At the near approach to the bodies on the tree, a groan of pity burst from the throng.

"Alax! alax!" said Jacques d'Arc, "that such a sight as this should make even this wretchedness look worse: we forgive the poor knaves, who, perhaps, only did their leaders' bidding; it is not fit that the memory should be kept up among us. In this valley we have had two parties, it is true, and we have quarrelled now and then, but not hated to take away life, and death is here brought to our very doors to keep up the damnable enmity."

"Robert de Baudricourt has put them there for an example," said a hard-featured old man at his clow.

"That may be followed two ways, neighbour," answered Jacques; "such scarecrows are more terror to peaceful people than to those that make a trade of violence."

"The Captain of Vaucouleurs has put them there; it would anger him sore to remove them," observed the old man dorgedly.

"May be, may be," said Jacques; "there are none here that would venture to contend with such as he; but I wish their own friends had them for christian burial."

He said no more, but he and his sons were not at home that night, when all else were quiet; a new grave too was half hidden by some of the rubbish in the churchyard, and the bodies were not on the tree the next morning, but no one chose to notice it. And a mass was said in the church of Greux, which was not quite destroyed, for the souls of all on both sides, who had perished in this incursion.

I had kept close by Jeannette's side, as she had come up to this disgusting spectacle. Her cheek grew ashen pale for the moment, and she clutched my arm to make sure of support; but she made an effort, and then looked with a sted-fast interest on the dead men's faces. The staid, scrious carnestness of her face would have told the most ribald observer, that her's was no vulgar curiosity. "How strangely placid! and for such a death!" she whispered in an awe-struck murmur.

It was so. None of the faces were violently distorted, their terror was in their fixed tranquillity. Few of them gave little other idea, but one younger and well featured almost seemed to wear a smile.

"It is as if even they were at peace," mid Jeannette; "Heaven send that they be!"

She looked once more long and anxiously, as if she wished to confirm that thought, then gave a slight shudder, and walked on to whisper to her father and brothers.

We began to thread our way through the encumbered street, when one approached to greet the family whom all rejoiced to meet. This was a spare, active-looking countryman rather above thirty, with a hale and handsome face, as swarthy as most labourers' with his toil, over which his black hair clustered in short curls, and whose countenance seemed of right allied to the family of Arc, though it bore no featured resemblance, by its frankness and simplicity.

This was Durand Laxart, who had married Jeanne, a younger sister of Isabel Romée, and who, living at Petit Burey, somewhat nearer to Vaucouleurs, had been safe in his own humble household, and came to offer his labour, which was all he had to give, towards the restoration of his sister's.

All careful thought vanished from Jeannette's face when she espied him, and he hugged her to his heart with a shout that made the ruined cabins ring, while the rest clustered around him, as though, in his little help, all their misfortunes might be repaired—at least, they were forgotten in his sympathy. With him, after the first hearty words had been spoken, the men pressed on to ascertain what had been left of the crops, which were to provide for themselves and the cattle for the winter. Jeannette, with Isabel and Catharine, went to the house.

She ran instantly to her own little chamber, and threw herself on her knees by the couch where lay her poor Colette. The monk, who had as far as he was able performed the office of physician, rose to depart: on the other side atood finillaume Fronte, the curate of the hamlet; and with him were the symbols of the last offices our religion offers to the living. The sense of pain seemed quite stilled, and a sweet smile came over the child's face as she recognized Jeannette. Within the half open door watched Isabel and Catharine, for in that small room there was harrily space. I stood behind them. Affected as Jeannette was with her little playfellow's fate, the made no useless lamentation; she occupied

herself immediately with those soothing cares which seem instinctive in her sex, smoothing the pillow, and assisting the feeble effort to move, and watching the countenance for a wish. But there was no wish there, it seemed already full of more than mortality could give

"Dear Jeannette, I am now quite happy," whispered the faint voice.

Jeannette looked into the child's beaming eyes, as if she expected to see reflected there the images that a subtler sense, a new one perhaps, was conceiving.

"Oh, dear Jeannette, look there," the child spoke again after a time, "but you can't see them, perhaps."

"Are there beautiful and stately faces such as those of the saints, to whom we used to offer flowers, Colette, only so much lovelier?"

"Yes, such as you have often told me of."

"And they are surrounded with brightness, such as no noon-day sun ever gave, thousands of rich glowing lights, but so soft that the eye leves them?"

" Yes "

"And they look kindly at you, as your mother might, or nurse, for you lost your's early?"

" More, more."

"And they talk to you of Paradise, and tell you that the good are happy for ever when they have passed through their pain here, and then their voices swell together into music, such as would make one cry with delight?"

" All, all! are you to die too?"

" Not yet."

4 Bless you-come soon !"

The ray of joy on the chikl's face increased in its intensity, flickered, expired. She was dead. Yet the placid face seemed sculptured to declare how sweet and lovely, how tranquil, how humble, is celestial glory.

Jeannette was almost as fixed as the corpse beside her; but, while its features were calm, assured, and as it were sealed to their last peace, a trembling hope beamed on her upraised countenance. One tear, not of the present sorrow, hung upon her eyelid. How often has that face visited me since with consolation! I did not feel all its expression then; but since, when I have pendered on it, I have felt that clearly was written there: "As far as the living may, I have pierced the mystery of death."

CHAPTER XI.

YET Jeannette was not niggard of her sorrows over the humble grave of her young friend. She had brought strength to her nature, but she did not seek to cast aside its condition. I respected a melancholy which she seemed desirous to indulge, and occupied myself with the others in restoring the cabins of the hamlet.

Pierre d'Arc, pale and weak indeed with his wounds, and with his arm slung, had the privilege of bringing in the men-at-arms from the chateau of Bourlemont; and they began with soldierlike skill to shew the people the example of making hutsof clay and boughs, as temporary residences, till better could be built. How he was received by all his family may be told in their own characters and his late deeds.

"If I have done well, I learned it from your legends, Jeannette," said the young warrior; "but all would have done as I have."

Another personage of importance now made his appearance; no less than Maitre Aubery, the mayor; who came back from Neufchateau, where he had also taken refuge, to provide for the safety and order of the hamlet as soon as ever both began to be re-established; and as his wife was Jeannette's godmother, he burdened the family of Jacques d'Arc with as much advice and patronage as their patience would receive. This functionary, who regarded me with especial favour, on account, as he himself said, of my very eligible property, which would make me the best possible match for Jeannette, fixed himself pretty constantly in my society, when he found that few else were disposed to attend to him. The cunning of a very silly man is quite sufficient to make him our master, if he finds out the assailable point on which to employ it. We are safe in trusting our weaknesses to the good and wise, never in letting them be perceived by fools.

"When are you to be married to Jeannette?" he asked of me, as he trotted along by my side. "There! there! you need not walk so fast; I'm not quite so young, or so slender, as you; and it puts me out of breath." I slackened my pace for the moment to a sort of dogged hobble.

" The day is fixed, of course?" he continued.

"Not yet," I answered drily.

"Humph! that's odd,—perhaps you haven't quite made up your mind:—all things considered, though she is my wife's god-daughter, perhaps she's not quite what you expect; in fact, her father can't give ber anything."

"I look for nothing, wish for nothing," I replied. "She is in herself all I desire: I would rather that little part of the hargun should be on my side."

"Humph, ay! that's right, very right and natural, I thought so when I addressed Madame Aubery; by-the-bye, she was a good deal richer than I was: but I thought I might have thought so, if I could have afforded it. So then," he went on, thrusting his round face up as high as he could towards mine; for his full-length portrait might be drawn in a succession of O's of various dimensions; even head, eyes, nose, mouth, cheeks, and chip, as well as the inferior portions of the picture-" so then, surely her father can't hesitate; he never ought for a moment at any time; and now, to get one of his daughters fairly out of his way. that is, when she has helped to set his hour straight again. She is a diligent, hard-working

girl, there's something in that; ay, ay, you must wait for that."

I was silent, and walked a little faster. The mayor laid his hand on my arm, and managed to regulate my pace to his own.

"But, perhaps, it isn't her father, after all," he pursued after a time, bringing me to a stop, and standing almost on tiptoe. "Come, come, no secrets with me, an official person, who ought to advise all who are under his charge; Jeannette, my wife's god-daughter too. Is it her father?"

"No, I believe he is perfectly willing to give her to me," I answered, and attempted to pass on.

"I have great influence with her mother," continued the magistrate, standing right in my way. "Indeed I ought to have; I may say it was a condescension that Madame Aubery stood godmother to her child. I'll say all I can for you to her."

"Thank you," was all I felt it advisable to

"Oh then the obstacle is her mother; I'm glad of that; there are not many, even among the magistracy, that can control the female part of the community properly; I make no boast because I succeed in such a task."

"But then every body knows," I observed, not sorry to turn the conversation at the mayor's expense, "that Madame Aubery is a pattern of gentleness and obedience; there can be nu difficulty in controlling her."

If the mayor could have jumped up to look at my face quite close, he would; he did something as near it as possible, but I kept my countenance steadily, for which, perhaps, I might thank the malice of my vexation.

"Out of doors, out of doors, I mean, young man," he said, after a long stare; "domestic affairs have their own mysteries; some seem to rule who do not, and some pretend to be ruled, who rule all the while; magistrates, for instance, should set examples and avoid contentions."

"There is one magistrate at least that ought to bemade an example of," I observed with a bow.

The mayor acknowledged the compliment with one lower and more gracious still. "Besides," he said, "if it were otherwise, a wife possesses such advantages; you'll know that one day. Bachelors! Heaven help them! what can they know? She has access at all times; a mayor, I say, even a mayor, can't be a flint for ever; even an authority has moments when he is sen-

sible; the time will come you'll be endued with a discreet comprehension; but to Isabel I may speak, and indeed I shall with some authority, not to say severity, on your behalf."

"I am very thankful for your kindness; but adeed such an interposition would be very illadged," I answered.

" Ill-judged!" exclaimed the mayor.

"Unnecessarily harsh, I might have said,"

"as my reply; " for Isabel is my kindest and
tenderest advocate."

"Humph!" cried Mattre Aubery, prolonging the note with all his breath, which, indeed, was not much; "then who, in the name of all the saints! who can interpose this obstacle? I man't believe—and yet there's nobody else left—a can't be the girl herself." I was embarrassed. "Give yourself no trouble; Jacques d'Arc and I shall settle this," he said.

"I beg," interposed I, " that this may not be spoken of: I am not sure that Jeannette does sheet to me, or will object to me."

" You have asked her, I suppose."

" Why-"

"Ay, ny, I see, I see, a little coyness; the cumund of her superiors will only relieve her wn bashfulness; you are inexpert even for a bachelor."

I began seriously to think whether kicking the magistrate, and so making him my enemy, was not better than having him for my advocate; I took a tone at all events that might be a fit preliminary. "I desire——" I said.

"You desire, young man!" interrupted be, "you will desire what is proper for you to desire-here, Jacques d'Arc!" for by this time we had reached the field where he was at work; " here, my friend, is a youth who desires something, but what, it strikes me, he cannot exactly tell himself: let us two talk about it;" so saying he laid his hands on Jacques' arm, and began to put his face up as earnestly to him as he had to me. I knew he would do mischief, and yet 1 was too vexed to interpose. I have wished all my life that I had; but I stood by fretting, out of hearing of a conversation, my share of which had annoved me enough already. Still I could not refrain from observing the speakers. The mayor had not, as with me, to seent and wind he game; with Jacques he could come pounce upon it sitting. I saw the honest labourer was pleased at first with the interest the mayor appeared to take, then grew rather warmer in argument, and, at last, being sufficiently irritated by Maitre Aubery's process of teasing, the discourse became loud.

"Not master in my own family! Master Mayor," quoth Jacques.

" I did not say that, not absolutely that," replied his termenter: " every man, that ought to be called a man, is that, one way or other, directly or indirectly, not always palpably perhaps, but still master; but you don't exert your authority as you ought, it strikes me : you have said yourself, every body knows it, what you apprehended about Jeannette, that she would leave your house with the soldiery, and bring diagrace upon your name; it has been much talked of, people take an interest in your concerns. I did, and I talked it over as much as anybody, I assure you, in despite of the more important matters I might be supposed to have to think of. 'Jacques is right,' I said then, mark me, then, 'he'll exert his authority,' I said to Madame Aubery, and she observed, I remember very significantly, 'that it was very proper some men should."

"There is no need of authority now," said Jacques; "it is all settled; she gave him her hand before me, the very night the Burgundians came here; she did not seem very willing then, but they've been excellent friends ever since; indeed, he has done enough to deserve kindness from all of us."

"Humph! good friends!" said the mayor, drawing Jacques towards me, and laying a hand upon an arm of each of us, "you didn't seem to say so just now, Master Jacques Alain"

"I am sure I said nothing to the contrary," I observed, "and I must beg, Mr. Mayor ---

The Mayor patted my arm and stopped me with a smile, intended to be ineffably benevolent.

"Come, come, come, come!" said he, "the passion of youth, angry with its object, turns on' its friends, as, when a dog has a kettle tied to lis tail, he does not discriminate who put him to that inconvenience, but snaps at all alike, even those who try to unfasten it. I forgive you; don't speak, I require no apology; men in official situations get a habit of looking placidly upon other people's passions. When a criminal abused me the other day, I took no notice, I smiled ut his rage; one can't expect men in such situations to be satisfied; I only sentenced him to double correction; my feelings were not raised even to a hasty word. Oh! what a blessing to the necused is equanimity in the judge! there are magntrates, who would have sworn at the fellow. But come, her word is pledged you say; you are betrothed in fact; no mysteries among friends.

Madame Aubery must prepare her little present towards the housekeeping, that is, if she chooses; such matters ought not to be anticipated; but when is the marriage to take place?"

"I would it were over, and no more talk about it," said Jacques, hastily.

"Then get it over," cried the pertinacious magistrate; "all are agreed, and yet you don't go on; in my mind, now or never; defer such things, and they never take place; give people time to reflect, and they won't venture; mark me, Jacques d'Arc, mark me, Jacques Alain, if the affair really stops with the girl, she'll give you the slip altogether."

"Nonsense!" replied the father, yet faintly, as if he really agreed with the speaker, "she has agreed to it."

"Dare you put that to the proof? come now," continued Maître Aubery, looking up alternately at each of us, "if it is so, why do you hesitate? Speaking the public opinion of Domremy, for a mayor, yes, a mayor may, with great propriety, call himself an organ, it is high time that it should be concluded. You'll permit me—I'll talk to Jeannette."

[&]quot; No, no!" I replied, vehemently.

[&]quot;Shew me a reason, then," said the mayor.

"Jacques d'Arc, you have some sense left, you look as if you considered my words; give me some reason. I say I want some reason."

"I'm half afraid he's right," said Jacques to me apart, but overheard by the mayor.

"Afraid I'm right! aha! put it to the proof,
I'll do it for you with pleasure."

"But if you should spoil all," continued the father.

"I tell you it can't be spoiled now," answered the mayor with great vivacity: " you say she consented, gave her hand, there is witness enough of that I suppose? well, that is a betrothment: it is a pity it isn't a civil cause, then it would come before me. I should soon settle it, that's more perhaps than the ecclesiastical courts will do; but it is very easy to get into them, that's one thing, and they'll hold you tight enough, till all is concluded one way or the other; ask her at once; I'll do that; if she refuses to complete what she has engaged, let her be cited before the bishop's people at Toul, they'll make the promise hold her till they tie her tight up in it, if it has only caught one thread, like a spider's web; we civilians may envy them their way."

"Perhaps !--it does n't seem so very abaurd either," observed Jacques to me, as he had before. "Absurd!" echoed the mayor; "when you ask my advice again---"

"The idea of it might settle all happily," continued Jucques,

"Try it! try it!" shouted the mayor.

"She will brush away the scheme as easily as that same spider's web," I answered: "we have once been almost too precipitate; the second time will lose all."

"I'll not believe that," said Jacques; "what she has given her hand to."

"In obedience to a command she reverences," I replied.

"I thought so, I thought so," interposed the little round imp of mischief, "I felt that you had no power over her, she'll baffle you all; I said so, all the village say so, that is, will say so when I've said it."

"Then they'll say what will not prove true," answered Jacques, angrily. "I say, that married to Master Jacques Alain she will and shall be!"

"Try it! try it!" again shouted the mayor.

"I'll try it, and prove it, and do it," said Jacques d'Arc, " since so it is, and so it ought to be."

"Ay, but you're afraid that I should ask her

before you see her? Come—you daren't put it on that?"

"Go to her now at once, if you like," answered Jacques; "it will turn out right, Jacques Alain; remember how she spoke to you at Neufchâteau; it is but to get it settled; what with people's talking, it frets me; if I think of it, I sha'n't work, and then what's to become of the winter, now more than half the crop is spoiled?"

"Stop! stop!" I cried, "let me myself then!"

But for once, Mattre Aubery had got a fair start, and though I overtook him I could not divert him from his authorised purpose.

"Do not blame me, Jacques Alain," said her father, coming up to me; "I know he's a fool, but he may get the truth from her; she won't mind him as she does us; and, after all, something must be when even such as he take notice of it; and besides, since that evening, I don't like to talk to her about it myself. It will ease my mind, after all."

It was vain to argue on what was done, so, full of fear and chagrin, I followed the mayor's steps to the village, though at some distance, for I had no wish to share in the impertinence he was about to commit. The agitation of Jacques was scarcely less than my own; he stood shaking his head from side to side, and beating the ground uneasily with his foot, or took short turns up and down the road, casting glances from time to time at the door of his house. He saw that I was distressed, and he kept throwing out interjections of comfort to me and defence of himself.

"It will be all for the best, you'll see it will—matters must be brought to a point some time or other." Then, turning suddenly round upon me, "After all," he said, "I'm her father, and have good right to be obeyed. You don't seem satisfied with what we're doing, but you will be thankful for it bye and bye—ay, soon—and so will she."

I was silent, for I had no wish to exasperate him further, and no thought occurred to me that would approve or excuse him. For some minutes, which seemed hours to both of us, we thus waited; our speculations were at length ended by the return of the mayor, accompanied, or rather pursued, by Durand Laxart.

"To come," shouted the honest countryman, "thrusting yourself into other people's affairs, when every body knows you can't manage your

[&]quot; As a mayor," interrupted Mattre Aubery,-

"Ay, ay, we know you're a mayor, you tell us so twenty times an hour, and we've good need to remember it too, for your own sake; but that you should come teasing the poor girl about love affairs—a pretty looking fellow you are to talk of such things at all."

The mayor got in a word or two more, while Durand took breath.

"Indeed! indeed! I beg to say, Madame Aubery-...

"Wanted something to kick about, and chose you for a football."

"Fellow! fellow, do you dare!" screamed the roused little magistrate.

"I dare a good deal, when anybody takes upon himself to distress Jeannette," answered Laxart sturdily, "and I don't think much of cutting an impertinent speech short at any time: I can tell you that it is better all things stopped where they were; another sad look of Jeannette's up in my face, as much as to say, 'How can I put up with this donkey?' and I should have rolled your mayorship into the river, I know I should, I should have been sorry for it perhaps, for I don't like to harm such as can't take care of themselves; but I should have done it, I felt all my fingers clutching together on purpose."

"Ahem! ahem!" exclaimed the magistrate, looking round with some terror. " Jacques d'Arc, you hear! you perceive how my dignity is compromised by acting at your request, I may say at your entreaty; not that you spoke, I know that; but a man in office is accustomed to act upon looks, to fish out suggestions, not only to settle people's affairs before they ask him, but to make wishes for them, such as they ought to wish, and then supply them. But why enlarge upon the benevolent spirit with which I am endowed! no merit of mine! I only boast of the official use I make of it, a faithful steward, I trust, of the talents committed to me; but I have suffered indignity; something was said about rolling me into the river! me! Ine! I need not mention who I am, rolling me into the river!"

With this the little magistrate was fairly choked, and leaned against a tree, with his white eyes staring out of a face purple with passion, till a fit of coughing relieved him.

Jacques d'Arc's colour fairly came and went with his perplexity, and, perhaps, with shame; had he been left to himself, he would have probably confessed his error, and appeased the parties; but when Durand Laxart had done with the mayor, he turned to his brother-in-law "And 's it possible, brother Jacques," he said, still indignantly, "that you could have suffered such a person to interfere with a girl like Jeannette?"

"I have done, Durand, what I thought right in the affairs of my own family," answered Jacques, warmly.

Probably he felt glad to escape from what he felt to be, at the best, an insignificant position, by disputing even with a conviction of being in the wrong.

"But Jeannette! but our Jeannette," returned Durand, "the best, the worthiest, the most sensible girl in the village, to suffer her to be rated by such as he! surely you're not afraid to speak to your own child yourself."

"Afraid? Whatever she is, she must do as I would have her, I suppose," rejoined Jacques. "Perhaps," he continued, with a scarcasm very unwonted for him, "I am not worthy to be the father of such a girl, but, being so, she must learn her duty, ay, and shall—it isn't because you interfere—"

"Interfere!" cried Laxart, "when you send such people to interfere."

"He is not such a fool as people say, after all," said Jacques, hastily. The mayor stared at the compliment. "He has given me some good advice to-day, which I shall follow, ay to the full. Durand Laxart, and all of you, take notice that I will be the master in my own house, the guide, as I ought to be, of my own children."

"Be so then," said Durand, "and show you know how to be so."

"I will, and by what advice I think proper to ask, I shall act," replied Jacques d'Arc, with an anger no one could mistake, "let those interfere that I desire."

"Ay, ay," cried the mayor.

"She gives her answer once and for all today. I will not be worried till I feel half a fool myself, unfit for labour, unkind to people, quarrelling with myself, and half ready to strike others; it shall not be—Jacques Alain, she says, she is your's this day, and she says it to me too, or we will see if she is to make a promise one hour, and break it the next. She shall speak to me; you and Durand, and even Isabel, are apt to take her part, and all to do harm to herself. I'll know the truth from herself, and if she says, 'no,' we must try who is in the right to have his own will; you'll see, Durand Laxart, that I'm not afraid to speak to my own child." There are some emotions which overawe all resistance: the terribly serious issue between the father and the daughter, interested as I was in it, seemed for the moment beyond the intrusion of a word. My impulse was to follow him into the cottage, and bid Jeannette think no more of me, if my suit must bring her this constant wrath; but an instant's reflection told me that this would increase the anger of Jacques rather than divide it.

"Ay! right!" exclaimed the mayor, but in an under-breath, for he was heartly frightened at the explosion he had prepared, much as the monk, who stumbled on the invention of gunpowder, and besides, the slight murmur that escaped from his lips turned Durand Laxart's eye upon him, and, though he endeavoured to appear careless and dignified under the glance, he trembled from head to foot.

A very short time, and we were released from our suspense. Jacques d'Arc returned with a face of assumed calmness, but his lips were quivering, and his voice was unsteady: — "Elle denies all promises," he said, attempting a smile, "she not only will give none now, but she refuses him in plain words. I spoke of her

future intentions, and she was as silent as

In my life I had encountered nothing like the faintness which oppressed me when I heard this announcement; it was not that I had not dreaded it, but her absolute refusal was declared. There was so much that, with but little violence to probability, allowed me to cherish hope. I thought of her hand laid upon my shoulder, of her warm praises; for an instant I called her insincere, but, alas! I could have no such doubt of the word by which she had refused me. One moment had turned all the pleasant anticipations, now of years, into the hitterest mockeries; but I was too feeble for shame or indignation.

I never felt so helpless, there was a void left in my heart; my thoughts, my occupations, would be thriftless, nothing had an aim; it seemed as if the better part of my existence had departed from me, and I had only so much left as to be sensible of the destitution. The nerves remained with all their powers of pain to convey sensations of want, as of limbs that had been were ched from me.

Why do I try to describe to the senses what my mind itself quaited under, that which a kindred misery alone could know of? I appeared, perhaps, to listen to what was afterwards said to me. All affirmed I did, but I strove not to naderstand, much more to reply; all I wished was to bury my head in darkness—to be alone. They say I should have fallen senseless, had not the gush of cold drops relieved me. I remember that Jacques d'Arc's voice expressed pity t what he said, I learned days afterwards.

"She shall be your's, yes, she shall, poor fellow, I promise it to you, I, and it is not a little makes me break my word. Mattre Aubery, perhaps, you'll tell me something more about what you spoke of at Toul; you know, you can tell what power they have. Durand," be said sternly as he turned to him, "it would be kind in you to stir up no more strife, not to encourage the daughter against her father—them!—there! I need no excuse for the past, but I may desire better heed in future. You'll be a father yourself soon, and you'll know better then. Jacques Alain, it is quite as well you should not go near the house—will you put him on the road to Maxey, Durand?"

"I was going that way myself as far as Petil Burey," replied Laxart; "I don't see that I'm wanted at Domremy. Good bye."

So saying, he took me by the arm and led me

past the cottage, casting a wistful glance at it as we went by. I looked in vain, as long as he would let me, to catch some sign, but no one appeared. Jacquee d'Arc and the mayor walked away in close consultation.

It could hardly be expected of Durand Laxart that he should feel very kindly towards one whom he regarded as the cause of his favourite niece's persecution, but his nature was not made for resentment against any one whom he saw to be unhappy. Besides, his feelings were yet fresh on the same subject that engrossed mine. It was not two years since he had married his own Jeannette, the namesake and aunt of her I loved, and he had had to struggle, too, with some difficulties before he could get together even the trifling household comforts needed for their settling. I remember that he tried to cheer me, railed against my folly for suffering any one to speak instead of myself in such a case, which he urged with all the authority of recent experience, and in the same strain went on to tell me that Jeannette herself might not mean quite so much as she said to the magistrate, as being offended at such a confident being proposed to her.

Up to this our walk had been to me but one

sensation of weariness, but I caught at this hope, and it somewhat lightened the rest of my way to Petit Burey. Here we parted, and Durand saw that I was fairly on my way to Maxoy, in compliance with another of his precepts. " And, after all, leave her to herself a little while : sometimes it is with love, as with the apothecaries; folks come better round by leaving nature to itself; she'll pity you, perhaps, in a day, when she thinks you're afraid to see her, and forgive you in two altogether, and the third, perhaps, long to see you again. If you can but bring her to that! for, bless you I they can no more do without us, than we can without them, after all ! only a man must get married before he has the sense to know that."

I admitted the reason of Durand's speech, and, therefore, walked on till he was fairly housed in his cottage, where I had declined resting.

But that I should return to Maxey to be questioned about a sadness that I could not hide, that I should be asked, perhaps, about my marriageday, jested with upon a happiness that it would be worse than death utterly to disclaim, that I should leave Domremy unwatched, or lose perhaps some opportunity of showing Jeannette that I

loved her truly, that I would wait with patience my time, or for any event, assist her in any plan though it brought the blame of all the world upon me, all made me rejoice in the loss of Dunal's companionship and advice; and no sooner was I sure that I could not be observed, than I took a leap from the road, made a circuit round the village, regained the hill on the opposite side of it, made speed as if life depended on it, to reach the sight of Domnemy, and then lingered fearful and almost purposeless, hiding myself in the outskirts.

At nightfall I ventured to enter the village; my hope was to gain but an instant's communication with Jeannette. I had no design that should make me feel as if I were a spy, yet I kept myself at first carefully concealed where I could perceive the entrance of the cottage, and the gleam of the fire, which shone through the only small window of their common room.

This window being in the side of the room, and not exactly opposite to the hearth, I waited in vain for some time to see even shadows that I could recognize pass before it: its thick standions prevented any glimpse that might else have been obliquely caught of the hearth itself and those around it. Sometimes, on the opposite

wall, some form I could not distinguish was lengthened or shortened in the glare, adding to the fever of my observation; at length, though I would have shut my ears against all that was passing within, even were there any thing that might be overheard, I found myself leaning against the wall by the side of the door.

It was opened after a while, and by Jeannette. She looked anxiously up and down the street, listened for a while, and I, as if I were a felon fearing detection, even held my breath, but she saw me, gave a slight suppressed exclamation of surprise, and then remained neither avoiding nor accosting me. I muttered a few indistinct words, to which, as they contained no meaning, she did not condescend to affix one, so as to give me a reply.

"I am waiting for my father," she said at length, coldly and proudly, as if more explanation were necessary, lest I should consider her stay to be on my account.

"He has spoken to you angrily, very angrily, I fear," I said.

"He takes the course which he believes to be his duty," she answered in the same tone; "and I must do likewise; I must bear what he and, I suppose, you please that I should." "My will is your's," I exclaimed eagerly; "tell me how I should act?"

"Can he need counsellors, who has so many and so able already?" she asked bitterly.

"None, none, that I would for a moment set against your peace, against your least wish—tell me only this—you love no other!"

"I do not think of love, save what you force me to hear," she replied.

"I do not, then, speak for the present," I continued; "let my hope be ever so distant, it will suffice, it will make a heaven on earth for me; let me say that it is given by you, I will take care that it shall suffice all others. Look around you; how many who, like yourself, have no preference, yield to their duty, to the wishes of their guardians, and are happy, too. Would you more than the lot of passing your life here with those who love you? Your parents shall be as mine to me; when they grow old, I have that which will lessen their toil, and my own mother, Jeannette, will love you as your's does; she has promised it to me, she has said how proudly and fondly she will welcome you. Of what I am myself, I do not boast, I do not care. except for your sake; but bid me be what you would have me that lies within my strength, and

say you will be mine, when I have accomplished all you enjoin me."

She placed her hand before her eyes, but I could hear a stifled sob. I took it, it was moistened. She instantly and firmly withdrew it.

"I say it to yourself, as I have said it to them," she answered at length; "I cannot wed with you. Do you not think that I love my parents, Jacques Alain? What other place should I love but this? I know no other. Should I not strive to be kind to one who speaks to me as you do? I know how sweet it is, as well as how good, to do one's duties at home, where all is familiar and kind to me. Oh! what life is there else that any one would covet; it seems to me as if the blessed end of all could be little more than pleasant duties here, for I have felt so happy when I have done them, and all have looked lovingly upon me; I have been week enough to pray that it might continue always, but it could not be, it will not be."

She paused for a moment, and then recumed with a collected dignity. "I do not ask of you to meet my father's anger; I know how terrible it is; I know whose office it is to hear it; I know the strength which must be given to support it. At first, I felt as if it would kill me;

I do not now; the struggle will not be so soon over; it will make me unhappy, perhaps, to the end of my days; I do not reproach you, though I have felt bitterly against you to-day. I ask your pardon for it, Jacques Alain. If it were not by you it would be by some other. This proposal of marriage, alas! comes not as from you, scarcely, perhaps, from my father: it is a wile to tempt me, or a trial to prove me. A sore trial to have to give up that obedience which is next to what we owe Heaven, but others have done it, as Master Guillaume Fronte has read to me, when I have asked of him, and I must not be more unworthy than I am."

There was a pause again; one of wonder on my part, for I had no means then of judging the extent of the task imposed on her, though her manner was so simply carnest that even then I was forced to give unwilling faith to the truth of it.

"Go," she continued; "I am marked out to be alone, not in the cloister, but in the world itself. Go—there is nothing in my fate that any should wish to share it, save for that which surely many will win an easier way, and which I can but pray for. We are friends, Jacques Alain, there should be none else among the true-hearted; you may even be kind to my parents, if you will, for my sake, some day. Take such friendship, if you will, for it is sure as that these beautiful stars will shine upon the world, long, long after we have ceased to look up to them, that we can never be more to each other than we are now. Good night, we are friends, good night."

My answer died upon my lips as she closed the door, and now, with as much of desperate impatience as I had before felt of burthened reluctance, I walked or rather ran back to Maxey, indeed.

For days I bore up against observation as well as I could; worked hard, but by irregular fits: endeavoured to the my mind to the questions of others; and even took care to be absent in another direction than Domremy, lest my unusual stay at home should be remarked; but, spite of all, I was irritable, even once or twice, with my poor mother, and she at last watched me almost without questioning.

My nights were sleepless; I began to feel weakness even to exhaustion, but no power in the mind to rest. It needed but a little more time to plunge me in the delirium of fever. Strange torment when we have to drive from the fancy, from the heart, all they loved to encourage, and the phantoms will come back in hideous, distorted, yet most vivid likeness.

Time had no count for me; but in a few days came Jacques d'Arc. I espied him as he approached, and led him aside, for I feared that any should know of my sufferings. The world calls them weaknesses. Alas! what are its strengths in that which it endures, or in the worthiness of the cause?

"There is hope," he said. My only reply was to relate to him, after a serious deprecation of all displeasure against her, and gaining his absolute promise that he would refrain from it, all that had passed between Jeannette and myself.

"The matter is to be heard at Toul, tomorrow," he answered. "Therefore, it is of little avail to speak of what she has declared at that time. She promised you in my presence; your uncle Conrardin saw it; she cannot deny it, for she never can speak anything but the truth. You gave me authority to enforce that promise in your name, and I have done so. She must answer before the judge for breaking it."

"And would you have me appear as an opposite party?" I exclaimed, half with automshment and half with anger.

"It must be done, they said, in your name," replied Jacques; "but care for nothing, I shall speak for you; and, bark ye, for it has been in my mind a thousand times, though I have not spoken of it, it is well yet for us all, for you and for her, as well as for her mother and me. Becollect what you told me just pow; have you never weighed such words, and doubted how they might be poured into her mind? It is a court where a reverend father is the judge, held in a consecrated place, where she must lift up her hand and tell what these things are that have come into her heart. If it is but fancy, she will be told so by somebody she will respect and believe more than she does us; if it is a snare of the fiend, he will be driven out with shame: and, whatever way, I will not believe yet but she will be restored to us all, ay, and br happy and thank us in years and years to come."

How little is needed of excuse for trusting what we ardently desire! I suffered Jacques to persuade me at least to be present, may, I crossed with him that very day to Toul, walking the five leagues into Lorraine with eager hurry, if not with renewed elasticity. He stayed with me at a small inn till the morning, not recking for Jeannette further than to know that she was there

with her mother; and, in answer to the only question I ventured. I heard that she was calm and composed.

Whatever might have been expected of the plan, either for advantage or explanation, was utterly defeated. We repaired in the morning to the fine cathedral, which graces the small town, and paced up and down its noble aisles till our time of hearing came, then passed through the cloisters to the room where sate the judge, and where Jeannette and her mother already stood.

Her father's passionate speech, listened to at first with great consideration and patience, was soon reduced to its mere facts; the judge, prompted by the asseveration of Jeannette that she had suffered her father to place her hand in mine only to avoid a personal resistance, which she could not dare, gathered from the very eagerness of Jacques all that was necessary to invalidate the bent of his testimony. Once the judge looked at her as appealing, and once only did she need to make reply. "I have vowed," she said, "to Heaven all I have to give it, this poor body, pure and uncorrupt as it is lent to me, and that for graces vouchsafed to me in prayer." To which reason the judge reverently

bowed, and then, with many considerate warnings of peace to all, dismissed us from his presence.

It was not a reflection that I could make at the time that even then the judgment of Jeannette was conspicuous, as her courage appeared assured. Not a word had escaped her lips more than was necessary to assure a cause, in the right of which she evidently confided; not a look or a gesture of triumph, or even of satisfaction at its event, could give displeasure to those who were discomfited.

CHAPTER XII.

Os my own hopes and disappointments I have, perhaps, already written too much. I shall make no further attempt to depict what ensued to me — my illness or my slow recovery; suffice it, that at last I felt that I had duties to perform, and affections to return, which it would be basely selfish to neglect. I tried hard to subdue my personal concern in the fortunes of Jeannette; at last I persuaded myself, for nature is kind in cheating us, that the interest with which I inquired after her fate was one of unmixed benevolence. I assumed calmness enough to be enabled to inquire of her and of her family from Conrardin, and even from those not so nearly connected with me.

The story of my love was no secret; it was one in which, spite of some weaknesses which I regretted in its conduct, I felt no shame; I

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affected none of the usual subterfuges of rejected love; I had neither a new attachment to
proclaim, nor an indifference to the old one; I
even at last derived some consolation from the
idea that Jeannette was dedicated to Heaven,
that I had no earthly rival, and that it was in
my power to do as she had vowed, and to maintain a pure and unaltered affection for her here
which might transfer its reward to the unseen
time. But herein I speak of my moments of
strength; I had many still of bitter despair.
Our affections, even the best of them, are made
for the earth we dwell in; it is a terrible passion that unfixes them by slaying the mortal
heart. Do I still recur to myself?

It was mid-winter, ere, after my return alone from Toul, I could ask, or bear, tidings from Domremy. There all seemed passing quietly enough, but Conrardin assured me that the house seemed much changed to him.

"To be sure," he said, "I seldomer go among them now, for, say what you will, I shall never think you were used well; girls ought to know their own minds, ay, and ought not to be so very difficult either; to be sure, there was the vow she spoke of, but then she ought to have declared that long ago."

"I never gave her the occasion," I answered.

"Ah well; I know you defend her, but somehow it has made them all unhappy, I think. Jacques d'Arc has seemed uneasy and discontented, like a man who has been thwarted, ever since. Jeannette has grown more serious than ever; her face looks anxious, indeed, and I have thought sometimes that she is thinner and paler, but I cannot understand her, as you have said before now."

" And her mother?" I asked.

"She does not let uny one see any difference that she can help, but she talks more with Master Guillaume Fronte, the curé, than ever, and he, you know, was always a friend of Jeannette's.

"I am glad to hear that," I said. "Her brothers and her sister must be always kind to her."

"Yes, Jean stands her friend as far as knocking down every body that says a word of her that he don't like, or indeed of his father either, so most people have held their tongues about the matter altogether before him. Pierre comes from the castle more often than he used, and he, you know, always looked up to her, and they walk together there almost as if they were lovers,

talking so earnestly, with their lips to each other's ears: you know how quick-spirited the lad is, and he is much looked up to since that saving of the lady, and he'd be angry if he saw any one look at his sister so as to displease her: so it is kind of him to come so often, for even his father does not like to cross him, and, no doubt. Jeannette asks him to be as much at Domremy as he can; to be sure, there are fewer people at the castle now, and, perhaps, he is less wanted, for the damoiselle de la Mulleraye that he rescued went away months ago, they say, to the king's court; but what he can have to talk about with Jeannette so much is strange; brothere and sisters are seldom such intimate friends at that age: they begin to look elsewhere."

"Little Catharine was always an angel of peace."

"And always will be; mark you," replied Conrardin, "she serves for her father's plaything as Jeannette used, they say; and that, seeing that he does not take so much notice of her as he used, perhaps, makes her unhappy."

"And what does Jacquemin? You haven't spoken of him."

"Why, it is a shame to speak of a Christian in the same breath with a dog, though some of

us may learn lessons from such dumb brutes as to temper and friendiness; but I can't keep it out of my head when I see him sometimes that he looks at his father and all of them as if he loved them, and wished to set them to rights, and didn't know how, just like my 'Brave,' when I'm thinking, keeps watching me for bulf-an-hour, and then gives a bark, as much as to say 'I wish I could help you.' He has done one thing, though, that a dog, if he were ever so clever, wouldn't have the sense to do; he has set the Mayor off from the family altogether."

This was welcome news to me, in spite of all; and I questioned Conrardin further about it.

"Jacquemin saw that the little mayor was constantly with his father, and that, whenever they had been talking together, Jacques seemed more unhappy than usual, and even worse tempered to Jeannette; so he tried first, in his way, to affront Maltre Aubery, telling him plainly enough that he did more harm than good; but our mayor, you know, never believes that, though every body says it; so, at last, Jacquemin scratched his head to some purpose, for he walked up to Madame Aubery's, and just let her know how her husband was behaving himself. She

was very angry with Jacquemin, because he spoke pretty freely about the mayor, mentioning, he said, what people in general thought of him, and be fancied afterwards that he had done wrong, for she didn't like any body to despute Maitre Aubery but herself; but, however, he has never been down to Jacques d'Arc's since, and Mengette, their maid, did say that the mayor had led a precious life of it ever since for making her inferiors, as she calls Jacques d'Arc's family, insult her. Indeed, he has only been seen out two or three times lately at all, and Madame Aubery generally walks with him quite proud and stately, and not noticing any body, or, if he gets out by himself, he goes about quite huffed up and moping, like a chicken with the pip "

After this piece of consolatory justice, I had little more to learn for that time, or, indeed, for two or three months afterwards, save that Jeannette grew more and more pensive, and the family more and more reserved; but with the spring a change took place. Jeannette, whose only consolation now, more than ever, was to make no opportunity of devotion, had been to the chapel of Nôtre Dame de Bermont, and was met there by her uncle, Durand Laxart. The

affectionate relation was struck with the altered appearance of his niece; he questioned her closely; she confessed to him that her home was daily more and more unhappy. A man like Jacques d'Arc was utterly incapable of any malice-bearing; but he had been lowered in his own opinion by the result of the trial at Toul. He no longer seemed to consider Jeannette as one claiming his protection, and the kindness which follows such a dependence. He mistrusted her, and felt that his neighbours looked upon him as harsh and unjust to her. It was well that he had no more evil, no remorseful musgiving to lay to the past; he had acted to the best of his judgment, for it is very difficult to forgive those concerning whom we cannot forgive ourselves. It required more than an untutored rustic philosophy for Jacques to weigh his own actions; he was perplexed and humbled, and his unhappiness, which Jeannette could find no means of removing, was the bitterest, as well the most unceasing, trial that she had yet had to bear.

Durand Laxart was not long in making up his mind. "Would it not be better, Jeannette," he said to her, "that you should stay with us at Petit Burey, at least till this humour is past, till you can all forget everything uncomfortable, and love one another as dearly as before? I'm sure, when those who have been good friends are separated by any little mistake, they think more kindly of one another than ever; it is something like death that makes us think less of ourselves and more of those who are gone; only it is better than death, because when we come to that sense, all can be set square and right again. You must come to us."

Jeannette thanked and blessed him, but she smiled, too, with hope, and that to Durand Laxart was kinder and more grateful than any words.

"But how," she asked, "are you to get me from home? My father and you have not been such friends lately, uncle, and I am afraid I have caused that, too."

"If you have caused the little quarrel, you shall cause the making up of it again, Jeannette," said he. "I know Jacques d'Arc; he'll be friends with me again directly, for I shall begin by asking him a favour: you know I don't expect your aunt will stay up much longer now. I'll ask them to let you come and tend her, and I'll defy them to deny me; and you'll see that they'll be so much obliged to me for coming to

them first, when they think I need them, that all will be better than ever between us at once, and why not? I'm sure I should love them just the same for coming so to me. I've thought so a hundred times, only, to be sure, nobody asks anything of me, because I have nothing, not even a daughter yet like you, Jeanne, to make folks court me and run after me."

Jeannette threw her arms round her uncle's neck, and both were, for that moment, so happy? Their little plan was soon put in practice, and had all the success its ingenuous cruft merited. The favour of Jeannette's service was granted, as Durand supposed it would be, with thanks for the opportunity of granting a favour.

Jacques d'Arc wondered at that instant how Durand had stayed so much away from them, and with this wholesome gush of his feeling came back at once the best part of his old love for his daughter. He looked at the coarse red dress she wore, and which on another would have account something less than homely, and blamed lumielf that he had forgotten to make some purchase for her at Neufchâteau; he would even have set off on purpose, but she, moved with his kindness almost beyond her fortitude, put off his present till she should return, which, however,

Durand had skill enough to stipulate should not be for some time.

It seemed strange to her then, that it should require all her strength of mind to quit her home, on what appeared so homely an occasion; but she had never been parted from its occupants many hours together of her life; she paused and lingered on the threshold, and bade adieu again and again, and over and over embraced those whom she quitted. Was it the renewed love that she felt so precious, and so difficult to abandon? Was it more than this? Did she feel that but a few short visits would be all she should again receive of such endearments there, that her home should be her home no more? Ah, no! it could scarcely be. Deep and clear as were her presentiments, that was one against which even she could not have struggled to come off with immediate victory.

Once on the road, she walked on with Durund gaily. He took from her the small parcel, which contained all her store; and she, joyful with the reconciliation she had witnessed and shared, bagan to talk to him with the enthusiasm of her earlier feelings, made the beautiful day, and the budding promise of spring, seem yet more delightful in her praises, banished his fears, and raised his hopes even to joy itself in the promised event in his family; and was with him again, the child he had loved years ago, and whom he prayed his own might resemble. Sometimes, indeed, in their walk, the thought, she has owned it since to me, came strongly upon her, that she was tracing the road to Vaucouleurs. It was so literally, but it played with her imagination the more, as she was assured that, even by this removal, one difficulty was lessened for her really repairing thither. Once or twice she questioned the honesty of her own previous purpose, accused herself of putting a deceit upon her parents; but again her conscience assured her it was not so: when she left them, at least, it was with the intent merely that she expressed to Laxart, of being freed from their silent reproach. the indignity of the trial at Toul, my love, all that she had since borne, only been cast upon her to facilitate the very purpose they had seemed to threaten with unconquerable difficulties? So fully did she become convinced of this, that met twice or thrice by some of her companions, who asked her the purpose of her journey, though in a whisper, and to them apart, under an injunction of secrecy, they have not hesitated since to declare that she answered, "to Vaucouleurs."

But Durand Laxart knew nothing of this; his only ideas were her renewed happiness, and his own in having contributed to it.

They reached his cabin, a much humbler one than the cottage at Domremy; it contained but three small, mean rooms, for which the furniture was barely sufficient, and his wife had nothing to set before them, but bread and milk, yet all this was more than content to Jeannette, who even practised one lesson left her by the hermit of Dreux, that utter simplicity of living is necessary to one who would make hard tasks easy, and this abstinence she maintained, even where she might be offered temptations, which would come to a maiden of her education in the shape of unusual luxuries. Busying herself at once, with all she could do to increase the comforts of that little household, and, as soon as that short task was accomplished, occupied constantly with the spindle or the needle, in such works as she hoped might repay the hospitality of Durand and his wife, she had yet more than ample leisure for thought. Durand was absent the greater part of the day at his labour; her aunt frequently lay down to rest in the inner room, and the window by which she worked commanded the road to Vancouleurs.

How rare are the interruptions to a perfect stillness in such a village as Petit Burey, even at noon-day! Some minds, bounded by the constant aimplicity of such a scene, and unable to comprehend the noblest parts of it, the great common sublimities of sky and air, of sun-light, and of earth's profusion, which its influence developes, become a mere part of the listlessness itself, or, like the prisoner in his dungeon, make companions and friends of the meanest and least congenial things. Others use this solitude to view the world, as in a map, gaining, by equal distance from all its concerns, the due proportion and importance of each.

Jeannette had too much to conjecture, and too little to remember, to enable her to do this even to her own satisfaction; but she used the quiet time in like kind. She exercised her imagination in the strong undeviating principles of right in the thousand supposed cases which its ardour placed before her, in the task which day by day pressed more and more upon her, as the end for which she was created; and well was it that she was ignorant of those conventions, by which, under the pretence of superior knowledge and practical experience, the miserable common-place interests of the world thwart the operation of

its grand and simple moral elements, and call their perversions a science. A belief in the possibility of such obstacles might have chilled the enthusiasm which could afterwards despise them.

The silence and sameness of her solitude, the want of new objects of interest on which to converse at meal-times, or around the hearth at night, made the want of the one act she had to do an anxious and incessant pain. She tried often and often to enter upon the subject, but some trivial interruption stayed her; or doubting the belief of him to whom she was to speak, hor own hesitation delayed her until the opportunity was passed. Hints of her purpose she had already given to some, distant indeed, and quite beyond their power of reasoning upon. She had once told one of her youthful playmates, that "there was a girl between Compey and Vaucoulcurs, that should restore the state of France;" but the young peasant had only wondered and forgotten, till events revived the recollection.

She had called up the prophecies that were rife in the land; born, perhaps, of its oppressions and miseries; and her voice, though but one constantly recurring to them, had served to apread them. She had to test herself in men's minds as their object.

Almost all who have won great things by marvel and enthusiasm, true or false, have been able to begin by convincing those who knew them best, so much must that which commands others be founded on a truth, and unselfishness of life, and be proclaimed with the zeal which aprings from a purity of conscience. Jeannette, unlearned even of her letters, could not have known this by lore, but she felt it. The passions of her father had met her in the carrière; she had spared her mother a confidence which might seem a treason to him. Her hints to her young friends had been so many grasps of the soul to catch at some sympathy, there was none so constituted as to afford it to her. Would the simple, honest Durand Laxart, with all his love for her, with all his trust in her, believe a story which set his every-day experience at defiance? of which she had no proof, but her own assured belief? Yet, if he would not, by what token was she to persuade the cold, stern, soldierly Baudricourt? by what means was she to arrive even at the presence of the Dauphin, though to gain that might be to be sent back with mocks and shame as an impostor?

The thought brought red blushes and cold drops upon her cheek; but then came lofty

pride and true patience in its place, and she paced the little room with a step that grasped the floor, a head erect, eyes flashing with contemptuous courage. We see and applaud the successful deeds of life, yet without even guessing at this silent bravery which engenders them. Yet nature is not unjust here; it is the constancy that bears on to the end, that merits the praise, it is fear that has strangled so many of these children of the brain, their parents dreading that they should see the light.

It was not until she had passed eight days at Petit Burey, that Jeannette could bring herself firmly to encounter the chances of incredulity, perhaps of pity; and to submit that which was so sacred to herself, to the cool investigation even of so favourable an auditor as Durand Laxart, But the evening was peculiarly lovely, and even genial for the close of March; Jeannette Laxart had been extolling her niece's kindness to her husband, and then left them to week her own rest; Durand was even warmer than ever in his fatherlike love for her, and begged her to tell him of some things which he knew interested herself, stories of the elder saints and martyrs, and in which he began to feel a sympathetic interest worthy of the narmtor.

Jeannette recurred to the story of the past, for she remembered that she had herself been first awakened by such recitals; but to-night she told him of the hermit of Dreux, and of his prophecies, and brought directly before him, in the clear light of example, the question of the present existence of such interferences. Durand was too obedient a churchman, as well as too simple-hearted a man, to dispute them.

"And this man," continued Jeannette, "who had stood before a king, the messenger of death, laid his hand upon my head, and said that even of such as I might arise the defence of France."

"All is possible," said Durand Laxart fervently, for her previous speech had warmed his heart. What true heart did not then beat the quicker, when the English tyranny was spoken of, and its resisters were honoured in the praises of their fellow-patriots? This had wasted the twilight, the moon was up, and shed its light full through the small casement upon the face of Jeannette; she continued to speak in her subdued, sweet, carnest voice, gentle and considerate even in her enthusiasm, for the breathing of the sleeper was heard within the little room.

" It is true, uncle, she said calmly and deliberately, in reply to his admission, and with that laid her hand upon his that he might feel that she did not tremble, and kept her countenance steadily in the light that he might be assured of her unshrinking conviction.

His face could be but dimly seen; but she felt his hand start under her's, which, after a moment, he grasped. "How, how, my child? Jeannette, you!" he said.

"I am marked out and appointed," she replied, in the same unshaken tone and manner, "to restore to Charles the Dauphin his rightful inheritance of France."

"But—" and he could say no more; for there was no quivering in her returned grasp; as far as the light which such a window admitted would allow him to perceive, no movement of irresolution in her soft yet serious face. Durand was somewhat awed.

"Believe me, dear uncle, and help me," she continued, "you have just said that all is possible; will you doubt me when I tell you this is true."

"But you—" reiterated Laxart, and again he could go no further.

"The unworthiest and the weakest, perhaps; yet strong enough, being an instrument of such a will as could change all this world with one thought; you believe that this might be?"

" Yes."

"You must believe, and you must help me," reiterated Jeannette; "I cannot live as I do now; I have a task commanded me that must be done; the time is passing, the time of succour that I am to bring, and my Voices urge me more and more; they speak more often, and they speak each time more clearly, more positively, more awfully. I trust they will never speak to me reproachfully or in anger, for my sluggishness; it would go night to kill me."

"What voices?" asked Durand Laxart; "but, perhaps, it would be better to tell me in the morning; you can walk with me in the fields, and talk while I work, and I will listen to you. I shall feel surer that it is you who are speaking in the daylight, and that you quite mean all you say."

"When you please, dear uncle," replied Jeannette submissively.

"But I will hear you now, if you wish it," he resumed; "it is foolish to be startled, because it happens to be dark, and you, Jeannette, are not one to trifle foolishly upon this or anything else."

"I have sate almost all day," said Jeannette;
" are you tired? we will walk up and down in
the street of the village."

"With all my heart," replied Laxart, and in a moment his cap was on his head, and he opened the door. Jeannette cast her old hood around her shoulders, and followed him.

The night was chilly, but beautifully clear, and neither regarded the air. Jeannette hung upon her uncle's shoulder, and he, relieved by escaping from the gloom, smiled and caressed her.

Not a soul else was stirring; even the dogs knew the tread of Durand Laxart, and made no movement of alarm.

"In such nights," resumed Jeannette, looking up into the glorious sky, "I always feel more certain that good and mighty spirits are around us; these quiet lights often seem to tell me that One who rules even them watches us, day and night, without ceasing, for ever. Do not look amazed at me, dear uncle, or shrink, or start. I say so, because I would have you know that what I am to tell you is a truth that may be spoken in such great presences as we stand in; and that therefore it would be sin in me to fear to speak them before man; and that I dare not add one atom to what I believe, or take one atom from it. Now give me both your hands, and stand and look at me, and hear me say

again, that I am bidden to save Charles the Dauphin, and his kingdom of France."

He could see that she said this with a grave and placed smile. "And what has bidden thee, Jeannette? what voices didst thou speak of, that made me at the moment listen? for I almost expected to hear them too, though I knew not what they are."

"They have spoken to me now for years," she answered; "and this it is that has made me do otherwise than has been expected of me. The first time that they visited me was when I was little more than thirteen years of age. They did not come by night, or when I could misdoubt my eyesight; they did not come in any strange place where I might only fancy unusual things. I was quite well in health, not weak or ead with fasting.

"I was sitting at noon-day under the pear-tree in my father's garden, a light brighter than the sun rose above the church, and seemed to make it all one glory; in this I discovered the face of the noblest looking man I ever saw; and behind him, ranged in deep ranks, armies of beings of great brightness and beauty, and winged like angels; and then I saw what made the light stronger than the full-shining sun; for thou-

sands of tapers more than I could count burned before them as befitted to be before saints. I knelt and trembled; for I did not know how good and gentle they were; but that time the chief of them bade me nothing but to be good, to go to the churches as I was wont to do, and to trust in Heaven. They left me, and I did nothing but wonder. Twice more I heard this voice. He cheered me, but told me that it was needful that I should go into France, and that others should be sent to me to direct and counsel me. I had nothing to offer in return for such promises, but I knelt and vowed to keep myself, if it might be, pure and unspotted to my death, for the honour of the Heaven that sent them. I was scarcely the happier then, certainly not the prouder; though I was astonished that all who met me did not speak of it; and I thought it strange that they should go on with their work, as if there was nothing else to do or to see. But the promise was kept to me. Two sweet and gracious women, dressed in shining garments, and with crowns upon their heads, and with such glory as the other host had shown, but softer and less dazzling, appeared to me; they came again and again, meeting me in the fields, and by the fountain near the grout beech

tree, until I trembled at them no more, and dared not doubt what they could be; for they always gave me good counsel, such as my mother had taught me with my prayers, or such as Master Guillaume Fronte would say, only not so learned, and much more beautiful to hear.

"I came then to love them, ventured to put my lips to the hem of their robes; I always knelt to them out of honour when they visited me, or if I forgot it I asked their pardon when they left me; then my comfort seemed to be only in seeing and hearing them, for I could find no one else that would seem likely to believe me; so that when they left me I cried for the sorrow. They told me that there was great pity for the realm of France. Oh, how happy they made me to tell me that! and then they gave me again good counsel, and hade me to be firm and constant. Then we heard of more battles that the Dauphin had lost, so that it seemed as if he were always to lose when his men encountered these English, and I was much grieved. St. Catharine and St. Agues could not console me alone; but they brought with them the voice that had first spoken to me, one such as you might see to be a noble leader of battles, and there was such cheer in his shining

face as whoever he smiled upon could not feel afraid. He told me that I should mise France from even mightier dangers, and lead the Dauphin to be crowned king, where his forefathers had been crowned. It came into my heart as other things have since been discovered to me, and I knew him: St. Michael was be who thus spoke to me. And then from time to time as the news came I asked of them, and they counselled me, and still urged me more and more, pointing out my way each time more clearly, till, at last, they bid me go to Robert de Baudricourt, Captain of Vaucouleurs, and bid him, in the name of Heaven, to send me to the Dauphin. They did not bid me conceal it from my father and mother, in that I was to be my own guide; but how should I speak to them of what I saw would make them so unhappy, and if they should prevent me, how could I live and hear such commands, and not be able to obey them? Then came Jacques Alain with his love-suit-what answer could I make to it? then the time when we fled to Neufchateau, and there the . Voices spoke again and again, and I grieved to be sent further from Vaucouleurs; and since they have urged me on and on. They gave me comfort when I was cited to Toul, and bade me be

of good heart, for I should win my cause; and this made me able to stand up against my father when I should else have sunk to the ground at his feet. And now I am led hither, and they speak to me still, and bid me do the task I am appointed, for that the time draws nigh."

"And what would they have you do?" asked Durand, with a faith of which he was not himself aware.

"Go to the Captain of Vaucouleurs, and bid him send me to the Dauphin," answered Jeannette,

" To fight on his side, or ---?"

"To do whatever shall be there appointed me. One message of consolation I have for him, and one command; and these alone, if he accept them truly, shall win back his kingdom. Remember, I do not speak of myself, or what I can do, but what I am bidden, and that will be."

"But how shall they believe you?" asked Laxart anxiously. "I have known you, Jeannette, from a child almost, and though nobody else would perhaps listen to such things at all, yet I am so sure you couldn't say a word that you are not quite sure of;" and here he looked inquiringly at her, as doubting whether he did

not at least confess too much, even if he might suffer himself to be convinced.

"You did not trust in me at first, dear uncle," answered she; " not till I told you all, and then it was the truth itself you believed, and so shall they. Besides, do not others speak as well as I? Is not it in every mouth that 'France should be lost by a woman,' and that is proved already too true; and may not the rest of the same saying be as well believed, 'that France shall be saved by another!'"

"But that it should be you!" repeated Durand.

"Is there not the other saying:—That a maiden shall come to save France from the Foret Chenu; and is it not as if to take away all doubt that I am that maiden, that, besides being close to it, I was forced to go through it from Neufchâteau home, and that I do come right from it to Vaucouleurs? They shall all believe, at last, as I feel now that you believe." She paused in their walk, and looked full at him, while his face confessed it; "that you do is a proof to me that they must, for they may see what I am as plainly as you do; let them search of me, and be sure that I always speak the truth. For I know too that they will

not listen at first. I doubted it more before than I do now; and I asked of my Voices, and they bid me not to be disheartened, though my suit should be dismissed thrice; and I will not if I may have the strength."

"You would go to Robert de Baudricourt - and-and your father and mother-" urged Durand,

"I have suffered that thought for many years," replied Jeannette; "and perhaps that is the reason why it does not quite dismay me now: yet must we not all pass through pain to be happy? Are they not part, the dearest part, of those I am to save? Had I been sent forth years past, we might not have known that miserable night at Domremy, or come back to find what we did, the houses burnt, the crops destroyed, the church cast down, and poor Colette - no, no, Durand Laxart, each must give a part of what he has, strength or whatever it may be, that all may be secure—and — I — I am selected, commanded. I cannot refuse to go. And, after all, will they not rejoice if through blood of their's all France shall be blessed, will not their old age be honoured? Oh! dear Durand! that is a hope that makes me almost at peace sometimes, for-for myself I would live

and die with them, obey them, do what I seem to myself to be fit to do, so have I said to my Voices, but they bid me go on with my task."

"Truly," observed Durand, "great honour would come to them in such a case, and to you. Is it not said that you shall be highly rewarded for all you shall do?"

"I have asked for no reward on earth," answered Jeannette, with simple fervour, "the Voices have promised me none. They have told me that to obey, to do my duty whatever it may be here, has a better reward than any I can seek of kings or of people. I may hope, very humbly hope, that this shall be mine. I may hope to see, as poor Colette did, such things as, even to catch the least sight of, could take away all her pain and grief, and make her kind heart bid me to 'come soon.' This is all. Uncle Durand, if you had heard them speak, seen them, loved them as I have, you would know why I should not care about rewards.'

They walked up and down for some time in silence. At length Durand passed his hand across his eyes, and drew a long breath: — "I will go to the captain of Vaucouleurs myself," he said; "I know I am a simple man, that I

shall not be able to tell him the tale as you have told it to me, but I can tell him what you are, and that I believe it, which is more than you can say about yourself. And, besides, if they are to laugh and mock at what they do not understand, let them laugh and mock at me, I can bear it. Jeannette, I will carry your message to Robert de Baudricourt." She was not prepared to accept or refuse this new offer at once, but she thanked her uncle, and they returned to the cabin, she with a content that for many years she had not known. The next morning Durand held his purpose, and Jeannette consented to it.

Reader! Let me grant you all you can ask, that Jeannette's visions were the work of imagination; I shall not believe that they were uninspired, till you convince me that no beneficent power suggested or ordained them. I will refer you in the future pages to the means she employed, to the purpose for which she employed them, and bid you note the tree by its fruits. To the sceptic who admits not the legends of our church, I will grant that such persons as St. Catharine and St. Agnes never were; yet was the inspiration true, though it spoke through the memories of those whom she

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knew only by crowning them with her offerings. Enthusiasm was needed for the best of Heaven's gifts, peace: who shall dare to say that to the unselfish Jeannette d'Arc it was not providentially given?

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THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

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JOAN OF ARC,

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was much for the honest faith of Durand Laxart to prove itself by the sacrifice, which the accomplishment of his offer might require of him. To give up probably days to Jeannette's desire, when he more than ever was likely to need the produce of their labour, for those so very dear to him, small as the amount may seem to the thoughtless rich, was the offering of a great heart. But, having once made the suggestion, Durand trusted fervently, that his burthen would not be greater than he might bear; and felt assured that, if he devoted a part of his means, where Providence seemed to enjoin him to bestow them, it was rather a cause of hope than fear, for his own humble prosperity.

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even care to hear them; nay, that begin to smile as soon as one's lips are opened, and that too, after waiting in the halls for an hour or two, wondering what one is to meet with, and starting every time a door is opened for fear one's turn to speak should be come. I had made up my mind about some things I was to say; but I forgot most of them, even to tell the Captain of Vaucoulcurs how much he might trust to all you said. You'd have done just the same thing yourself," he continued, after looking in her face for a moment, to see if she blamed his failure, and then wiped his brow with the back of his hand, and half flung himself upon a bench near the door.

"I should have feared as you did, uncle," said Jeannette, after a little pause, "but, cost me what pain it would, I should have tried to tell them all you saw Baudricourt?"

" Yes."

"And told him what I said to you—that I am commanded to seek the Dauphin Charles, and to deliver the kingdom of France?"

"I must have said as much as that," replied Laxart, "though I could scarcely swear that I did: the Captain heard me with his head turned aside, as if he were impatient to attend to somebody else; and in truth, there were many waiting for him; he blamed me for troubling him with such funcies; he

told me that I ought to know better how to rule young people put under my care, than to encourage them in their wild follies. There were two or three gentlemen with him, who looked proudly and sneeringly at me as he spoke, because, perhaps, he was the greatest among them, and they would rather please him, than give such as I am a little encouragement, for great ones hang together, and do not like that their inferiors should be too bold; and then, when I did try to tell him that I loved you, and that you needed not to be checked, but did everything kindly and diligently—he cut me short with a stern look and a hasty tone.

"'The man is as mad as the girl herself,' he said, 'else he would have known that a box of the car would be a better answer to her idle talk than to bear such messages to me, a soldier charged with a serious office. Go home, friend, shake thyself out of thy dream, and do as I counsel thee.' What was the use of a poor man shewing his anger at the thought of striking you, Jeannette? I should have said more than I ought, because I felt I should be in the right, and then one always gives offence, as I did once to your father; so I got out as well as I could—and—and I came back again, as you see."

The greater the effort she made to suppress them, the more irresistibly would the tears come into Jeannette's eyes, not for the disappointment, not for the difficulties which she clearly saw, and which she felt must be surmounted, but for the unkindness that was implied in the indignity of a blow, the hardness, as well as the incredulity which she was fated to encounter. She pressed Durand's hand—then left him for a few minutes, and returned with a face on which nothing but an occasional and involuntary glance betrayed the absence of her usual composure.

Her determination was taken. She immediately reverted to other matters, after thanking her uncle seriously and affectionately for what he had done; talked of his own household concerns, of the method of repairing his lost time by her own assistance in the field; and so completely led him from the subject of his discontent to that of his interests and his hopes, that, after some wonder at her patience, he almost doubted that he could have been employed in a business so foreign to his usual life; at length he nearly forgot it, save now and then to turn and wonder again at her, who so skilfully led him from what seemed a few hours before to engross all her feelings, and to bid her enlist all his in their behalf. What was left of the afternoon was spent by both in rustic labour: Jeannette more than rying with her uncle in the task, and, as the light faded, they returned cheerfully home together.

And then Durand no longer forbore to speak, since no sensitiveness of Jeannette's appeared to need that he should spare his words; he even thought his encouragement would be a kindness.

"Few are like thee, Jeannette," he said, "that when they see the impossibility of a thing can cust it aside at once out of thought, and go to their toil again, as if such notions had never entered their heads. You must not work always as you have done to-day, though I have let you have your own way this once about it; but you'll stay with us, or perhaps, even at Domremy, contented, now that you see that there's no hope from Baudricourt, or, indeed, from any of them to do as you would have them."

A slight trembling came over her frame. She had seized an ardnous labour as a discipline of tranquillity, as well as a deed of gratitude and justice; she had endeavoured to renew the strength of her mind, by putting time between her and the sense of her disappointment; she wished to think of her new difficulties as things of course, by entertaining them gradually, and looking them calmly in the face. She would, therefore, have avoided reply, but for the paramount obligation of sincerity. She conquered her repugnance; she paused in their walk, she met Durand's look fully as she had done the night before, and with the same intent to assure him of her unyielding purpose.

"I am changed in nothing," she said; "I have allowed myself a short respite, that I might have all my little strength ready for what seems to need it all; but what I have to do must be done, though it cost me pain, the pain of shame for their jests and scorn—and that it will be done I know, though I know not what I have to go through to do it."

Durand's look of sorrow and of pity was his only answer.

"This sorrow comes justly," she continued, "for that at the very outset, I have shrunk from my own enjoined duty. It shall not be so again: and for disappointment, was it not told to me? Did I not speak of it to you? But I should have met it myself. My cowardice has increased my toil, as I should have known that it would; but it has not, as I have learned even while you were gone, put the great work itself in danger; thank Heaven, I have but so much the more to struggle with, and all will be well if you can forget what you have borne for me."

"Dear Jeannette, do not—" exclaimed Laxart, too much moved to say more, and Jeannette prevented his emotion.

"Last night you believed me, dear uncle; did you think it so little a thing, that a poor girl as I am should be called to this office, that the first rub in the path should turn me back from it? It is full of pain and of danger that I have to do and to bear; to-day must be a lesson of endurance; no more: a light one perchance, to what I have to meet. But let it not distress you; hencetorth the deeds and the sufferings, if they be so, are mine."

"Not distress me, Jennnette, who love you as my own dear child?" exclaimed Laxart. "I would go down on my knees to you, to persuade you not to risk what I have met with this day. It seems nothing, a hard word or two, but I found it much for a man to bear, and for a gentle girl like you..."

"And you will make what I must do the harder by discouraging me?" she said, with an intended repreach — intended, indeed, as the only means of sparing both. "But we will not talk of it more. I must ask your assistance — not to share any rebuffs with me, but to enable me to meet Baudricourt safely. You will do this for me?"

"You will have all you choose from me, be it what it may," unswered Durand earnestly, though sadly.

"Then not a word more now — I need time — I need thought—succour, which will be given to me. to teach me to despise obstacles which now would fret my pride, but which I shall strive to grow humble enough to disregard. Not a word more now; let us pass the rest of the evening cheerfully and thankfully." With this they entered the cottage.

Days passed away. Her aunt observed to Durand that Jeannette was more than usually silent, though still replying with a smile of good-nature to every question, and preventing every desire; in truth, her mind was becoming more concentrated. Durand watched her with anxiety. His affection made him feel responsible for events which yet he could perceive no means of controlling. Again and again the question was upon his lips to know of her further intentions, and even her placid composure, her evident readiness to reply, disarmed his inquisitiveness. Jeannette wished to be asked, but Durand forbore; she was obliged, therefore, to remind him of his promise of assistance.

"I have thought much of your words," she said to him. "What I have to do is, indeed, strange for a girl like me to go about; I should, indeed, have been a man to consort with men, to reply to them with firmness, which would seem proper hardihood in a man, and which in me, but for the cause, would be immodest and unbecoming."

She looked at Laxart's wistful face, and answered the acquiescence in her own objection which she read in it.

"But the time calls upon everything that breathes and can feel, were it but such a child as I was when it was first spoken to me; and the greater praise shall come by the weaker instrument; and, perhaps, too, the hearts of men shall be the more aroused, seeing the great need there is when a simple maiden is all that is left to France as a hope. Yet I must be as a man in their eyes; they must not sport with me as though I were an idle mammet. The time shall come when I must be armed as a man for the war, and even now I would be habited as one to tell my errand gravely as becomes it."

"Will they not sport, even with such disguise?" asked Laxart.

It is not a disguise," replied Jeannette. "Must I not cast aside the fears, the customs, the thoughts, of a woman? I say again, they must not regard me as one—and, for their sport! Dear uncle! if you put the same faith in me that once you did, I should tell you that I have a better reason than all those; such a habit is enjoined me, as convenient when the need may seem to arise, from my being alone among men, by counsel that I shall never question, that I shall strive never to disobey."

"What is mine," said Laxart, "is all your's, Jeannette; only think — only be sure that you do not deceive yourself; but I will not vex you with advice: take what you will."

And now Jeannette, resolved on her own plans and anxious only to avoid discouragement or interruption, again exerted herself to turn the current of her uncle's thoughts: she diverted the conversation, indeed, but Durand loved her too well to suffer his attention really to be called off from her purposes.

The morning of the eleventh of May, 1428, had but a short time dawned, when Jeannette was up. arrayed in a suit of her uncle's clothes, and that collected and pieced out with difficulty, that she might not, even for a few days, take what he himself needed. Over the coarse dark brown coat which she had wrapped around her, her long rich hair flowed upon her shoulders, and, with the clear, delicate finish of her features, told plainly enough the sex of the wearer. Her mother's hand had smoothed, and her father had praised those beautiful tresses, and these were the only thoughts that came to her as she took up the seissors which were to trim them to the short round style of a man's. or rather, perhaps, what a woman would call so, for her's always clustered richly in her neck, though in after-seasons trimmed close enough for the helmet and the mail neck-piece.

But this time Durand stayed her hand; he had stolen to her side, while she, earnest in what was to ensue from her preparations, had not marked him.

"Do what you will," he said; "go where you will, I must go with you. I have not slept all night, for I knew when you spoke so quietly that you were bent on doing something at once. Come,

come, if this change is to be, it need not be yet. I will be by your side, and you may trust me, at all events, for keeping you from wrong or affront better than you could guard yourself in these clothes. Let it be my niece still that you are, and you shall see that I will not be afraid or ashamed to take you to the Captain of Vaucouleurs, and tell him you are she that I told him of, and ask him to hear you for yourself. They may call me mad again for obeying you, if they like; but they shall not call me an idiot, or, what is worse, a coward, for leaving you to contend with their pride or with their ribaldry, as it may be by yourself. There, there! I will hear no more, Jeannette-and one thing that will set you more at ease, that I should go with you; I have lain awake thinking all night, and the more I think the more I know that what you say must be true; or else goodness and sense are nothing to judge by, and one can only guess and be right by chance."

It was with joy that Jeannette accepted the comfort of Laxart's society, and the testimony which it bore in her behalf. She instantly changed her dress to the poor gown of red she usually wore, then ran to the door, and told him she was ready to depart. Bread and water formed their morning's meal, and before the sun had risen they were on their way to Vancouleurs, yet not before Jean-

nette had provided with a neighbour for all kind care to Laxart's wife during their absence.

Early as it was, and sure as they were of reaching Vaucouleurs, as soon as the Captain of the castle would be likely to receive them, Jeannette walked on with a rapid pace. It was not until they had passed through Maxey that she a little checked it. It was kind to me that she hurried past the door of my house. Durand Laxart has told me since that she gave it a hasty and apprehensive glance, and redoubled her speed till she was out of sight of it. She then, for the first time, halted, and, almost for the first time, spoke.

"and we shall be at Vaucouleurs long before six; but I was thinking of what I have to do." Her eager and determined step had told as much. "Baudricourt," she resumed, "will scarcely see us till after his morning's repast; we may as well rest awhile upon the road as linger in his halls for the servants' questionings."

"I have a good friend at Vaucouleurs—Heuri the cartwright," replied Durand. "We must not expect to despatch all in a day, and I have thought how you might be well disposed with him and his good wife Catharine till the Captain may choose to see you, or, perchance, he may delay his answer, and you must not be without a home." "I could pass to and fro these few leagues again and again," said Jeannette; "but I thank you, dear uncle, and if your friends will receive me, it will, perhaps, be a furtherance to my suit. As you say, I cannot expect to win it at once."

"And would it not be as well," asked Laxart,
"to think of some new plea to Baudricourt as an
excuse for asking to be brought to him? As he has
dismissed me once, he may be angered to be again
troubled on the same matter till we have asked his
excuse for it."

"We must use no deceit even in that," said Jeannette. "Those from whom I come, as that which I come to do, must not be disguised in their messenger. I will go to him, and tell him that I am she of whom you spoke, and say to him what I am bidden to say."

"Let me apprise him, and entreat him first," rejoined Laxart, "lest he should be wroth with you."

"As you will, but no subterfuge; even should it space us at first, it will but bring so much more difficulty afterwards; and remember," she continued, "it is not I who seek Baudricourt as with mean concerns of my own; if it were so, I should be ashamed, indeed, to stand in his presence, but, proud as he is, in this he is but as I am, a thing placed between beings far greater than himself. I am but as the lowest servant that ever bore the

word of the mighty, and he is, in this, but as the porter in the king's chamber, whose duty it is to bring me to his master for the sake of those by whom I am sent. Do not fear that the poor little girl will not be humble enough to the great Captain of Vaucouleurs, that shall you see; but neither you nor I must come as petitioners from those who send the Dauphin himself his kingdom as a boon."

Long ere they entered the town of Vaucouleurs, they could see the castle on its height, its towers clearly lighted and defined by the morning sun, which poured its brilliance from the right as the little town lay before them, while the shadows of tree and spire, yet somewhat long, streamed down the eastern hill, which rose on the side of the Meuse opposite to the castle.

They passed along the one narrow street, winding at the foot of the hill, and looked up to the few houses joined to the town by stone steps which climbed the side to the castle walls. On this acclivity stood the little Chapel of St. Mary, and just beneath it the small house of the cartwright, Henri, where they halted.

Henri was then a hale workman, of about seven and thirty, and his labour, with that of two lads who were assisting him, had already been begun some time, but he stopped to welcome Durand and his niece, and the sound of his voice brought from a small inner room, but slightly separated from the workshop, where she had been cooking the morning's food by a fire of chips, a good-natured, sprightly, and by no means plain-looking woman, ten years younger than the cartwright, whom Durand instantly saluted as Madame Catharine his wife.

The hospitable couple hastened on the meal, and Durand and Jeannette were soon scated with them in the little nook round the pottage, to which Durand did ample honour; Jeannette sitting almost without tasting it, though rallied by her lively hostess with all her vivacity. Durand evaded rather than answered their questions as to his business, but some hints of his former coming had been spread in the little town, and he had much difficulty to ward off the direct questions of his hostess. It was soon time for him to make his inquiry at the castle, and Jeannette, having watched him anxiously from the threshold till he had entered the portal, was left undefended to Catharine's curiosity.

But from this she sought no refuge; she had only been silent out of consideration to Laxart, and briefly and plainly she told her business in Vaucouleurs to her entertainer.

"Hear you this!" called Catharine to her husband, who, leaving his work at her summons, stood leaning on an adze, and listening to the meek and simple replies of Jeannette with mingled wonder and incredulity. And their questioning continued with incessant and increasing interest, while Jeannette betrayed no other impatience than that of looking from time to time for her uncle's return, until he was again among them: then, indeed, she threw down her seat in rising to meet him.

He had only to repeat that Bandricourt would do nothing in her behalf.

- "And he was angered at your returning to him?" asked Jeannette despondingly.
- " I did not see him," replied Laxart; "but, my words, if they bore them aright, were too humble to move his anger; I prayed that he would hear you."
 - "They brought you word that he would not?"
- "They said he could do nothing in your be-
- "That is better than an absolute refusal to see me," said Jeannette, after some thought.
- "But who shall urge him again?" asked Durand, anxiously.
- "I will go to him myself, and now," replied Jeannette, and she stepped to the door-
- "Now?" exclaimed Laxart, advancing by her
 - "If his gates are barred in my face, I have no

strength to force them," answered she; "but he has not even said that he will not see me."

- "They meant it by that answer, surely," expos-
- "I must hear it plainly from his own lips; and, if it be so spoken, I must not yield to it then," cried Jeannette, with some impatience, and she walked from the door. Durand still followed her.
- "Come back, come back to us, when you have been at the custle," called Catharine, who was by no means willing to lose the end of the adventure, the beginning of which had so much surprised her, and which would, doubtless, be the talk of Vaucouleurs for the next month.
- "We will do so," said Jeannette gratefully;
 "I ought to have thanked you better for your
 past goodness; we will come back and do so indeed."

The wondering eyes of Catharine and her husband watched the progress of their guests, and then, with talking of them, the time was lost for work till they returned.

Without much difficulty the outer gate of the castle was passed: the porter, seeing that Laxart returned with his niece, could imagine no greater presumption towards his captain than that he had been sent for her. But it was not so with the

variet of the hall, whither they passed through the small court, where two or three soldiers were occupied in furbishing their arms, turning to stare an instant at the peasant, and wonder what her cause might be with Baudricourt, and one struck with her beauty following her with his eyes towards the hall door.

"What brings you hither again," asked Thibaut the lacquey; "can you not take one answer? Do you expect that I shall expose myself so far as to speak of you again to the governor? Take the girl back with you, and be gone. There are whips here to send hounds to kennel."

So saying, he turned his look from Laxart, whose cheek was burning with anger, to Jeannette, whose face was much more inexplicable to him. It was unmoved even by contempt, a little sad, yet collected, without the slightest pride. It made the fellow doubt for an instant even of his own superiority; he endeavoured to reassure himself, by gazing on the poor red gown for an instant with ineffable disdain; but even this had no further effect than to change the expression of her countenance to a very serious smile.

"It is very strange that you will provoke me by staying," continued Thibaut, with an air of insulted yet forbearing dignity.

"I suppose your master would choose for him-

self whom he would see," observed Jeannette coolly.

"There are cases," replied the menial, "in which it becomes us to judge for him: he has already twice condescended to attend to this person; we must not suffer him to be troubled any more."

"At your own peril, and it is a greater one than it behoves now to speak of to you," said Jeannette very earnestly, and with that quiet truth of face which invariably won for her as much trust as her words: — "at your own peril, you will refuse to say to the Captain of Vaucouleurs that I ask speech of him. It has been told him from whom and for what I come."

"A pretty thing, indeed!" said the lacquey, yet somewhat awed by a threat which he construed into whipping, or dismissal, or both, "when the servants of a house like this are to be ordered on their peril by poor suitors, that it is great goodness in them to spend a word with."

"If you mean that I am such a suitor, I will beg of you to do this," said Jeannette, very humbly, "entreat you in any words you wish, or that can move you."

"Enough said! enough said!" cried Thibaut, who little expected such a condescension after the first words, and whose vanity was flattered by it accordingly; but for some moments he was reduced to the expedient of scratching his head, for, though struck by the manner, and half crediting the threat of Jeannette, he had little doubt of the consequence of impertmently troubling his master.

"The noble master Bertrand de Poulengy is with him, and so are one or two other gentlemen now, and ——"

"Messire Bertrand de Poulengy is our neighbour," answered Jeannette joyfully; "say what you please, that is humble and befits me, therefore, to have said, for me in asking to come to the presence of the Captain of Vaucouleurs, but say before Messire de Poulengy that Jeanne d'Arc of Domremy entreats and requires speech of the Seigneur de Baudricourt, in a name and for a purpose that has been told him."

Thibaut locked at her, walked a few steps very slowly towards the door of an inner chamber, turned and looked again, then crept close up to the door, listened, hesitated, listened again, opened it very gently, and then for a short time remained within. Durand Laxart, who afterwards confessed that he trembled like an old man in winter, stood amazed at Jeannette's apparent calmness: he did not know what she'endured to command that look.

Thibaut returned.—" The captain will see you," he said, and he looked on Jeannette with a still greater degree of curosity, if not of respect. A

gleam, half joy, half faith, passed over Jeannette's face. The servant stood ready to conduct her; she paused for an instant, crossed herself devoutly; a few unheard words escaped from her lips, which her upraised eyes best interpreted, and then with an usured and easy pace she approached the room. Durand watched and followed her, reassured by her tranquillity.

The strong spare frame of Baudricourt, his cold stern soldierly face, his composed air of authority, easily told Jeannette to whom her salutation was due. She made it profoundly and reverently, and then just suffered herself in waiting for Baudricourt's address to observe his companions. She repeated her reverence with less formality to Bertrand de Poulengy. His was a face to invite confidence, and she recognized it as such, from memory as well as the natural skill of physiognomy, a gift much bestowed on woman.

He was then about thirty-seven years of age, but, already gray and somewhat careworn, he might have been thought years older; his face weather-beaten, his frame active, showed him a man fit for the stirring times he lived in; but his expression, that of good-nature, springing from much good thought, would better have belonged to this happier era, when the affections are safer, and the sympathies not so liable to outrage. The lines of

his face were regular, delicate, and handsome; his dark eye was tranquilly observant. Two younger men, one richly dressed and handsome, with a haughty bearing, the other bearing the dress of a pursulvant of King Charles, lounged or leaned on seats round a table. Robert de Baudricourt appeared to be watching something from the only window which lighted the chamber.

"You may speak what you have to declare," said the young nobleman at the table.

"To you, Lord of Baudricourt, when you are willing to hear me," said Jeannette, very respectfully but firmly to the Captain of Vaucouleurs. He turned round with a degree of haughty surprise, but the submissive face which met his, bowed somewhat saily, as if patience were all it would exhibit, disarmed him.

"Ah!" he said quickly, after a moment's pause,
you have seen me before?"

" Never, messire."

"But you have heard of me?"

"I have asked of all who know you."

"And you recognized me by their description?"

"No, messire, when I stood before you I did not think of what others had said; I knew you as I should know the Dauphin among his nobles."

"Should you be sure to know him?" asked Baudricourt with a smile; "by what?" for he could not help contracting his own air of command with the less dignified bearing of his sovereign.

"By the manner, if not the observance of others," replied Jeannette.

"The girl is quick-witted," whispered the pursuivant.

"But Henri de Vouvray spoke with much authority, methinks," said Baudricourt, maliciously.

"Yes, messire,"

"How then? how then? be plain with me!"

"As if his authority were used for that once," said Jeannette.

Baudricourt suppressed a laugh, which Poulengy and the pursuivant indulged, and Henri, though nettled enough to blush, looked at the beauty and simplicity of his critic, and was good-natured enough to smile. Jeannette but looked the sadder as her gentle voice stopped, for she spoke with apologetic deference of tone. She felt it as sacrilege to raise a hostile thought against her mission, by any idle or inconsiderate word.

The pursuivant seemed to consider what she had said, as if to note it in his memory. There was a short silence, and Robert de Baudricourt approached the table, and took a seat at it.

"Tell me, then," he said, "what you desire to say to me."

Jeannette looked round on each face which was vol. 11.

the lare were regular, deficate, and handsome; that ever was tranquilly observed. Two years man, and receipt dressed and translaunce, with naugusts bearing, the other hearing the dress pursuprant or lengt Charles, lounged or leaned south round a table. Robert de Bandersout's peared to be untable; something from the window wines, higher the chamber

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fixed on her's with a different degree of intentness, as if by the wistful earnestness of her gaze to bespeak a favourable hearing. Immediately her look returned to Baudricourt, still solemn, subdued, and as ready to endure.

"Speak freely and fearlessly," exclaimed the soldier; "this gentleman," pointing to Bertrand de Poulengy, "is your warrant that at least you mean no ill, and we will not take your words amiss, whatever we may have to answer to them."

But in that short time Jeannette felt little need of encouragement, though she still reined in the enthusiasm of her speech.

"I should be sorry that you should believe, noble sir," she replied to the Captain of Vaucouleurs, "that I come with any idle errand of my own to trouble a nobleman like yourself: it is true that it will ease my spirit, almost as if it prevented my heart from bursting, that you should let me speak to you, and much I thank you for it, Lord of Baudricourt, that you let me do so. I cannot tell why some one nobler and better is not sent to you, except, perhaps, that I can more easily give myself entirely up to what I am charged with. Do not believe that it is only a poor mean creature that speaks to you; for your own sake, and the Dauphin's sake, I implore you not to scorn my words, because it is I who speak them."

"Say on," said Baudricourt, firmly and even sternly, but it was not the sternness of reproof, rather that which meets a great affair. Her voice took a tone of courage from his, and, in its full clear mellow distinctness, she continued.

"There are Voices that come to me, and that they are good I know by what they say. I have repeated their words, though not as being their's, to learned clerks, and they praise and find nothing to reprove, and those who speak are glorious and powerful, for I know it by what I see, the faces of holy saints, and the glory that becomes them, and even these are messengers that speak to me, as they are bidden—the will that rules all things."

The tears started from her eyes, and her voice trembled with emotion: her face, as Durand Laxart said, looked as if she saw what she spoke of — "I am commanded to seek you, Robert de Baudricourt, Captain of Vaucouleurs, and to bid you send me to the Dauphin, that I may bring him comfort. There is much pity for the realm of France, and if the good prince Charles obey, it shall be saved, and for him. Now let him keep his own stedfastly, and give no battle to his enemies, for in mid-Lent next great succour shall come to him."

"Give no battle to his enemies!" exclaimed Baudricourt; "how if he meet them at advantage, shall the best arm of a soldier, that of atta k, be

made useless by such injunctions? This would prove thy saints but poor warriors, girl!"

"When," replied Jeannette, without being disconcerted, "have the French met the English in the field, but with such bad success, that they have forgotten to expect victory, and are disheartened, as men say, in the very onset? And this is not because the French are weak or cowardly, but because they do not know whence to expect succour. Some put their trust in a Scotch princess, and the aid she shall bring; let them try it, the reed will snap like the others. There is but one help."

"By the mass, girl, dost thou teach us warriors?" asked Baudricourt haughtily, while Jeannette't look, relapsing at once into submission, again withheld his anger; "not but what there is some sense in what thou sayest," he continued; "but shall any one tell me that a time may not come when in open field the French chivalry may meet the English and win the day from them?"

"The time shall come! do I not say it shall come?" replied Jeannette. "I speak words that must be true in those that I am bidden to speak; if, when you question me of their likelihood, I try to answer it, it is but with the best that such a one as I may think and say, which purdon, noble sir: may I not say that the English are proud and confident, and the French dispirited, and is it not to be

thought that nothing can change this but a trust in the French, which nothing can alter, because they know it is true, and see from whom it comes, and a fear in the English, which those who fight wrongfully always feel, at least when the innocent and oppressed stand up against them in the name of truth and justice!"

"And wherefore in the mid-Lent?" asked Baudricourt.

"Surely that is the fitting season," replied she.
"Is it not then that the good most humble themselves, and are most in the favour of Heaven, and that their adversaries are most impious, with standing its will, even in that holy time, by continuing their cruelties?"

Baudricourt looked at Bertrand de Poulengy. The other in reply only said: — "Let us hear on."

"And thus thou wouldst say to the king, the Dauphin thou callest him?" asked Baudricourt.

"He shall be called king, when he is indeed king, crowned where his forefathers were crowned at Rheims, seated in their chair, anointed with the oil that made them holy in the sight of all. I would tell him that the kingdom is not now his, nor must he claim it; it is in the power and the gift of One much mightier, before whom let him humbly cast his crown. It shall be given buck to him affirmed, and he shall hold it by the greatest of all rights, by

the will of Heaven, as its vicegerent and guardian of his people. I would say to him that, in despite of the malice and strength of all his enemies, assuredly he shall be king, and that it is I who will lead him to be crowned."

"Speakest thou that on thine own behalf?" asked Baudricourt.

"Think me not guilty of such folly, noble sir," replied Jeannette; "no, on behalf of the Power that sent me."

"And that thou believest to be ---- "

"And that I know to be," interrupted she, "if my own soul do not lie to me," and she inclined reverently, and murmured the only name which could be an answer to his question.

"And what token have we to believe thee, Jeannette?" asked Bertrand de Poulengy solemnly.

"My life in your hands," she exclaimed; "to abide the issue, to perish if the attempt fail, my name to be scorned as an impostor; more, my soul in your hands; for that, if I so die falsely, where is its hope?"

"Nay, I doubt not that thou believest what thou sayest," replied Bertrand; "thy conscience is free, and the spirit of thy thoughts, if it be such as we might righteously accept, hath indeed in it of that which makes men brave and successful."

"But to credit this," said Baudricourt, as if

arousing himself, "it is a matter for divines rather than for captains and soldiers; we have simple skill in such visions, and might give the learned clerks good reason to scoff at us. Thou hast not spoken altogether unwisely, girl, though not quite skilfully, as to stratagems of war, perchance, as we read its rules, and I believe thou meanest what thou sayest; but to send thee to the king, even upon the warrant of thy poor life, would be, I fear, to sport with him, perhaps to put that in useless peril. Return to thy home in peace; it is not for us to help thee. I would speak with you now no more," he said firmly, and Jeannette ventured an imploring look at Bertrand de Poulengy, but a look from him counselled obedience, her eye sank despairingly, and she and her uncle left the room.

Silently and sadly they passed through the hall, where many were now assembled to gaze at her, but neither comment nor look of insult was offered, for she had been admitted to long conference with Robert de Baudricourt, and they knew their master's mind, that whom he would notice by a glance must be respected. Thibaut advanced as if to question, but Jeannette inclined her head, and they were gone. On thus they passed through the court, where meaner retainers were also ready to catch a glimpse, and left the castle altogether.

" He has not been angered with thee, Jeannette,

as I feared," said Durand, as they left the portal;

"But he will not aid me — me! he will not aid the Dauphin — France: though it must be, and through him."

"You were to encounter disappointment."

"True! true, dear uncle, and in that is the only real consolation, but it is hard when the reality comes, and one cannot see what is next to arrive, or how his heart can be changed, when I have said all that I was bidden."

By this time Henri and Catharine both met them, eager to hear, and, as they heard, eager to console, respecting somewhat more their youthful guest, even because Baudricourt had listened to her, though he had denied her suit.

"You are weary as well as sad," said Catharine to her; "weariness of the spirit is the worst of all. Come, come, you shall stay with me for a day or two, if your uncle will leave you, and you may tell us all at your leisure."

"Indeed I was bidden to come to Vaucouleurs, and I could not leave it yet," said Jeannette; "and for that you give me I will strive to labour, so you will kindly give me work to do for you."

"Work and enough always in a house," answered the wife with true womanly skill; "so, come in, and do you. Durand, rest with us, too, ere you return." They did as they were requested, and the conference lasted two hours ere Durand was dismissed homeward, leaving Jeannette resigned, though despondent, under the roof of Henri the cartwright.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was a few days after the circumstances last narrated that Catharine was keeping watch at the bottom of the narrow staircase which led to the sleeping-rooms of their dwelling, and which chambers also served, as is usual in such houses, for the reception of any guest who might not be familiarly entertained in the open shop, or the half-enclosure from it below.

"Now all the saints send that they bring her good news!" exclaimed she to her husband; "for though she says little, and complains not at all, it is easy to see how her mind is bent upon this journey; so that if she may not perform it, it will go nigh to cost her her life."

"Robert de Baudricourt would hardly come hither himself, and bring Master John le Fumeux with him, if he did not think something might come of it, and that for King Charles's service too," replied Henri.

" And something ought to come of it, if they

have wit and courage in his cause," exclaimed Catharine. "I marvel they can doubt and palter so long when Charles is in such need, and she can bring him certain aid."

"Nay, nay, wife," interrupted the cartwright, laying down his auger; he had refrained from his hammer and all noisy instruments while the Captain of Voucouleurs and the priest were conferring with his guest; "nay, it is but lately that you yourself have altogether believed what she said."

"I believe what I see," answered Catharine briskly. "She is a good girl; never so happy as when in the church, and that she is really there almost whenever she leaves the house, I know well, for she will scarcely stir abroad without me: it would be almost wearisome to be so good as she makes me, but that I watch her sometimes for the hour together kneeling before the Virgin in this chapel close by, or at the church; and there always seems a talk, as if one could listen to it, in her face, so that I wonder at it, and guess, and, by what she tells me, make out something of what it may be. It will come, husband, that many will envy me to know so much of her; for it is not a little fame that is spread of her already."

"Ay," replied the husband, desiring nothing more than peace with his young, pretty, and somewhat spirited wife, "you know best of course, and it

is a marvel of itself when one woman spies no fault in another; to be sure," he added hurriedly, "she is a good girl, humble, industrious, never letting the spindle be idle if she can find nothing else to employ her, and always obliging too, putting one at ease in one's seat of an evening, and making up quarrels, if there were any, even before they're well begun; but it is much too that a great man like the Lord of Baudricourt is to submit himself to her will, and do as she would have him."

"They should have the sense to find at once what she is," replied Catharine; "a simple body like myself is not to be blamed for waiting a day or two; but men! that always pretend to be so clever! I've scarce patience with them: I wish I were one, I'd lead her straight where she wishes to go by myself, if I could find no one brave enough to second me."

"Yes," said her husband, and preferred whistling to speaking the rest of his reply in plain terms.

"Is there not the prophecy staring them in the face that every body has heard of, and ought to remember at once," asked Catharine, "that a manden shall come out of the Foret Chenu who shall deliver France from her enemies?"

"Quite true that, indeed," replied Henri; "yet you, that is, we you know, did not think of it till she reminded us."

"I know," returned Catharine, "that we are very stupid, both of us; but it does not follow--"

The door opened above. First came down Robert de Baudricourt, his air somewhat dissatisfied; then the priest in his full canonicals, with the look of one so hopelessly puzzled as to dismiss consideration altogether; for which, indeed, his rubicund countenance, marked principally by large, black, arched eyebrows, seemed little fitted. The captain passed on with but a slight inclination to Henri and his wife, and the priest was, as taking the tone from the warrior, equally reserved; but Baudricourt seemed, as he reached the door, where a few wondering inhabitants were waiting the event of the visit of the Captain to such a house, to recollect himself; he turned to Jeannette, who was following with a look in which resignation was struggling with utter despair.

"Let me enjoin thee again, child," he said, in a tone in which paternal kindness was mingled with command, "to return to thy home, and cast aside these thoughts; it is well seen that thou art good, and a true follower of the Church; but these are mattern which can but bring thee into danger, as thou thyself dost confess. Go, it is my duty to speak thus to thee, lest harm come of it, which thou dost not deserve."

Jeannette only curtesied profoundly, and the

Captain left the house, the expecting neighbours taking most ostentatious pains to show that they were not watching him, lest he might not approve of their curiosity.

Jean le Funeux indulged himself in a sterner and longer oration; his wrath kindling at what he construed as the Captain's reproof, somewhat hotly against its object; but Jeannette listened meekly to him, and then merely rejoined, "What is bidden me I must do, though you all add to the grief of doing it."

"Come! come!" interrupted Catharine; "she will listen, Messire le Curé, to what she ought, and do as she is enjoined, that is, when she thinks proper to do so; but it is plain to see that she has borne as much this once as she can bear, so I pray you spare her."

Now, Catharine, in all offerings, and indeed in zealous example and urging of others, was a good and liberal Catholic, and withal quite as enthusiastic in opposition as in friendship, which Jean le Fumeux being fully aware of, made an honourable retreat while the chance was left to him.

Jeannette sate down to the work of spinning; but her hand fell listlessly from the wheel, and she rested her temples against the wall.

"Courage yet, Jeannette," said her hostess,
"Jean le l'umeux is a good man in his way; a fine

preacher for the common people; for he thunders in their ears till his voice cracks, and labours at his descriptions of the devil till the eyes are near starting out of his head, and this frightens such folks as would never be good any other way; but he is not a man to be too much minded by such as know him; so do not let him trouble you."

"It is little about him that I care," said Jeannette, "but that he has done wrong to me; he has heard my confession more than once, and ought to know well that I am not guilty of such sin as he and the Captain suspected me of,"

"And what sin?" asked Catharine.

"Because they believe that I speak of things, which in my age and condition are not usual, and declare what they know not how to believe; they must think me a sorceress," replied Jeannette, "and come with exorcisms to dispossess the spirit that they fancy to be my teacher. I have told to John le Fumeux in the confessional every evil thought that I know to be in my heart, and such as he himself did not find to be evil, though I misdoubted them; and what have I done or said, hoping only to do good to all the land, that they should think me joined in such damnable alliance? You see," she continued, "that he came in the full vestments of his office as to cast out a fiend. When he put on the sacred stole, he adjured me, before

the captain of Vaucouleurs, that if the spirit by which I spoke were evil, it should depart; if good, that I should approach him."

"And what did you?" asked Catharine, earnestly.

"I cast myself on my knees," replied Jeannette, " before that sacred garment, though I blamed him who wore it, and on my knees did I approach till I kissed its hem; they appointed me this trial; he, the priest, knew all that was in my heart to tell him, and yet they leave me, bidding me to return. Alas! it was to satisfy their own cruel suspicion, not to serve me, or even their prince, that they came; had their conjecture been true, they would willingly have pursued me for it; but when they prove it false by their own words and deeds. they refuse me help; they hear me, and bid me give up the task which they have just seen is enjoined me by blessed, not evil, spirits. Do they believe," continued she, rising and pacing the little room, " in the truth of the sacrament of confession? do they believe in their own holy rites, and can they refuse belief to her whom they try by all? Do they see that I tremble under the burthen which is laid upon my weakness, and think that I take it up for sport? They must see that it is laid on me by the power they serve, and yet they bid me cast it off."

"They are themselves foolish or possessed," said Catharine warmly; "but patience! patience yet!"

Catharine's warmth, more than her injunction, brought back Jeannette to the dignity of calmness, seeing that all else was beneath the cause she was entrusted with.

" Patience ! right ! patience, dear friend !" she replied, "and I could be patient, yielding as the grass to the wind, if I could know or think by what words or proofs such hearts may be approached. A deluge comes upon the valleys; one seeing among many blind warns them of the high ground by which to flee; the danger roars in their ears, the waters dash against their bodies, yet all these blind question, is the sight of the one who would save them, who is bidden not to desert them, the fate of whose eternity is to do them service, will they or no! Oh! were it not better to be blind too, and he down and perish than to have a sight which only gives the pain of fear to the danger that comes, when none-none will believe that I see!" She sank upon her seat.

"I believe you entirely," said Catharine, holding both her hands; "and so will others when they know you as well as I." The good hostess spoke, and with a calm fervour, for the complaint of Jeannette had put all little irritation out of her mind.

"It was something that the Captain of Vaucouleurs should come hither at all, more than you could have believed had it been told you of another such as we are; and even he spoke kindly, for him at least, and almost praised you after his fashion; time may do more yet."

At this moment, Catharine turned round as Jeannette sunk into a quieter despondency, and saw that some part of their conversation, though how much she could not guess, had been overheard.

A tall and noble-looking man had entered the shop, from which Henri and his workmen were absent, and, staid by the earnestness of Jeannette's speech, had omitted to make his presence perceived. His air and dress were striking, though simple, his manner was frank, unpretending, and candid. He looked for some time at Jeannette as a person he expected to find there, considering her for a while in silence with a mixture of reverence and interest. She looked up, and, after a moment's wonder, withdrew from his curious observation. At the indistant Henri returned, but the stranger addressed himself to Jeannette, while Henri bowed respect-fully as to one whom he knew, and whose rank required his obeisance.

"What is it you do here, gentle friend?" he asked of her; "but I do not come hither indeed without having heard somewhat, though I have

business with Henri here; but your speech at the castle has been talked of not without praise and wonder by some, and I would hear from your own mouth how far their savings are true."

"Did I not tell you so?" exclaimed Catharine.
"The truth will and must be believed some time or other."

"And here is one of the noblest and best of this country to hear it," said Henri.

The young man smiled and reddened. "You believe what she declares, then?" he asked.

"As we believe what is told us from the pulpit," replied Catharine.

"And others pause and think, question and consider," said the stranger; "though the lord of Baudricourt is firm, and calls all beyond soldierly rule, hot-blood and folly. But shall the king not be driven from the kingdom, and must we not all become English?"

"Not that! not that assuredly! I am promised that shall not be!" exclaimed Jeannette. "I will believe, I will trust, that shall not be, though all men's acts cry out against the hope. My arrand, if you would hear it, is soon told, noble sir. I have come to this chamber of the king's, commanded to ask of Robert de Baudricourt that he should lead me or have me led to the Dauphin, but he beeds neither me nor my words. And yet, before the

mid-Lent comes, I must stand in the Dauphin's presence, though my legs be worn to the knees to come to him. For no one upon the earth, neither kings, nor dukes, nor the Scotch king's daughter, nor all the world joined and leagued in his behalf, shall regain for him the kingdom of France. There is no help for him but which I am appointed to bring. Why else should I speak? What would I not give, if I had anything to give—what would I not suffer, to be allowed to stay and spin by my poor mother's side! but the work I am to do is not mine. I must go, it must be done, for it is the will of Messire!"

"And who is Messire?" asked the young man, and she replied as she had to Robert de Baudricourt.

The young man inclined himself humbly as she did. "You are not without friends or hope," said he: "for myself, Henri knows well my name and station."

"A most worthy gentleman, Jean of Novelompont, whom somecall of Metz," replied the workman.

"Such power as I have," interrupted Novelompont, "I will freely use, nay, I promise, my hand within your's, that if all other means fail, I will myself, under the blessing of Heaven, lead you to the King, though being there, I have but the word of a simple gentleman that he believes you, to add to your own speech, and that before the proudest of the land, some of whom would flout and jeer if Charles had lost his last castle, so their own worthlessness were safe."

"But Robert de Baudricourt-" cried Jeannette.

"Others, whom he would listen to more readily than to me, have spoken with him already as far as they might," answered Novelompont. "Bertrand de Poulengy, cautious and deliberate as he is, has urged much on your behalf."

"Oh. thanks to him, and to you, noble Messire!" cried Jeannette. "If it might but be that I could come to the speech of the Dauphin. he would believe me, at least it is said that he would."

- " And you would set forth-"
- " This day rather than to-morrow."
- "And habited as you are, or are you otherwise prepared for such a journey?"
- "I would have the habit of a man," said Jeannette frankly. "I am bid to put it on when the need comes, and that, methinks, would be the need, and it would become me most fitly for the journey."
- "That, at least, is soon and easily done," said Novelompont. "You shall have a suit just made for my page, who is, if I may guess, much of your stature; this I bestow freely; but I must warn you again, that, were you to set forth with

me, you might be as far from the king's speech of Chinon as you are at Vaucouleurs, for, though am considered somewhat here in my own neighbourhood, it is little, girl, that I should be heeded even in the outer hall of a king's court, unless brought money or a large troop of retainers for the king's service."

"You should bring him more than these," reiterated Jeannette. "But you are good, you are kind. I believe you altogether; I was hid to get conduct from Baudricourt; you are, you must be right since so it was said; they would only listen to some one high in office; could you but get letter from him, his word only to the Dauphin!"

"Which he will not give, which he would call it an affront to ask," observed her new friend.

Jeanne was for some minutes irresolute. "I would go forward, I would be at Chinon, and trust to what must happen," she said; "but that Baudricourt is the means enjoined me, and it seems true and right that through the Dauphin's governor in our land succour should be sent to the sovereign." The discussion was interrupted by a new arrival.

Durand Laxart came in, accompanied by a messenger, whose badge was instantly recognized by Novelompont as that of the Duke of Lorraine. Durand embraced his niece affectionately and joyfully, and she returned his caress with the fondness of a child for an indulgent parent.

"I bring you tidings," he said; "a great and powerful prince has heard of your speech, and would see you; this gentleman is a servitor of the Duke of Lorraine, and brings his message to you."

"Surely this solves our riddle," said Novelompont; "and if the Duke of Lorraine, indeed, declares himself for Charles, promises a succour which neither Baudricourt nor any can doubt, but which all will be bound to accept with joy for the king's service——"

Jeannette trembled with hope.

"I am not bidden to say this," interposed the messenger. "Our noble master languishes under a cruel sickness, and, if I mistake not, his desire to see one whom many call a prophetess relates principally or alone to that."

"Alas I I have no power or skill," said Jeannette.

Novelompont now interposed. "Yet surely if aught may be permitted to you for the service of this prince, Jeannette, you will cheerfully perform it; may it not be that by this aid to him, you may win the help that is so much needed?"

"It is only just that I should give no false hope; it is right that I should see the noble Duke under no untrue pretence of character," said Jeannette

firmly. "Bear in mind, sir," she continued to the messenger, "that I claim no power of prophecy or cure concerning him, and if, after that, the prince would still have converse with one like me, I wait his orders gladly."

"He will be best pleased to be obeyed," said the messenger, "and you can yourself declare to him what you please."

"Remember what I have said," she replied; "and this I ask of all you. When would you that I should set forth?"

"To-morrow, so please you," was the measenger's answer. "The Duke hath sent for you a gallant black horse that will bear you readily to Nancy in the day."

"And I will myself escort you as far as Toul," said Novelompont.

"I bring the Duke's safe conduct for her, sir," mid the messenger, "so that she shall be safe in Lorraine as in Champagne."

"You will send me, too, those habits," said Jeannette to Novelompont. "I will wear them in pledge that I am henceforth devoted to this cause, and that I put aside from this, as much as I may, the poor girl of Domremy, and am the messenger, the sacrifice, if it must be, of the weal of France."

The parties separated to their respective dwellings, save that Durand Laxart remained with

Henri and his household; and Henri procuring for him the use of a good horse, he determined also to accompany his niece to the Ducal palace of Nanci. Early the next morning, as she had been in her journey from Petit Burey, Jeannette arose, and drossed herself in the plain but decent garb which John of Novelompont had sent for her.

Besides the full plaited tunic and hose of the page, the first of which hung somewhat more loosely, even than the fashion of the time, on the form of Jeannette, she was equipped in half-boots for riding; a small cap with a single feather was on her head; and a full mantle hanging square before and behind, a mode frequent then, left no startling or unpleasant change in her dress. The king, whose form was by no means a striking one, had, indeed, introduced the wearing of full and long garments, which, in the reign of his successors, have been superseded by others, fitter, perhaps, for activity and convenience, yet neither so graceful nor so dignified.

This time no hand interposed to spare the tremes which many of the inveliest might envy, and which were laid aside by their wearer with no other thought than that they were unbecoming her great task, and then, after the prayer with which she invoked prosperity on every change of her

life, she summoned those who yet slept, and assembled her little party, which, besides those mentioned, consisted only of Novelompont's servant, Jean de Honnecourt.

Novelompont himself was struck with the modest self-possession, the noble bearing, of Jeannette. Her garments, it is true, were better and handsomer in themselves than those he had beheld her in, but there was a greater change than this. Instead of the disguise partaking in the slightest degree of indelicacy, it only appeared to add to her unconsciousness. It appeared fit for her task, of which he felt it constantly remind him; the lovely and beautiful woman easting aside the vanities, and even the natural adornments of her sex, that she might share in, and even lead the perils of the other, seemed in his eyes already changed into something celestial, free from the temptations of a nature of which it had thrown off the ordinary hopes.

The settled, though sometimes eager, purpose of her eyes, the unembarrassed frankness of every gesture, more than all, the one thought of devoted duty, which never left her, and which every word and action manifested, were to her now, as in the subsequent part of her career, a shield even against impure thoughts, which nothing nobler than brutalized ferocity or demoniac malice ever attempted to withdraw. And in that spotlessness she triumphed to the last, a glory which her most cowardly and cruel enemies were fain to reverence, almost to tremble before.

The morning was levely, though not uninterruptedly bright; the party rode through the little street to where the road turns off across the bridge over the Meuse, and then ascended the noble hill on the other side, turning glances back occasionally on the opposite castle, and the town beneath it; then they plunged into a more woody district, where the road curving as the nature of the ground, the disposition of hill and dale required, seemed every now and then to sweep into a full bosom of foliage, and the track appeared to come to a close; but the ways were passable enough in the spring weather, and though often turning, the sun streaming through the branches, or lying full and warm upon their path, as it emerged from the passing clouds, shewed that they were journeying eastward.

The messenger of the Duke rode on with Durand Laxart, informing himself of the story of the prophetens he was leading to his master; and as the Duke's faith had been suggested by his need of her assistance, the servant's was well disposed to receive the tale which Durand faithfully recounted; and, indeed, craved more of the marvellous than was at hand to gratify him. John of Novelompont

rode side by side with Jeannette, and to him she as simply told all that she remembered of herself, confirming every moment, by some word of unselfish enthusiasm, his belief in her mission, or waking his admiration with some trait of native, unobtrusive good sense, or benevolent feeling.

They then talked of Charles, Duke of Lorraine, and from her companion Jeannette learned at full the state of his court, confirming or adding to what had reached her by report. His separation from his wife, Margaret of Bavaria, a good and virtuous princess, and the habits of rockless dissipation which led to that event, made much impression upon one, whose only means of bringing health to the sick prince dwelt, as she believed, in urging him to that conduct which should leave his conscience at ease, and render his prayers acceptable to the giver of health.

By nine in the morning, they reached the old town of Toul with its picturesque site, crowned as it is by the table-topped mountains, and surrounded by rich plains, from which, on every hill-side, vine-yards spring, a land of pienty and of beauty; and more than that, in the time I write of, a land of security and peace. Here they halted for awhile, and John of Novelompont took leave of them.

"I go," said he to Jeannette, " to fulfil duties, which, if not so sacred as your own, are most im-

perative upon me; this war has reduced to almost helpless straits some who have no hope but in my care, and whom the ties of nature bid me to cheer and succour; but that done, it shall go hard but, ere the Mid-Lent comes, you shall find me again at Vaucouleurs, ready to lend my poor service to the work you have in hand. More pressing instances reached me even as I left you yesterday, which leave me little time to prepare or deliberate; but it shall be no fault of my will, if I am absent from the honourable struggle you would lead us to."

"Even so," replied Jeannette, "I lose my only friend of power, but St. Catharine forbid that I should urge you to neglect that you should do for the surety or help of others; yet, methinks, the time will come when all surety and all help shall rally upon one field, and strike with one arm, and when every single hope shall feel, that it is but part of that great one, the welfare of France."

"Heaven send the time!" said John of Novelompont, fervently, "it shall find me neither traitor nor idler; Henri of Vaucouleurs will know of my dwelling; to him speak, and send him to me as the events may urge you. Farewell, and all good speed." She gave him her hand, and he rode off with his valet.

Jeannette felt solitary at this seeming abandonment, though she did not mistrust the truth of Novelompont's excuses, and she would fain have diverted her melancholy bodings, by urging on at once to Nanci; but the messenger, enter as he might into his master's interests, had yet some regard for his own appetite, and would needs defer the chance of cure for the certainty of a breakfast.

"Besides," quoth he, "that the horses are good, and would bear the journey 'tis true; but, therefore, the more do they merit our care and consideration; and if, as she says, the maiden can do little or nothing for the noble Duke, the less lack will be have of her immediate presence. Cure cannot come too soon to any man, but counsel, especially to great ones, both marvellous success if it find welcome at all." Which sentence satisfying himself rather than his heavers, cost them an hour and a half of time on their journey.

At length they were again on the road, and the scenery became yet bolder and richer as they climbed or descended the loftier hills, towards the ducal residence. They came, some time after noon, to the hill called the Côte de Nunci, and as they gained its brow, the glorious panorama of that rich plain burst upon their view, where the city itself seems but one of many towns; and the Cuthedral of St. Nicholas, that celebrated resort for pilgrimage, though at two leagues from Nanci, appears in the great expanse as if it were but a suburb church, as

its dark tall towers appear on the farther side of the capital.

"Surely the Duke must here see all his dominions," said Jeannette in admiration of a scene such as she had never yet beheld. The messenger only condescended to answer by a smile and a shake of the head; and truly, single-minded as she was, Jeannette rode on, impressed with the power and magnificence of the lord of such a territory.

But, as they rode towards it, the town itself, surrounded by a thick and heavy wall, narrow in the streets, and squalid as are most towns dependant upon feudal protection, removed much of this admiration from the mind; and as they came before the low and heavy palace, Jeannette cared less to meet the Duke of Lorraine, than she had to encounter the Captain of Vaucouleurs.

No difficulty here awaited her reception; the Duke was anxious for the arrival of his supposed physician, and she was ushered at once to the room where the old man, half bloated and half emaciated, reclined on a couch.

He regarded her fixedly for a moment, while she humbly inclined herself. "Henri de Vouvray," said he, with some effort, "who was with Robert de Baudricourt when thou wert before him, hath spoken of thee here; to me at my command, when I heard of his reports, and though he be a scoffer.

and affects not to believe all, yet even he is not irreverent as usual when he talks of thee; it is well for the young and thoughtless, revelling in full health, to laugh at what scarcely seems to concern them; but when men are stretched on a sick bed, they grow wiser, and would seek for counsel and knowledge. He says thou hast prophecied expressly and confidently concerning the realm of France; if so, it will be a little and easy thing for thee to look into futurity, and find for me the event of this malady, or perchance, by prayer or holy charm, to rid me of it altogether; if thou canst, say but the word, and thou shalt have reward, such as prince should give for lengthened life."

"Most gracious sir," replied the maiden, "I have said to your messenger as I now say to yourself, that it is almost presumptuous in me to come into such a presence, seeing that I have not the desired aid or counsel to bring; nor should I have dared to do so, but that I had rather a great boon to solicit of one as mighty as your grace, and which should do good to your own soul too, as I might hope, if the doing of a good deed, with not my prayers alone, but those of the many millions of restored France, might move heaven for your health and immortal weal."

"By all that is holy, I swear to thee," said the Duke, "give me but thy word's assurance of recovery, in the which I will put full faith, for well I know, that those who converse with spirits, good or evil, love not to be doubted, and I will give thee whatever thou dost ask, ay, were it to the peril of my dukedom, for I tell thee, girl, that I am rich and powerful, and would not change my state for the uncertainty of the grave; so that wouldst thou have a part of my duchy itself, could I save the other by thy means, why should I hesitate to grant it to thee?"

Jeannette cast herself upon her knees, and humbly embraced the Duke's. "Noble and powerful prince!" she cried, "do not recal your generous proffers, because I am unworthy of them. I would give all but truth and right, that you should grant me an escort into France, with letters to the Dauphin, praying him for his own sake to hear me, or that you should send your noble son-in-law René of Anjou to lead me to Charles's court, and to entreat him from you to give me credence."

"Mark me, girl!" replied the Duke, "this would involve me in a war with England and with Burgundy, subject my dominions to taxes and levies of men, spread havoc and blood, and perhaps end all by such ruin as has fallen on many a province of France; but be it so: Lorraine's strength would last many years to come. I will do what you would have me, come what risk there may, send an army

for an escort with you, and my pledge of battle on King Charles's side, so thou give me thy hand in mine, with sworn assurance of health and life to come."

Jeannette started upon her feet, as if to escape by that sudden action from besetting thoughts.

"No! no!" she exclaimed, though almost to herself, "there is no league between Heaven's truth and deceit! It is not an army that we want, but the spirit that shall lead them. Armes have been swept away as corn before the sickle; they may again be whelmed as the crops by the tempest, destroyed to rottenness; it is one humble speech that must rouse honest humble hearts to fight, with such right conscience as they would pray and lie down on the battle-field as a bed of peace and rest. Great armies have fought for us from Agincourt till now; but of their very pride they have perished." A moment she paused, and then turned reverently to the Duke.

"Sir," she continued, "there is in my heart one desire, placed there, as I believe, by the Spirit that prompts all thoughts that come and continue with prayer; it consumes me, gnawing and burning as would unslaked lime; it leaves me norther day nor night, urging, goading, compelling. I would due to satisfy the craving, as the steed would drop dead overspurred in the course, and my goal

borne. I must neither cast off the pain, nor win the triumph by a lie! Nay, it could not be if I would. Save as the bearer of this errand, I am no prophetess, but a simple girl. Your servitor that keeps your rich jewels and your store of gold is not thereby the richer, nor are they to be spent but as yourself direct; it is even so with me. I have but the charge of that is entrusted to me, of which the use and joy are a gift of the greatest, to make the Dauphin king of France."

"But it must have come to thee," replied the Duke, "by study, by skill, or, say, by prayer; I pay for masses in the Church, which the priests refuse not, but proclaim their efficacy; why should it not be so with thee? I have offered thee the large price of thy prayers, what need of more words between us?"

"Because," answered the maiden, "I am endowed with no gifts that I may sell, none that may benefit myself, none, as it should seem, that may even lessen my toil; I question not the prayers of the Church; I would beg them always for myself; its office is happier than mine."

"It seems, then," said the Duke sternly, "that if thou comest not here to mock me, those who advised me to send for thee had but a foolish purpose, or were but miserably ill instructed in thy gifts; such are friends searching for the wants of others, flattering falsely to gain a moment's praise, or the welcome of a smile, and mocking the while at help-lessness and grief, but I may live yet to note them! Tell me, once for all, girl, hast thou for me neither knowledge of the future, nor advice for the present?"

"Will you bear with my advice, if I should tender it?" asked the maiden.

"Ay, and return thee ample thanks, for, at least, thou speakest the truth," answered the Duke.

"Search, then, your heart, noble prince," said she, "and let that be your only counsellor, save that you might confess to some good priest who should fearlessly blame that which he might find to be evil, and freely impose penance for it. I know not what is between your grace's heart and Heaven; but though affliction falls on all; on the great, judgments, as I have heard, often fall for signs and warnings, for terrors to the world, and for corrections to themselves, as when the poor have reproved mightiest kings, and their words have been crowned with power. Men say you have a good and gracious princess, from whom you live apart; putting her, innocent as she is, to the misery and almost to the shame of a divorce; now, Heaven pardon thee, Duke, that, and all other sins of which it behaves me little to speak, and much less to judge; but if thou wouldst be free from wrath, I

have no counsel so good to give thee as to pray to Heaven with a clearer soul, and so remove the cause."

The already pale features of the Duke grew more livid and frightful with anger, and his bloated muscles worked fearfully, between the shame of reproof and the resentment; but Jeannette stood before him so unmoved, so fearless, and yet so humble, that for still greater shame he made an affort to contain his feelings. He even tried to smile, but the attempt was faint and ghastly.

"You have spoken," he said, and then added almost ironically, and with a look round, which sought support from the few who were with him in the room, "Aught else?"

"But to implore you, sir, as a prince, in a good and honourable cause; but to conjure you, as one put in authority by Heaven, in the name by which you are deputed, to aid me to do its bidding; to give me escort such as I have asked, or but one word of advice to Robert de Baudricourt to credit me and to forward me in my appointed work; and morning or night shall not pass but you shall have an earnest prayer from me for your health, both of body and soul."

"Ha! ha!" replied the Duke, "a prayer which you confess has no power; and give you a word or a letter to Baudricourt, or my son's escort, when all your power is to serve France, for the fall of which I care as for the fall of that early blighted leaf that eddies yonder by the window. Mix my hand by counsel or by arms in a quarrel which may bring destruction, to please the whim of one who cannot even proffer me aid! But I am not angry with thee, girl; it would, indeed, ill become Charles of Lorraine to waste wrath with such as thee; remember thou art come hither on my errand, which thou canst not accomplish; thou shalt have thy payment for thy labour, even though it be useless. Gaspard, show me some pieces of silver!"

An attendant took the purse from his girdle, and laid some pieces open on his hand for the Duke to choose. "Take these four frances for thy charges," he said; "they will feast thee here according to thy station as thou mayest desire; see that it be done," he continued to the lowest of his followers, who bowed with a scornful slight nod to the command, but, as it were, in obedience to the feeling of him who commanded. "And now we would be alone."

It was with some tinge of unsubdued pride and unchastened anger, that Jeannette looked for a moment on the donor and the proffered gift; a flash of fire from her quick eyes, and a glow of unusual redness on her transparent cheek, disturbed the attempted serenity of the Duke's dismissal, and

awakened the superstitious respect for her power in which he had at first sent to invite her.

"Dost thou require more?" he asked, in a somewhat milder tone. "All who come hither at my request should be fully satisfied; a curse for lack of generosity has not yet, I think, been laid upon my head."

Jeannette smiled. "Oh, gracious sir!" she exclaimed; "if curses befitted us, surely none but the meanest could measure them by such pelf. With all thanks, and humbly, I accept your gift, which is, indeed, much for my service, but which I take in respectful token of obedience, and as accepting even honour by it from a mighty prince."

"If more—" interrupted the Duke, a little moved by finding himself put in the wrong by her patience.

"More I should as respectfully refuse as I accept this," answered Jeannette, taking the money, and placing it in the hands of Durand Laxart, who stood at a little distance behind her. "As I may now depart, farewell, and all humble thanks to your grace."

She left the apartment, followed by the attendant commissioned to provide for her.

"A cup of water and a piece of bread, which we can eat here on the bench, I will gladly take, and it is all we need," said she mildly; nor did entreaties for the honour of his master's house, no even displayed luxuries, tempt her to do more the mingle some little wine with her drink, while Laxart, by her example, fared most simply."

"And now," said she, rising, "after thanks for that we have eaten, pray you tell us the road St. Nicholas." It was pointed out to her. "The ther we may go easily, while it is well day," sais she to her uncle; "and I need to kneel before some boly shrine to gain new strength and pray forgive ness for some hasty thoughts."

"And on the morrow I must return to Pet Burey," replied be.

"And I with you," was her answer. "I can to tend upon my aunt, I said so, and it would be deceit did I not do it. I must pray, ask, inquiagain, and if there be no other means, and that permitted to me, John of Novelompont may lee me to the Dauphin. I have been moved, and would be calmed and forgiven."

A walk to St. Nicholas of two leagues, a pray at that holy shrine, a confession to a father of the church, a night of placid repose, bought by excition and by a conscience satisfied by absolution filled the remainder of their stay; and in the eart morning, Jeannette and her uncle were on the road, diligently walking towards Vaucouleurs at Petit Burey.

CHAPTER XV.

It was the second day towards evening that Durand and Jeannette arrived at his cottage at Petit Burey. They had called on Henri and Catharine in Vaucouleurs, and told them shortly of their reception at Nanci, and received from them again carnest assurances of consideration and aid as far as their ability would allow, and eager invitations to use their house for a resting-place or a dwelling, as their affairs or wishes might require.

A new source of feeling and of thought was to be presented to Jeannette. Within a few hours after their return Laxart's wife was seized with the pains of labour. Their intensity tired even her courage to look upon, though that courage was eminently such as Heaven has given to woman to soothe, by forgetting self, and to show the best efforts of sympathy, by stifling its incapacitating pulses. It was another wrench of the heart from any clinging desire of secure life, to behold a lengthened agony, such as few deaths even of

Nature's torture, more powerful than even the perverted ingenuity of man, could inflict. She wondered at the compelled heroism of so many of her kind. She felt more assured of the severe conditions of human nature; she learned the more to blame any impatience of her own for the present, and to quail the less for the future. Ought the sulvation of a kingdom to cost her a less terrible certainty than the gift of life to one helpless infant?

Thus she met the future with the present; and her heart, gentler and more pitiful to others than ever in the sight of so much endurance, became the more steeled against any weakness of her own. This exalted spirit, which might have borne her above all trials, rather than have enabled her to meet and contend with them, was not to remain unalloyed by more common, more luxurious tendernesses.

Besides the affection which was claimed by the feeble mother, a still deeper one sprang up for the utterly dependent and helpless infant. The new thing born to suffer, though not, as Jeannotte had the privilege to know, hopelessly or uselessly, its imperfect faculties, its incipient affections, growing out of its wants, appeared to Jeannette one of the very few delightful mysteries of life. The thought that its fate might be among those she was to bless,

tweetened the anxiety of the future, yet more continually than she had been for years, was Jeannette for a time occupied with the living interest of the present.

Even her parents she again received in joy and peace when they came to Laxart's cottage to hail their new relation, and bring fresh love to their elder ones, and even they returned with content and trust, avoiding to inquire into the rumours which were rife of the journeys which Jeannette had taken, and the hopes which they yet trusted she might abandon. Indeed, few would desire to meet the passion of Jacques d'Arc, which was sure to recoil on the relater of unwelcome news as to his daughter, and, as he almost morosely avoided or reproved the theme, he knew less than any in Domremy of what had taken place. Even Laxart, whom he could not disbelieve, deceived himself by Jeannette's affection for his child, encouraged Jacques and Isabel in their security. And so wore away some mouths, while the aid of Jeannette appoarral to be absolutely needed, either for the mother or the infant, and sadder and sadder did alle grow as that task appeared to draw towards its close.

New and even more fatal rumours began to reach us who dwelt in the valley of the Meuse. Until this time, the war, though unequally maintained by the fitful efforts of the French chivalry against the disciplined system established by Henry V., and as far as their authority could extend under the reign of a minor upheld by Bedford and his generals, was still a contest inwhich the chances did not appear hopeless. But in the losing game of war, as in all others, as the struggle is protracted, it becomes more evidently desperate.

The summer of 1428 appeared to be the closing campaign of the French arms, till they should be used as of provincial subjects in behalf of the further triumphs of English ambition. Though it was midsummer before Salisbury took the field, yet diligence for once seemed to overtake time; town after town was taken by assault or by panie, till almost all the Orleannois north of the Loire owned the voke. and appeared to be served irrevocably from the dominion of the native sovereign. And Burgundy was again reconciled to the English, the wars raised on account of the succession to the estates of Jacqueline of Holland had ceased, and once more did Philip, whose easily carned name of the "good" is surely a satire on princes, turn his vindictive arms against his liege lord and native land. The strongholds left to Charles in Champagne were beleaguered by his forces, and even on the borders of Lorraine, in the extreme frontier of the kingdom, did the apprehension of more than a passing invasion begin to be seriously felt, and men prepared to shield themselves by flight, or arm themselves with patience to bear the yoke of the islander.

Men talk of peril ere it comes, their judgment forceses it, their lips even prophecy it, but their hearts do not credit it till it is nigh, and then the wisest tremble with astonishment to find their own prognostications true. So was it with France in the autumn of 1428. Men who had coldly talked of ruin as though it were but a threat to others, now felt the earthquake under their own feet. To Jeannette, as to one who had long spoken of the peril, and devoted herself openly to its exigencies, came the inhabitants of Petit Burey and the surrounding hamlets, with rumours and terrors almost taking the form of remonstrance and complaint. The necessity seemed knocking at their doors. which would compel them to join their election to her own inspiration, to invest her with command.

Her own meditations, vivified by the need of events, wanted no such spur. At certain hours of the day she was ever alone; her words even of curess became fewer, as if she denied herself all enervating thought, her countenance became more habitually careful. No conversation held her, but that of the destiny of France, and then only did she smile happily when she indulged in hopes of its regeneration. Her fame sprend more and more us her outward

bearing became more firm and determined, for the herd judge mostly by such symbols, and scarcely ever recognize wisdom in unpretending gaiety, or deep purpose in a smile.

It was at this time that I ventured to renew our intercourse; I believed that I had conquered all that could render it dangerous to my peace; I thought that I could even find all the delight I could care to seek in an observance of her will, and a devotion to her purposes.

My life at home had been listless, save when I roused myself to fitful exertion by a strong effort of determination; no wonder, for, save that duty to my mother which I strove to pay cheerfully and thankfully, I could make no purpose to my life. And for her my conscience was thus far satisfied, that I could leave to her, whether I lived or died, all she could need for the remainder of a simple and frugal life; the delights of such tempered affections as those borne by a son to a mother were comparatively unfelt at an age when for Jeannette I believed I could restrain my wishes to the calm unruffled friendship of a brother!

Why quarrel with human inconsistences? may, why deplore them? With me they cannot be recalled.

My first approach towards the restoration of our fellowship might have taught me the truth. I

waited in the road which I knew Durand Laxart would take to his labour, and chose the hour when I knew he would be alone to recommence, as if by acculent, our neglected acquaintance. But Durand Luxart suspected no one of guile. I even managed, unskilful as I was and unnerved by my consciousness, to draw from him a request that I would come with him to his cottage, and once more see Jeannette as a friend. At my desire he promised to speak of our meeting to herself, to watch whether such a visit would be unwelcome to her, and I appointed to meet him the next day to hear his reply and her's. What difficulty I had to restrain all the old hopes which disappointment could not destroy. what labour to persuade myself that they could no more be entertained, with what sophistry I at last permitted myself to be convinced that to indulge in the impossible dream but as a dream, was wisdom, and that it was time enough to discard it when the truth came, need not be told to those who have felt, would be told idly to those who have not.

I saw Durand, after waiting for him hours before his appointment; Jeannette had consented to receive me; he informed me that she had done so at once, and without emotion, on which he congratulated me, and assured me of his own friendly exertions in that he had stated to her his perfect knowledge that I had no desire to engage more than her friendship, and that he had even pledged his own word that such was my unalterable mind.

And for this piece of service, though it was what I had strictly enjoined, I was not, after all, excessively grateful. I did not wish to see her at once, as if eager to avail myself of a new understanding, with Durand I might talk of her uninterruptedly and without stint. I laboured by his side for the morning, and heard much of what I have here recounted, and then with him, an hour before noon, repaired to his cottage, my heart beating audibly, and my cheek burning, though I would not understand their warnings. But if what I had heard of her a little mingled my feelings with awe, her look and manner contributed still more to calm them for the time into distant respect.

She received me frankly but coldly, and scarcely suffered herself to be diverted from household business while it was to be done, or from the engrossing thoughts which were now indeed the daily conversation of all. No recurrence even for a moment to past times: her manner expressed forgiveness for what had taken place at Toul, but she instantly stopped all excuse, all reference to supposed injuries.

"My uncle has told me," she said, as I strove to speak of it, "that we are not, even in your eyes, what we have been, or rather what you once supposed we might be—it is a dream I have distributed as it had never been: if there were any thing to purdon, it shall be even new forgetten from this hour, and I accept you, so your own honour pledged through my uncle, as my friend, my brether, who never can or would be more or less to me."

I could but acquience, and endeavoured to satisfy myself with such affinity, coupled with the perfect assurance that no one could possess nearer pretentions.

In this spirit I resumed unemsciously my old habit of devoting my time entirely to her service, though with less estentation: I wished now to make myself imperceptably useful to her, not to alarm her jealousy by an overweening office assess. What remained of my Burgundian principles, if they ever could be called so, which were but the birthright preyadness of my family, were given up even in name. I fancied that there could be no lack of honour in abandoning a triumphant party, and my feelings, and by them, perhaps, at first, my reason, could plead conviction for my change. She believed me, for to her the cause of Charles was the cause of Heaven; how could she doubt the honest conversion of those who esponsed it?

After a time the even ventured to employ me in its behalf. It was when the news came of the abandonment of Heangener by the French that the passion which had hitherto been moody burst forth into renewed impatience of inaction.

" Day by day," she exclaimed, " the canker cats into the core of the tree, nay, branch is rudely torn off after branch, and my voice, the only one to which safety is promised, is unheard!" unheard!" she continued, pacing the little room; "it is I that suffer it to be mute. Woes that are related to us make the blood curdle even in the most temperate veins; the danger comes near us, till all seem to writhe already beneath the lash that is uplifted for them; my Voices call on me daily, hourly, drive me from room to room, and from field to field, and their speeches are never out of my ears. 'Arise! to the Dauphin! On, in the name of France! Smite for the cause for which the saints themselves prav, which Heaven enjoins!' The cold Baudricourt have I tried; the sensual Charles of Lorraine must have a new soul ere he could be moved; there was one who promised, but hefaints, goes about this wretched business of his own, like one striking bargains for merchandize as the ship he stands on founders, But he may be true; it may be that he waits only for the call that should arouse him. He must be sought again at Vaucouleurs, or alone with a scrip and a staff must I set forth on my pilgrimage, and lay me down at the gates of the Dauphin's palace, till, for charity, they bear me into his presence."

I asked the office of searching for her promised putron, and I was permitted to set forth, not to claim from John of Novelompont his proffered assistance, but to take her where he might be found, since to no voice but her own would she entrust the work of bidding him fulfil his pledge.

On the morrow I cheerfully set out for his house at Vaucouleurs; I learned, indeed, the business which still occupied him, a charity to near kindred; they could not tell me where of many places he might be found, for little communication was there in those disturbed times. My journey to know of him might be long and must be perilous; but I had promised the tidings to Jeannette; and the difficulty of the service only increased its attraction to me, who would fain have to render some deed worthy of acceptance and praise.

Three weeks were spent in this journey, in peril among enemies, and scarcely more ruthful friends; till at length I found John of Novelompont in a castle in the north of Champagne, the possession of his widowed sister and her fatherless child, the domain of which had been desolated by the war; but the half-ruined towers still presented an unenvied possession which might be kept for the widow and orphan, because armies would not heed such a conquest, and banditti had already spoiled all that could be taken, with labour worth the glean-

ing. And some hope yet remained of drawing round the standard of Charles a few faithful vassals who might at once save the fortunes of those dear to Novelompont, and prove a useful division in favour of the general cause.

I had performed this journey on foot, and in the poorest apparel that I had, that I might excite no observation; indeed that I might not become an object of plunder, perhaps the victim of murder. I returned wearied and exhausted to Petit Buroy. It almost makes me smile now to think that I hesitated to present myself before Jeannette, the mean and haggard figure that I appeared. But I did so, and wisely as far as my object was to obtain her confidence; she saw that I had not spared toil for her sake; and my worn looks pleaded best for such regard as she had to give.

She bore the disappointment of my news calmly; for a new determination had arisen in her mind, and with it new hope. In the little cottage that night we deliberated long and earnestly; each of the little family took part in it. Jeannetts Laxart had long been possessed with a full persuasion of her niece's mission. Durand had first spoken of it to her, and the every-day acts of kindness, which won her as a partisan, were not stronger with her than the constant acts of devotion, the regular life subdued to one purpose, the constant

acting upon such a bolief which she every hour witnessed in Jeannette.

Women sometimes refrain from becoming proselytes to high enthusiasm, because their weakness and dependence teach them to dread its dangers; but that natural fear once overcome by the nobler motives, their former caution is repaid with tenfold earnestness. Jeannette Laxart appeared therefore the most disappointed at what she called the lukewarmness of Novelompont. Jeannette urged that the duties he had to do must be left to his own conscience.

"But for me," she continued, "something must be done. It is now September; the next mid-Lent is the period assigned; for me to go to Novelempont to urge him to conduct me to the Dauphin, would be to undertake a journey as difficult and hazardous as that towards the court itself; and he has told me how little he could, in his own person, be of advantage to me when we should have arrived. Since all who might help refuse or desert me, I must rely upon myself, and upon that which can guard me alone, as well as though I were protected by an army. I will put on the clothes which Novelompont gave me, and set forth at once for the Orleannois. Bread is all that I need for food; a cup of water no one will deny me; and at this season, wherever there is a shed, I

shall find a place for rest, and perhaps here and there a better one, where men's hearts are kind and charitable."

"But alone! a maiden travelling in these times of violence!" said Jeannette Laxart.

"My habit will prevent some danger," answered the girl; "and what shall I carry with me to provoke plunder?"

"Even your clothes, were they aught but rags," answered Durand; "even the hope that they might find some stray liards; and should you not meet with the wretched to whom such booty would be life for the day, the wanton insolent soldiery, or the banded brigands who call themselves so, might, for their mere sport, assail, perhaps, in the end, murder you, as many have been slain, by torture, to compel a ransom, which nothing but the avarice of their torturers could ever suppose they had the means of paying."

"But it must be ventured," replied Jeannette firmly; "and am I not promised that I shall arrive in safety?"

"By the aid or means of Robert de Baudricourt, is it not?" asked Jeannette Laxart.

"It is so," said Jeannette, and mused for some time; "but why do the Voices still speak to me? why do they repeat that the Dauphin must be succoured, and succoured by me, before the Mid-Lont?

And, look you, every day have the tidings come which shew that it is true. Do not men say that the Dauphin's towns yield daily to the English, or are taken at the sword's point, so that the inhabitants are butchered, and their dwellings fired without mercy and without exception? By the Mid-Lent! It is not for me to tell, but I have striven to learn from such as could instruct me, and they say, that if Salisbury continue as he has begun, hy that season of Mid-Lont the Dauphin shall scarcely have a town in which to muster an army, or a village from which he could draw soldiers. Even here they draw nearer and nearer to us, so that if we are to die true subjects, rather than live false traitors, what matters it a few months sooner or later? or, indeed, who would not wish to be the first, to be spared the sight of that which is to come? I will go forth alone, and at once while there is time."

"Not alone, Jeannette," said I firmly; "my life is devoted as your's, and to the cause you espouse: hear me to the end! I have shown you that I can brave fatigue; I know your courage; but what danger you will front I will not fall back from; two may be safe where the odds would be hopeless against one; or, if I may say it, one life, staked almost against any odds, may give the other a chance of rescue or escape."

"It cannot be," said Jeannette; "I believe !

know you would do all you speak of, and more, if it were possible; but say that we arrive safely at the Dauphin's court, the young girl and the youth who has declared himself at one time her lover—you see I do not heed to speak of it—travelling with him alone: is it thus that I must be spoken of—for surely tongues are as busy in courts as in villages—when I bear a sacred mission to a sovereign for the deliverance of his people?"

" But, by mine honour --- !"

"It is the name," she interrupted me. "I would trust you frankly, but who would gain great ends must think well of the means; and for that I am to do, there were less peril in many an encounter on the way than in one idle speech against me, when I must offer all my actions, and, if possible, all my thoughts, clearly before them, so that they shall read my truth in what I am, innocent and blameless, as far as I know how to be so"

"You think rightly; yet surely you should not go forth alone," said Jeannette Laxart; "Heaven knows what is to happen to us all; and, ignorant as I am, I would rather put my trust in those who have spoken with you, Jeannette, than in the few towns that are between us and the Duke of Burgundy's pillagers. What may come who can tell, since the wisest sometimes fall into a snare, even out of their own caution? Sometimes it is but to venture much, ay, even all, to save all."

She kissed the child which lay upon her bosom, rose, and went over to Jeannette. She continued low and tremulously to speak, and kept her face from the light. "He who will save his life shall lose it,' said the Curé the other day, and it made me think to hear him; so suffer Jacques Alain to go with you, and, that there come no scandal, take Durand also, whose heart I know would not be at peace away from you; not but that he loves his wife and child as a man should; but that he thinks, as I do, that your's is higher business than our's: and that, after all, no ill shall come to those who prosper it. Go forth the three bravely-" She was obliged to pause and wipe away her tears; " and you shall ail-ay, all come back to us here, and shew us what you have done, and we shall be proud of you - and oh! so happy to have you once again!" and with this she fell upon Jeannette's neck, yet holding fast by her husband's hand.

The sacrifice was opposed, but for once even Jeannette spoke to her friends in vain.

"Will you, who know that is your duty to do this," urged Laxart's wife, "refuse the best means you may have, and shall we who believe you, believe, as you do, that you are obeying Heaven itself, gradge all we can do to help you? If you hope for a reward, perhaps we do also; and though we are not so good as you, dear Jeannette, we may try to

trust in what you have yourself taught us to confide in."

Jeannette at length accepted the proffer; the resolution, once taken, was not delayed in action. "To-day, rather than to-morrow," she had said to Novelompont. The next morning was the time appointed to us, giving me only time to return to Maxey for a few hours, and to make such preparations as should bear our small expenses on the road, which, small as they were, it must fall principally to my share to provide for, a service which Jeannette accepted with less reluctance, and even slighter thanks than any other.

I did not care to witness the parting of Laxart and his wife, or, indeed, her's from Jeannette. With the dawn, we were on the road to Vaucouleurs, for through that we must pass, in order to strike into a western road, I keeping some paces ahead, till we were out of Petit Burey, and fairly entered by ourselves upon our attempt.

One part of our safety was in the avoidance of all rumour, which might raise foes to waylay us; through Vaucouleurs, therefore, and all places where we were known, we passed rapidly and secretly, coasting as much as possible round any much inhabited streets or knots of houses, and then striking at convenient opportunities into the high road. The day was fine, the spirit of adventure in a cause of

which no one doubted the right, or the import, animated each; we met with no interruption on our path; and a hope, such as it would be difficult to call up on any baser occasion, crowned the auspices of success.

Jeannette was calmly cheerful, husbanding her strength of mind for the need, yet encouraging in any pause of doubt, inquiring, weighing deliberately, then urging forward with prompt decision, and almost unfailing in the sagacity of her inferences. After a halt of three hours in the heat of noon, for we had already traversed many leagues, we again set forward with the determination to press onwards in the night, profiting by its darkness to make unmolested way.

Wearied, indeed, by the time when by the stars we guessed two or three hours of the morning must be spent, we were glad to find a half ruined hovel, and consoled ourselves for the desolation that reigned around it, that it had now nothing to attract the cupidity or even the notice of marauders. With brunches from a neighbouring wood, which for some time we had skirted, keeping our path by such lights as Heaven lent us to direct it, we made dry couches on the crumbling floor, and, having agreed that our stay should be for some hours, took measures to watch in turns.

It would be necessary the next day to penetrate

the wood, and in it we should be well shielded, not only from observation, but from the noonday heat of the sun, yet able, by the direction of its light, to ascertain that of our own path. Jeannette, in all things directing, and in all proving her fitness to command by her example, insisted on keeping the first watch, as well as she might guess, of two hours; Durand's was then to last till sunrise, and mine was to compute two hours from that time, ere we resumed our travel.

Lover as I still was, it was not for many minutes after I had stretched myself upon my rude bed, that I could keep my eyes fixed even on the figure of Jeannette, which, half reclining, was still so placed, that she could easily perceive all approach; her back leaning against the wall, so that she fronted the dilapidated side of the hut, while a small window by her side permitted her from time to time to observe the other side, or listen to counds which might come from it. I fell into a deep sleep, after, perhaps, the most delightful, though one of the most arduous, days I had ever spent.

Had I been less wearied, my rest could not have been dreamless, for nothing but the bodily fatigue I had endured could have subdued the active purposes of my brain, or the visions of future joy which it would conjure up. In the belief that our present enterprise might be accomplished, it was natural that I should expect some advantage to my passion from having shared it; even should it fail signally, hopelessly, Jeannette might then turn to humbler and sweeter tasks for consolation. All that love could excite of heroism was in my heart; I was prepared to bear all, to contend with all, for her sake, and that of her chosen or commanded duty; but her trust, as mine, was that her mission should be perfected, and then—. Strange that this hope was destined to destroy itself—yet merciful, since how must it else have been destroyed!

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by day, played brightly over her countenance, reminded me of the times when there appeared no presumption in my wishes, told me that yet, in her soul, there was room for joy and peace, perhaps, in time, even for love. Perhaps, in that dream, she was a child again at Dommeny. I gazed till the thought intoxicated me, a pure, deep, unselfish thought of love, that now, an old man, I would not wish to have been otherwise than as it was. Gently, silently, I stole nearer to her side to watch, to read the story of her unwonted happiness; I knelt by her, and thunked Heaven for the sweet respite of sleep that gave her strength and cheerfulness, perhaps, for her waking task; for never did nature's provision seem to me so merciful. And then, forgetful of my watch, I permitted myself a long fond reverie, blissful perhaps as her own dreams.

Suddenly, a footstep near us startled me; I endeavoured to rise softly, yet in my haste touched one of the branches on which Jeannette lay. She sprang at an instant from the ground, ere I myself, confused as if detected, had fully risen, and by this time a stranger stood at the broken front wall of the cottage. Besides that he was alone, there was nothing from him to apprehend; he appeared scared at finding any one amid the ruins, and needed to be re-assured to make him stay near them. Jeannette bade him fear nothing; then gave one sad rather than reproachful look towards me, and sate herself silently by the side of Durand Laxart. The person whom we had seen now timidly entered, and we gave him some bread from our wallets.

He was a poor countryman, driven by the Burgundian forces from his own village, separated in his flight from all his friends, and who had wandered many days and many leagues, subsisting only on such casual charity as that we now tendered him. He assured us that we were likely to find few in a day's march, and those unfortunate and defenceless as himself, but that afterwards we should approach the line of contending bands, not the main forces—those we knew were in the Orleannois, and that we must penetrate well to the south of them—but such as carried on the predatory warfare which had rendered that plain a desert.

This was drawn from him by my questions, for Jeannette sat silently beside her sleeping uncle, and, as the man finished his meal, she bade him take the place she had occupied; he obeyed her, and soon fell fust asleep. As I perceived she would not repose again, I began in low whispers to talk with her on the plans of the day, but she interrupted me.

"Jacques Alain, our path of to-day must be to retrace the one we came yesterday. My uncle must have some rest, and then we will do what we can to return."

I knew full well her reason, and began to excuse myself. I had hoped, I told her, that she should never even guess my thoughts.

" Is it not enough that you still entertain them?" she replied. "I do not blame you, though it much grieves me, grieves me for your own sake, as well us that I cannot trust you in this enterprise. How could I, now aware of them, proceed with the candour of soul which is demanded of me? How could the remotest chance of such a love as your's. becoming known to others, befit the only honest security in which we ought to travel? It has, indeed-I do not reproach you-but it has already put us in what might have proved a real peril. Had yon poor outcast been the forerunner of an armed band, he would have been equally unperceived. But that might be forgotten; I would believe that you would never so again desert your post of duty : I would believe that you would, as you are bound in honour, use all outward caution, so that none might see your passion, or he led to believe that I gave you a token of returning it. That I know it now is enough: there must be a plain refusal in what I do; my own conscience must be clear of the

thought—that I ,devoted to Heaven, tempt others to a sin in coveting me so devoted. I might fail, I might be slain; but, fail or die, it must be worthily, as far as I have sense to teach me, innocently. It tells me," she continued, "that I ought to have trusted to my Voices, and to them alone; that what is to be done must be done through the means they commanded—through Robert de Baudricourt; the Captain of the Dauphin alone should send me to him. I have followed my own desires, not their injunctions; and this," said she mildly, "is enough to say to Durand Laxart, he shall not know the reason that led me to these thoughts; even that I will consider, as I know it to be, blameless in you, but which it would be sin in me to palter with."

I could deny no more, I did not strive to palliate; in the same low whisper I replied to her: "Jeannette, I would have served you without suffering any hope that might offend you to pass the secrecy of my own thoughts; you know all, I will not deny or excuse that which is my glory. Yes, Jeannette, I had at first even deceived myself, for I was not capable of a wilful falsehood to you. Now that I know it I avow it—I love you, I shall love you to the end of my life. It may be fit that you should banish me from your presence; I will not offend you even by my sight; but my life shall be to pray for you; if I may, to serve you, unre-

warded, unthanked, unseen. If you are through life devoted to Heaven alone, so am I content to be devoted to you, and to wait for the day that discloses all for the acknowledgment of my efforts. It is, indeed, a grief that my weakness has stayed your labour now."

"Do not grieve for that," said Jeannette, and her voice trembled; she paused till it became firm. "It recalls me—does it not?—to the line of duty marked for me by the wisdom which it were madness in me to attempt to correct; I will accept it as a correction; and for you, Jacques Alain, be content to take all I can give—pity, esteem, respect."

For some time she still watched by Laxart, and I remained near the door of the cottage, trying to occupy myself with my neglected office, but, indeed, executing it as badly as before. However, Durand's rest and Jeannette's thoughts were not again broken in upon till the sun was high in the heavens, and she deemed the hour come for our rising and departure. Then she aroused her uncle, and in few words told him of her intention.

He wondered for a moment, but it was easy to see that his heart was with his wife and child at home, and that he rejoiced in being released from his task, although he had shown a full alacrity in pursuing it. For me, notwithstanding all the vex-

ation which I felt for having interrupted Jeannette's plans and thwarted my own, besides that I saw in her present resolve the prudence which aiways proportioned the means to the end, and which was the best vindication of the attempts which ber inspiration dictated, I found some consolation that I had once and for all avowed my unalterable affection; that Jeannette, though frankly and apparently irrevocably refusing it, had expressed neither anger nor personal repugnance, was fully aware of a determination, which I was ready to fulfil to the utmost, of linking my fortunes to her own, whether she accepted the aid or not; and then it came that I could not quite despair of earthly content - who does till years and experience shew him that it can only be built on a trust not of earth? - I thought still that her mission might be happily completed, and she released from its conditions to reward him who should best serve her in its fulfilment

Durand walked on gaily; Jeannette was grave, but took good means, though she avoided all long and curnest conversation with me, to let me see that no anger remained in her bosom; indeed, the difference between this and the previous confidence was such as Durand could not mark; and that she was more silent and downcast he attributed to weariness, and to the dejection of spirit natural to

an unwelcome change of purpose. When we rested on our route, Jeannette still appointed me my regular share of the watch, and I strictly executed the trust confided in me, suffering no renewal of temptation to lead me from it.

Not till the afternoon of the second day did we arrive at Vaucouleurs, for the weather became stormy, and we had lost some of the excitement of enterprise which had led us onwards. In Vaucouleurs we halted for a short time at the house of Henri and Catharine: for, in returning from this attempt, Jeannette had no thought but the means of renewing her efforts as they had been ordained to her.

Henri, who had seen that Baudricourt had treated her with no disrespect, undertook to say from her to him, on his return from an expedition, that she awaited at Petit Bury the charge which she still expected at his hands, and implored him to look at the hourly decreasing chance of saving his royal master's estate. Catharine undertook to give her news of the return of Novelompont, and having thus done all she could conceive to be effectual towards obeying her Voices to the letter, she seemed to resign herself to the course of events, which she believed Providence would direct, since no struggles of her own could bring on the time which she had awaited so impatiently. She gave

again and again a charge to her former hosts of zeal on behalf of her messages, which they honestly and fervently promised; and then, with an air of satisfaction, returned with us to Petit Burey, and on her arrival appeared, in a few minutes, in the poor red gown she had formerly worn.

CHAPTER XVI.

Althoron no bint of unkindness gave others cause to perceive that I had given offence to Jeannette, it was not difficult for her to give me to understand that the price of so sparing me must be on my part, a refraining from her society, unless in cases where I might fairly be considered the guest or companion of Durand Laxart rather than her own. I tacitly accepted the condition, becoming only more and more the intimate friend of her uncle. My opportunities of observing her conduct were therefore limited to those moments of family converse which we yet sometimes enjoyed together, and to what I gleaned from her unsuspecting relatives.

The remainder of the autumn seemed to pass with tolerable composure on her part. She seemed to aim principally at a quiet exactness in her usual duties, in preventing the wishes of her relatives, and the distaff seemed never from her hands, unless she were engaged in more active work, or

the offices of devotion, in which she was strictly and punctually regular, seizing on every occasion that offered to be present at their public celebration, and allotting, under every circumstance, some fixed hours of the day to meditation, confession, and prayer, in the church at Petit Burey. She seemed, for a time, to have exchanged the activity of the inspired leader, for the patient, sober vigilance of the sentinel, anxious only that no alarm should surprise her on her post.

Yet now came the news of the siege and danger of Orleans, of the burning of the church of Clery, of the disasters which were overwhelming the few towns and lands faithful to King Charles, of the imminent danger of his last great stronghold, on the keeping of which public opinion, the great upholder, under Providence, of crowns, and, perhaps not unfrequently, its voice, waited to give the signal of hope or utter despair to France.

I have seen when the tears have started to her eyes, and rolled unchecked down her cheeks, as she strove by some strong effort to prevent news of disaster from starting her from the patience she had prescribed to herself, as her best obedience to the duty enjoined her. I have seen her eyes flash, her cheek grow pale and red, her frame tremble, and her hands clutch at some implement of husbandry; as the tales of cruelty, on the one hand, or irresolution, on the other, stung her forbearance to the quick. But the winter set in; men began to talk, for such news has wings of fire, of Charles's intention to abandon the contest, and to yield his fair realm for a dishonourable refuge in the mountains of Auvergne.

Christmas had passed; early in February was the Lent to commence in which the succour, her succour, must reach the Dauphin, or all her life had been a dream of useless torment, a mockery by enthroned spirits, of an humble, hapless girl. Her efforts became vain to conceal her agony of impatience, which she could only chain down by the severest and most ascetic piety. Till now she had always striven to bury her revelations in her own breast, and only to let their effects be seen by others, or to declare them in such terms and on such solemn occasions as might seem a part of her ministry; but now she no longer affected a veil of silence. The mission was avowedly the one purpose of all her soul. She spoke of it, of the constant tellings of her Voices, claimed a sympathy from others, which at one time she had sought only for the prescribed needs of her office, and put on the bearing of the chained eagle as frankly as she had before worn the homely tenderness of the dove.

Before, all would have marked and loved her sweet intelligence, her womanly kindness; now the weriest unobservant stranger could not fail to read the tokens of some high emprise in the very gait with which she clutched the ground, or if in stillness, in the abstraction, never listless, in which she seemed to struggle for question of things unseen. Yet, as if the body, at her bidding, could sometimes be made independent of the soul, receiving commands at once, and then doing them, no household task was neglected, and when she awoke to the wondering and loving beings who watched her, how kind, how tender, how considerate!

It was upon the very eve of Lent, 1428, beginning and concluding the year at Easter, according to the ecclesiastical custom. Jeannette had been to the Tuesday's confession, with which she had so long habitually prepared herself for the solemn season in preference to the departing feast, with which many seem reluctantly to yield to abstinence. It was night by the natural division of darkness, a gloomy, wintry night, with snow lying deep on the ground, or drifting before the wind, which howled mournfully round the little cabin.

Laxart, his wife, and myself, had drawn round the embers. Jeannette's seat was by her aunt's, and the spindle was beside it, but the seat was vacant; she had for hours been pacing the little roum, as if striving to weary herself, and we had been talking in low whispers, as not affecting to regard her, or had paused to listen to the storm.

In one of these intervals, when the wind had sunk into moaning, Jeannette's step suddenly ceased; she heard, what reached no other of our senses, a footfal on the snow. In a moment she had sprung to the door and opened it, then, for a few seconds, came the subdued sounds of a horse's feet. Henri and Catharine sprang from the animal they had been riding, and Catharine rushed first into the cottage. She would have embraced Jeannette, but the girl held, for one instant, firmly back to look upon her face, exclaimed almost with a shrick, "Good tidings?" and waiting no reply beyond Catharine's glowing look of enthusiasm, pressed her to her heart, and held her long there weeping.

We had all started from our scats, and Henri advanced to us, but no word passed except a clear low whisper from him:—" It is true." At length, Jeannette wiped the tears from her face, gently led Catharine to her own seat, and, her face radiant with inexpressible smiles, and shaking in every joint with the struggle to be calm, she flung herself on her knees beside her friend, held both her hunds, rested her head upon her lap, and then looked up in her face to listen at full to her relation.

[&]quot;You must not," said Catharine, watching with

some anxiety her young friend's emotion, "you must not take too much for granted; what I tell you is, as I may say, by stealth. I have given no promise; indeed, I am not forbidden to tell you, though if I had even. I should not have found it very easy to stay away. Yesterday, Messire John of Novelompont returned, bringing his relations with him, for all in the north of Champagne is lost, it seems, and full, as you may suppose, of anger and vengeance against the Burgundians. He came to us. 'There is but one,' he said, 'who can save our doomed country; we have fought like fiends, but there is a fate against us. I always believed, now I am sure, that we must look to some one specially marked out -- one to change men's minds -and such is Jeanne d'Arc.' He then went on to tell us that he had sent to Messire Bertrand de Poulengy, to urge him to come to Vaucoulours, not only prepared to confer, but to act, and that they would both strive together, if Poulengy would consent, to move the Captain of Vaucouleurs in your behalf, and that then I should bring you the news of their success. I would not, any more than Messire de Novelompont, vex you with false hopes, but I watched, and this day came Messire de Poulengy to Vaucouleurs, and will stay there this night, and then I bethought me that they were ordering all without the consent of one who knew better than

them both, and Henri and I came hither to let you know what they are doing, and, if need be, to bear any directions or wishes you may have back to them at Vaucouleurs."

Jeannette pressed Catharine again to her bosom. "It is for France," she said at last, "for yourselves, I hope, that we shall act; but you have done well, very well, kindly and wisely. I will send no message back to Vaucouleurs, but I will go with you thither, I see that the time is, indeed, come, that the means are preparing to meet the need, Oh, I feel now as if I could hold them to the task, speak words that should keep them to it for shame. I would that I were there now, lest any quarling, any fear, any doubt, should lose the moment that can never be regained. And the time, too-they perhaps will wait some prudent opportunity, decide on it with Baudricourt before I can see them, and I am charged to be with the Dauphin by the Mid-Lent. I would be at Vaucouleurs to-night - see them to-night-speak with them."

"They would not see Baudricourt till to-morrow," interposed Catharine.

"No, no," quoth Henri; "he is not to be intruded on for such matters without due notice; and, besides, as you say, if they are weighing matters over carefully, they will take at least to-night to think what they shall say to him, remembering the answer he has given you before."

"Ay, ay," replied Jeannette impatiently, though convinced; "and yet," she said, in a more subdued tone, "now that I feel that the hour may be come, any, that it is come, which bids me lay arite all for the great strife in which I am to mingle, I must not leave those I have loved, to whom I owe a duty second only to Heaven, without a word of love and reverence."

She stood for a time in thought deep and sad, so that it seemed that one could read upon her face all the story of her home at Domremy, for she faltered, her cheek flushed, and she wept, yet so silently and so careless of being regarded, that she went on afterwards speaking as they were her own thoughts aloud.

"I could not love them more, I wanted only to live and die with them, serving them, tending on them, watching how they might be happiest, and as they grew old toiling and thinking for them as though they were my children, so that they might bless me, but it could not be. I was not allowed to win my way to my brethren in Paradise by that easy cheerful path. I might not have the joy of being obedient to my parents; I was obliged to cross their will to obey one irresistible. But I love them, oh! how I love them! I could not have told how much, if I did not see now how far I am led away from them."

"You will return to love them, bring honours to make them proud," said Catharine.

" Ay," resp onded Laxart and his wife.

" You go to conquer," said Henri.

Jeannette said "Yes," and smiled sadly; "but the only prize I would win is to come back no other than am I now, released and happy, and to love and serve them as I might have done had France been at peace. But I must not see them; why should I hear commands which I cannot obey? Why should they remember afterwards, when they may love me dearest, that they have spoken angrily at our last parting? Or why should I, in my trials and watches, think of them so? Jacques Alain," said she, turning suddenly to me, "you are a clerk, there is a scribe in this village, from him I will get what you need for writing, and you shall pen a letter for me; the gentlest I can think of. Will you do it?"

"I will bring you all that is needed." I answered quickly; " remain here with your friends till I return."

I went to the house of the humble perman, who added to the narrow means of infirmity and age small rewards for writing epistles, which served to convey the little the inhabitants had to indite, and from his narrow store I selected what would serve for Jeannette's letter, paid him amply, and went back to Durand Laxart's.

While the others closed in low conversation round the fire, Jeannetts stood behind me at the rude table and dictated :-" To my dear father and mother. With all reverence and love I pray earnestly to Heaven, my very dear parents, that you may know at some time how I have been forced to thwart you in what should have been my duty and obedience to you. It would be joy that I cannot tell you that you should know my heart, and how it is bound to do the bidding of the blessed saints themselves in saving France, and yet loves you the while, and would rather suffer all pain that can be desired, save that of disobedience to Heaven, rather than that you should be grieved and angered for my sake. I am going to Vaucouleurs, and I believe and trust that this time Robert de Baudricourt will send me to the Dauphin, which being bidden to do as I have said, I can only pray of you pardon and forgiveness if it offend you, entreating and imploring you to believe the truth of what I say, that it is not of myself that I not thus. If I were on my knees beside you, I would not rise till you had given me your blessing, which yet give me and bid me good speed, for to hear that from you would give me such courage, that I should surely win all my purposes. Which if they be accomplished, who shall be more blessed than those who nurtured me to the saving of the land, and of the Dauphin's crown? Love me, and pray for me, and spare

to be much moved against me, which is all my suit to the saints after the great matter with which I am charged by them, and so humbly farewell, praying for you ever."

This she signed both above and below the writing with a cross, kissing it many times before she allowed me to fold it, and then looking at it affectionately, and conjuring me to take means to let them have it, which I readily and fervently undertook.

The assembled friends then took an humble repast, at which the prophetess tended on her guests with the diligence of true regard and unaffected hospitality, and then the little cottage was arranged as conveniently as it could for its unusual number of tenants, and we retired early to repose

If I were to judge of the other inmates by myself, they did not sleep much that night, but perhaps I was differently affected from the rest. Jeannette had in particular that power of forcing the time to its appointed purpose, that, if she deemed it needful to recruit her strength and spirits for the morrow, she might, looking into all that was to come, be able so to prepare to meet it, and Henri and Catharine had to a certain degree fulfilled their task.

I was awakened from the morning's doze long before the daybreak; I listened and heard many and heavy sobs. It was clear moonlight, made bright as day by the reflection of the snow: I turned, and as the little nook in which I slept opened by an ill-closed door into the common sitting-room of the cottage, I there beheld Jeannette already risen—she was kneeling, and holding in her arms the infant of Laxart yet asleep. She murmured over it prayers and blessings, and then wept again, stifling her emotion for the child's sake, yet with an anguish that seemed almost heart-broken. It was then that I saw what indeed she yielded in giving up her affections for France; it was then that I felt how her father and mother were beloved, and what must be the strength of the faith which could force her to abandon them.

I lay breathlessly still, and she knew not that any one beheld her. When she had replaced the infant by its mother in an inner room, and probably she had hushed the wailings which awoke me, she returned to her former place, and there continued long upon her knees. I felt a satisfaction in striving to join in her supplication.

Presently after she aroused us. My errand was for Domremy; she charged me with a thousand verbal entreaties for pardon, in addition to the letter, which yet she bade me not to give to her father till night, lest he should prevent or embarrass her intentions; then she seemed to quell her feelings by a sudden effort, so that no others might perceive that she was moved.

Yet in parting from Jeannette Laxart I saw how difficult it was for her to keep her constancy. I even wondered that this parting seemed to cost her so much more than all previous ones. I might have resolved my surprise in the reflection that this appeared to her more fated and certain, less her own deed, and more a part of that irrevocable destiny to which she was to submit, of which she was to form an assigned part. There was less struggle, less necessity for will to counteract her affections; it was a more unmixed endurance.

Still in the moonlight, I was on my way to Maxey, where I should halt for a time, and then go on to Domremy: Jeannette, Durand, Henri, and Catharine, had taken their's to Vaucouleurs; she determined that no step should that day forestal her arrival, or fail for lack of the energy it was her husiness to inspire.

With Durand in her company she was in time to find Novelompont as soon as he had risen, and it was not long before Poulengy joined them. Novelompont she found, as she had been told, still more earnest from the recent sufferings of his beloved relations; and Bertrand de Poulengy, one of those minds that act strongly on the accumulated force of slow conviction, had, as well as his younger friend, ardently yielded to the full belief that the desperate circumstances of the Dauphin's cause needed such

an interposition as Jeannette claimed to offer, and that the sufferings of their native country made it an act of piety to believe that Heaven would grant succour so unusual in its behalf.

- "I should myself have ridden to seek you an hour hence," said Novelompont.
- "Time is saved then by my coming," replied Jeannette.
- "We are resolved," pursued he, "to appeal once more to Baudricourt on your behalf."
 - " Take me to him now," was her answer.
- "We must proceed with a due observance of his temper," said Bertrand de Poulengy, who had stood considering her, as if he were weighing once more the power of the instrument to be wielded in to great a cause.
- "It is no time for observances," she exclaimed; "what have you but to tell him the truth of what is past as well as what is to come. Men believe what they see. Was it not said that no succour should come to France but that which was ordained through me? Where is your succour? Now! In your last gasp of life? Have not old prophecies shown you that a maidon should come from the Foret Chenu for this deliverance? If I am not she where is the promised one? Will you find her while the kingdom of France exists? Was I not foretold of disappointments which have fallen on

me, though a mighty prince sought me out, though I myself was ready to venture all? It was to be by Baudricourt, and it will be. Is not the time appointed the Mid-Lent? And at the very moment when yet there remain hours enough, and scarcely more for the accomplishment, are not your hearts stirred to help me? Stirred, indeed, by great woes, such as would not have fallen on us, but to call for wondrous deeds. Are your wills moved in you at so vust a price, and will you triffe with the charge laid on you? Will you spend in poor thoughts of one man's leisure the great strength that is breathed into you, if you but do that you are appointed for. Lead me to Baudricourt!"

"I will entreat him to see you, and he will listen to me," replied Bertrand de Poulengy; "and I will tell him what you have said; for it is wondrous, and puts in me a marvellous belief. If I would avoid rashly encountering the scorn or coldness of Baudricourt, it is because you say that through him our cause, for I too claim to be of it, must be served. If I am prudent, I will also be firm; and it shall be difficult for him to move me from persuasion, if it be a hard task to make that persuasion prosper with him."

"But time! time! I am not impatient for my-self," said Jeannette; "last night I despaired as

one buried in a snow drift; for one to hear a voice is hope and patience so long as the succour seems but to approach; but since you will be the messenger, I charge you let no fear, no deference to the Captain of Vaucouleurs, turn you back unsatisfied; who speaks to him now, and of this purpose, takes upon himself a charge not to be renounced, though death on the rack or the scorn of the world were there to affright him. I know, noble sir, that you are not fearful; but in this you must stand, as if the only danger were behind you."

"And, by all the saints! that is the only way to win!" cried Novelompont.

"Which would have been as true though you had not sworn to it," said Jeannette. "It is our cause reproves you, noble sir, not I; it behoves us not to speak even an idle word in it." Novelompont bowed. "Forth then, sir, as you see fit," she continued, addressing Bertrand, "you see how far Heaven itself has brought us on our road; as, by it, and it alone, all good purposes are impelled, strengthened, brought to pass, and think what it is you will thwart, perhaps, destroy, if in this you fail."

All this was delivered with an exceeding earnestness of manner, yet without the least assumption of superiority, as if, indeed, she were delivering the truth of which she was certain from another, enjoining that which it would be death to deny. Bertrand de Poulengy remained silent for awhile. "I will not fear," he said, "but that Baudricourt shall see you; he has been used to call me one of the calmest and most prudent of his counsellors; to consult me in matters of difficulty and doubt, and my words have prospered with him. He is wiful in what he believes to be right; it is not easy even to begin a change in his opinion when once he entertains one; but, maiden, that which has brought us thus far, may aid me too, and I see no better means."

"Trust in that aid even when you are vanquished," she replied; "for men know not when hope should be gone. I did not last night. Nay, if there were not hope against a reasoning of mere chances, why should we think now of saving France, that hath but one stay to hold by of which she knows not, and which she may not credit when it comes before her?"

As soon as he knew that he could see Baudricourt, Bertrand de Poulengy went forth. He was admitted as one well known, and always welcomed with respect, and the very circumstance made him the less confident. First it appeared to him something like an abuse of a general confidence to urge a surt which would be deemed so singular, which had indeed been decided against; and then came one buried in a snow drift; for one to hear a voice is hope and patience so long as the succour seems but to approach; but since you will be the measurer, I charge you let no fear, no deference to the Captain of Vaucouleurs, turn you back unsutisfied; who speaks to him now, and of this purpose, takes upon himself a charge not to be renounced, though death on the rack or the scorn of the world were there to affright him. I know, noble sir, that you are not fearful; but in this you must stand, as if the only danger were behind you."

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"I am prepared for your scoffs," replied Poulengy unmovedly; "nay, the maiden herself bade me not to be scared at them; she has read both you and me aright already; and in nothing scarcely in the circumstances which I have recalled to you at her bidding, do I so much fix my behef as in this shrewdness with which she seems to read the dispositions of men, and to pluck the knowledge of the future out of the unseen probabilities of events."

"That the girl is quickwitted, ay, and honest, I do not gainsay you," said Baudricourt; "yet a prophetess is something more marvellous even than these."

"Add enthusiasm, genius, for such she has, and her own faithful declarations; it will be difficult to think her less, since you allow her to be neither knave nor fool," answered Poulengy.

"Then why not," asked the Captain of Voucouleurs, "take as you deserve the whole merit of your faith? Why not go with John of Novelompont to the King, and abide yourselves their opinion of your judgment? Why urge me, a most unwilling proselyte, to take a share in your enterprise, or semi you on an errand, which I do not believe to be of the wisest?"

" She will not stir without your authority; and

what is more, she believes that she shall gain it," answered Poulengy.

"Then in sadness," said Baudricourt very eriously, "I must tell you that I dare not so trifle with the King now in the extremity of his fortunes; it might be a May-game for happier times, but we must not spend a thought in idleness now. If you sincerely believe in what she says—and I repeat that her pretensions are more than plausible, trom her goodness and quick sense—make the adventure! If I thought as you do, so should I do; thinking as I do now, it is my duty to refuse you, and you would not urge me any more than I should listen to you if you did, to make sport with my duty."

The cold firm manner in which this was delivered almost staggered the equal columness, but not equal hardness of Poulengy. "You will see the girl, hear her speak for herself once more?" said he.

"Why should I raise expectations which I am determined not to fulfil? I repeat, this is trifling, Bertrand de Poulengy, trifling, unworthy of your name. It were better, much better, at such a time when I shall need every arm to defend these Murches, and every head to devise the means, that you should remain here to aid me, and that this should be forgotten between us so that I may trust your cool judgment as of old. I pray you, no more upon this matter."

Poulengy was mortified; but he was silenced by the command of the captain. He made a step or two towards the door. The conversation had grown gradually louder towards the end, and was indeed begun rather in such a manner that the pursuivant was not expected particularly to attend to it, than that it should be at all concealed from him; he now ventured to join in it.

" If you are speaking, noble sirs," said he, " of the maiden that was here before you when I last bore the king's letters into these parts, I am not sure that her presence would be accounted unwelcome or presumptuous at the court: I related to many what I had seen and heard, for, in truth, I was somewhat amazed at such bearing and words from such a person; and, at last, I have good reason to think that it came to the ears of the king himself: for one near to his person, the Count de Vendôme, questioned me much concerning her, and the next day sent for me again, and put more questions yet, all of which I answered, as well as I was able; and he said at last that it was well to hear that the king had subjects so faithful on the borders of Lorraine, and that in terrible straits no means should be neglected, and no good wishes be discouraged."

"You will answer to me," asked Baudricourt, sternly, "that the Count de Vendôme said this to you, and that you believe this was after he had spoken with the king?"

"It is the truth, noble sir," answered the pursuivant boldly; "and I should ill become my vocation, which is to bear the words of princes and nobles justly and fearlessly, did I swerve one jot from what I have declared to you."

"By the mass! if fear makes us start at shadows, it also bids us cling at the clouds for help!" said Baudricourt drily and bitterly; "but there is some fully that may not be laughed at. Messire Bertrand, you will be found doubtless with John of Novelompont, and you will both be ready to produce your propheters. Nay! I mean not to rail at her, she is the wisest of the three, after all. There! there! my old friend," he continued more kindly, but still jeeringly, "if we find, indeed, that the king needs such soldiers, we will once more speak with herself. You shall hear from me."

Bertrand de Poulengy replied, "You yourself, Messire, have praised the decks of women at Orleans, and this one comes of the same stock with the lad who did good service at Bourlemont."

"Man, I do not doubt her courage," exclaimed Bandricourt. "I know when an eye quails and when it is steady. It is enough, is it not, that you shall hear from me?"

"So it be in time," replied Ponlengy, quietly.

"Urge me when you find me slack in affairs, or neglectful in promises," said Baudricourt, in a more cold tone. Poulengy bowed low and withdrew. Baudricourt remained some time in secret conference with the pursuivant.

"It is much for him to say, even that he will send to us," said Poulengy, after he had related his interview to Jeannette. "He is very proud, but very just, and he will do what is right to his very conscience; but he will do it his own way, and of his own will. It is well that one as calm and as forbearing as I have been sent to him."

"He would rather, perhaps, have yielded to one utterly incapable of contending with him," she answered; "but we must even abide his word."

"Within an hour the promised messenger came. Baudricourt would see them at eight the next morning.

"He is won," said John of Novelompont.

"If he be," exclaimed Poulengy, "it is indeed the most wonderful accomplishment yet, of all that she has said."

"Hasten on your preparations," said the girl; "trust to the time to call for them; if we part, it must be speedily; to-day is lost if to-morrow find us unready."

Without many more words, Jeannette retired to the habitation of Henri, taking leave of both with carnest thanks, and cheering exhortations.

Her needs were few; she was already furnished

with the habit in which she designed to travel, and a horse was almost all that was necessary to complete her equipment. Henri and Laxart were poor, but they spent the day in endeavouring to find one for her, for which they could provide the price; but they had but seven francs between them, but three of which were Laxart's, and the animal they coveted was valued by its owner at sixteen. But Jeannette bid them mistrust nothing. "What if I go forth on foot," she said, "if all be done that I am commanded, there shall be little cause to doubt of my speed, or of my strength. If Baudricourt send me, there will lack no means to bring me to the Dauphin."

The hour of eight came on the Thursday, and found Poulengy, Metz, and Jeannette, ready in the hall of the castle, nor was their soldierly host a minute later in receiving them. Baudricourt saluted his friends courteously, but he addressed his speech at once to Jeannette.

"Maiden, I am about to send you to the King. I tell you frankly, that it is not upon my own conviction that I do this; but, endangered as we are, it is our duty to give others the opportunity of judging, where they may imagine that a chance presents itself. But they must not, if that chance should fail, be enabled to say that it was tried at my desire. I that my ministry to sending you to

them, because I hear that it may be their wish, or perhaps, that they may imagine it was so, when other means have failed; and they look round in their disappointment for an object of blame. I am used to put my trust under God, in the resolution and the skill of warriors, and the cause for which they fight; and I cannot now believe, but that if every heart and every arm that professes to be for King Charles were honestly united to uphold him, there are enough to stand the fair chance of a glorious day, led on by the wisest and the bravest. The despair of some, perhaps, would rather prav for a miracle to help than stretch out their own hands boldly to win. This I speak to you plainly, before all, that none may think me the author of this attempt, or even a believer in its success; and I speak it to you, because I trust in your own honesty and truth to bear me record. But I do not speak it to dishearten you. If you bring help to France, I too am honest enough to rejoice in what I do not expect, though I can claim no share in the honour. Brave, loyal, zealous, I know you to be, nay, were all as you are, I think there would be little need of looking for aid; but it is the duty and habit of a soldier to calculate as calmly as he can, even in straits that would trouble his judgment. What mine is, I have said. I will give you and these gentlemen a word to the King by this pursuivant, who has also reminded me of a trial by which they may partly satisfy themselves out of your own words. And now, though I am plain with you, I am not the less bounden to do my duty by you; you will depart on Monday, and I must see you with those who accompany you once before that, when I have considered of the best means for your surety, which should be as little perilled as the enterprise may admit, since be what else you may, you are frank, innocent, and well-intending; and, therefore, of those whom it becomes a governor of the King's watchfully to protect."

The tears came into Jeannette's eves at this blunt speech. " Now all the saints love you, noble sir !" she answered, " and may I find among those who will believe me men as true as yourself, who do not! And, if I may say it, your own wisdom is very near to my thoughts. I go, if it may be done to put one heart of courage and of trust in all the warriors of France, to bid them strike as with one arm, to charge them in the highest name to cast aside all baseness, all difference, all fear. I expect no weapons, but those which mortal hands will wield; I am told of no other; but I think that those shall be wielded for the victory. It is said to me, and I know it, see it as clearly as though the deed were done. Have my Voices told me aught yet but truth in things that seemed impossible? Even

you, Lord of Baudricourt, not believing me, send me to the Dauphin. For the which, I will daily make prayer for you, being all I have to tender as thanks," she continued, with most grateful humility, "and I will make to you one more entreaty, to hasten the time of my departure. I must be with the Dauphin by the Mid-Lent; the way we have to pass is neither short nor easy, and assisted and fortified as I know we shall be, to husband our strength and time is an enjoined means of success. May we not depart at once?"

"It is needful that you go with the King's pursuivant, who will assist you by his knowledge of the way, by his experience, by his word from me to the King, and, moreover, speak of matters between us," replied Baudricourt: "but he awnits news from others, which, for the King's service, he must bear back with him; and that, as he says, will stay his departure till the Monday."

"It may be possible that all should be known, and ordered that we should start on the Sunday, if we have good fortune," said Collet de Vienne.

"Then say," exclaimed Jeannette, "that we shall start on the Sunday, fair sir, and in the name of Heaven, order things so that it may be surest that good fortune shall happen to us!"

" Right !" said Baudricourt.

"I will do all that can be done with good will and diligence," answered the messenger.

"On Sunday be it," said Baudricourt.

"At daybreak, noble sir?" asked Jeannette.

Baudricourt almost smiled.

"Ah, noble sir," cried Jeannette, with the same expression, "you, of all men, surely know what is in an hour, a minute sometimes. In the name of Heaven!" she continued, more seriously, "but you should put no light obstacle in the way of my speed, for before that Sunday the Dauphin may receive a harm, which we should do well to prevent. I would that we were there now, since every day is loss to him."

"At daybreak be it!" replied Baudricourt,

Jeannette and her party withdrew. Collet de Vienne set about his work in good earnest, despatching men where he needed, and going himself where he could.

Baudricourt thought for a while. "No! no!" he said at last to himself, "she is brave, she is good, she is wise, but I must not let this or her manner persuade me against my reason. I could love the girl, were she of good birth, as one right heart loves another, and by the mass, she is stuff to make a princess of; but it is well that I see the dotage of such thoughts. She goes to the Dauphin; be it on their heads who take her."

Jeannette walked down the hill from the castle towards the house of Henri, with no air of triumph.

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Her face were rather the solemn joy of one escaped from a first peril, and the care which told there were others to encounter. Still she was deeply thankful. She dismissed her friends at the small chapel of St. Mary, and entered it to pay her devotions, and to calm her thoughts. There she remained full two hours, so that it was eleven of the day before she quitted it. The tranquillity which she had won there was fully needed, for at the door of Henri and Catharine stood, as just arrived from their journey, Jacques and Isabel d'Arc.

Although it was the evening of Wednesday before I had delivered the letter to them, Jacques would listen to no moment of delay, and had walked with his wife as far as Maxey that night, reposing with her at my cottage, and resuming his journey to Vaucouleurs betimes the next morning.

From the moment that the letter had been read to him, his language, looks, and gesture, had been one continued tide of angar. He reproached all around him with hitter invectives, myself as an accomplice in his daughter's desertion, his wife for not having fully entered into his own convictions and plans for preventing it, his sons for not joining in his wroth, and most of all Jeannette, against whom his passion raised not only the charge of disobedience, but many others of deception, unnatural

coldness, studied cruelty. Sometimes on the road he halted, and declared that pursuit was useless, that he would return, that she was worthless of his love, or care, or thought; and then urged us forward again, blaming our indifference for the moments he had lost. It was almost well for Isabel that she was forced to put aside her own anguish in watching his, in reiterating even such comforts as had been repulsed.

At the house of Henri he met with John of Novelompont, and his wearied passion had just received new strength from the young soldier's defence and praises of Jeannette's conduct: the fearful effect of his passions on himself paling his cheeks and lips to a corpse-like white, setting his teeth, clenching his hands, and impelling his bloodshot eyes forth from the sockets, while his inarticulate voice uttered only the exclamations of rage, such as nature gives, and such as man uses who u his feelings grow too great for forms of speech; but, as he stood at the door, and saw Jeannette coming from the chapel, where no one had dared to tell him that she was, his muscles relaxed, and he stood trembling and unnerved. Catharine anproached him, and he suffered himself to be led from the street into the little nook, which was most screened from the observation of passers-by,

Jeannette had seen him, but the sight checked

her not a moment. She must have thought of him in the duties she had been puying. She walked fast onwards, and placed herself upon her knees before him. Her face looked up to his very sadly, very humbly, but, as he turned at last to look upon her, he stood in wonder that it did not avoid him.

"Why come you to me?" he said at last, with a half-stiffed utterance.

" To suffer whatever you inflict," she answered.

"Rise! rise! girl, from that posture of obedience," he exclaimed; "do not mock your father, at least; you that think yourself so much above him; and scarce a wonder either, seeing that you have found so many abettors in your folly."

Jeannette had instantly obeyed him, for, with all her love, she felt she had to meet a necessity, even more than to move her father's pity or affection in her behalf.

He waited awhile. "You do not talk of obeying me! you do not talk of returning with us to Domremy, where all might be forgiven; this pain, this heart-breaking pain, and all forgotten, perhaps, in a moment, if you had but said, 'Father, I will go back with you.'"

Jeannette could not speak; she tried, but she burst into a loud fit of tears—an anguish such as more had witnessed from her before, even by steath.

"You will kill her," said Catharine, almost fiercely, "you will kill her, old man. Would to Heaven she were my daughter! See, see, she is a strong, brave girl, and now you have made her as weak as a willow twig. I know you have suffered much," continued the good-hearted woman; "but not more, not so much as she has; ay, for your sake, as I dare swear, though she makes no show of it, which is indeed fitter for a woman than a man."

Jeannette stayed her with a supplicatory glance, and then again knelt before her father.

"Speak then, speak! what will you do? what would you have?" said Jacques d'Arc.

"Let me first pray of you to hear me patiently," said Jeannette; "hear me, when I tell you truly that there is nothing on earth that I love as I do you and my mother, and that if I might show my love in all as you would have me, so should I be happier, much happier on earth, than I ever can be now."

" Might !" exclaimed Jacques.

Jeannette waited submissively, but he said no more. "My father," she continued, "if you yourself were bidden by those whom you saw and knew to be of another world, happier and better, wiser than ourselves, saints of Paradise, sent on an errand of mercy to your country, to do that which

would save it, though you were bidden to leave me. my sister, and brothers, and my dear mother herself, would you dare to refuse? And do you think that we should doubt that you loved us? Should we not rather put all trust in those whom you obeyed, that they would guard us while you were employed upon the work which Heaven enjoined? Or if it were even so that in that work you must perish, though we must weep and be afflicted as if our own souls were bowed down to death also. yet should we not trust in their comfort and in their promise hereafter? Do you forget poor Colette? Is she not now better and happier, oh how much happier, than we are! You are not one to scoff at that which is to come, or to think we perish all when we die."

Jacques bowed reverently.

"That I am enjoined is bidden me by blessed spirits, who know all that is to come," she continued. "All has happened and is happening as they have bidden, even to the rising of those who believe me not in my behalf, or rather in behalf of that I am to do. I know I am a poor simple girl, not thinking myself wiser and better than my parents, as you said; but then is it for such a one to resist commands so given, and which are so coming to pass around me, that were my will to oppose the Voices that speak to me, either against my own en-

deavours, should I be borne on their path, or perish in resisting them! You would not urge me so to obey you as that I must die accursed!"

"No, no! not that! you take my meaning amiss, and my words do not come to me as they should to answer you," said Jacques.

"Say that you should lose your daughter, lose her for this life, assuredly not for ever," continued Jeannette: "for what can be so much my hope in that, the only boon I have asked, peace in heaven, as to meet you there; say that for a few years we are parted, dear father; would you give nothing to your king and to France? Will not the war come soon to your very door, and do you grudge even your child's life to hold it back bravely, when, if she stay, she will but fall shamefully and miserably with you, with my mother, with all? I do not go forth to dishonour you, but to shew in the eves of the warriors what your blood will dare for the right. I am sent by the king's lieutenant here, accompanied by men that you yourself regard and respect, to do, if it may prosper, as I know it is to prosper, the greatest deed that has been done in France since it has been a realm. Oh, not for vain glory, not that even you may have pride in it; but surely this is no errand of diagrace or shame. No, my own dear father, you may perhaps sorrow for me, that is in the will of Heaven; but you shall not have to blush for me, that it is in Heaven's grace and promise to keep from us both."

Jacques made no answer, but Isabel laid her daughter's hand in his; he trombled, but he did not put it from him.

"And now," she resumed, "judge for me, my father: I am not afraid that you should do so, if you will think kindly, and believe me, and love me. What am I to do? and oh! there is a command from you, which would make me so happy. Dare I tell you what it is?"

She paused; he made no reply. "In your own words it would be much sweeter than if you should say 'yes,' to mine; but I will tell you if you do not forbid me; 'Go forth, Jeannette; my offering to my country; let thy obedience to Heaven be also thy obedience to me, and—and—'" her voice faltered—"' so let its blessing, which I have best right on earth to speak, rest on thee, and prosper thee."

"That would be a hard task to set me, Jeannette," said her father; "but say the words again."

As she repeated them nearly word for word, Jacques d'Arc grasped my shoulder, as if to bid me carefully attend to them. "We have talked enough for this time," said he then more calculy; "I would not have you do that is wrong or foolish, or neglect what is rightfully enjoined

Heaven help me! for I am sore beset, and have need of better sense, perhaps, than any of my own."

At this moment Bertrand de Poulengy came into the house; being the neighbour of Jacques d'Arc, and much regarded by all within his influence, the honest cultivator was glad to have some one with whom he might reason in his perplexity; but before he spoke to him he whispered me. "Young clerk, you remember these words; please you to write them down for me, so that they may be read to me often, and kept, if need be." He then approached Poulengy with much respect; their conference was long, and when it became unwarily earnest, Poulengy led the way into the street, and they walked some time in eager conversation.

Jeannette hung upon her mother's neck, prattled with her of home, and the things she had left there, like a child. "I make you one sure promise," she said, "that, come what will, I shall always love Domremy, and those in it best of all; ay, and I will try to love them just as I do now, for I will watch my heart for your sake, and keep it away from luxury and grandeur, so that when my career ends, and it is told to me that it shall not be long, I may spin again by your side, and be once more your helpmate. And now let us not think of what is to come, but take the time there remains to us, to-day,

and to-morrow, and the next day, and let me tend upon you here; it will do me much good; and all that is needful for me is ready, so that I have nothing to do, but to love and serve you and my father, if he will let me do so."

As soon as I had finished my record, and I noted more than I was bidden, I was accosted by Durand Laxart. Jeannette and her mother were gone, and he related to me his perplexity about furnishing Jeannette with the horse. "I would much rather," he said, "that we should be able to furnish her well out of our own means, than that she should be obliged to these gentlemen for all; let them aid her as they are disposed; and it is much that they do to accompany her; but I would not have her as a beggar to them, asking for every thing. If you will lend me the rest of the money, it shall go hard but I will repay you, even if she have never the means."

What answer I made to this needs not to be written; I had more than money enough, and I gave it with joy on her behalf, whose will I would have served with all. Nor did my task end here; Jacques d'Arc, whose habit of paternal authority, founded on my former hopes, and indeed probably the heavier thoughts he had to hear, made him little sparing of my services, despatched me to Domremy and Bourlemont, charging hisson, Pierre,

to come to him at once, equipped, in case the need should be, for a long journey. "For which," said he, "he may take the best horse from my fields, and all that I have that he may want. Do not look at me, man," he continued; "but give me the paper I asked you to write, and begone, and use good diligence, and think what you please, but say nothing; for I myself know not yet what may be in my heart."

I went to fetch the paper, and Durand Laxart returned from the purchase of the horse, as I came to the door of Henri's shop.

He started as he saw his brother-in-law in his path, but checked his surprise, and stood awaiting the other's speech. Jacques d'Arc gazed on him for a moment, and then held out his hand, and grasped Durand's as it was placed in it.

"Brother," said Jacques, "you could have no design to rob me of my child; if you had, I should seize you as I would a wolf; but you could not; it isn't in a man's breast, in a father's, as you are now, to do it; so, as to the rest, what was to come would come; we live in a world we can't understand; but we must try and bear it, nevertheless."

Durand stammered out a word or two, grasped his brother-in-law's shoulder with his disengaged hand, and they both walked into Henri's house.

As to myself, there was little need to bid me use diligence; it was no small effort for me to leave Vaucouleurs at ail; but I felt I might be rendering her a welcome service; and I set out for Domremy by one in the afternoon; at Maxey I had a horse which enabled me to reach the village easily before dark; and at the cottage, which had been the scene of so many hopes and sorrows to myself, as well as others, I related to Catharine, and to the two brothers, Jacquemin and Petit Jean, what had occurred, and told them my surmises as to the future.

Early in the morning I found Pierre at Bourlemont; nor could I altogether conceive the cause of his excessive delight at my message. That it was possible he might go to the court at Chinon was, to be sure, a lofty step for a young ambitious soldier; the mystery was solved when I beheld the colour in his cheeks, as the lady of Bourlemont charged him with kind greetings, should be chance to see Marie de la Meilleraye. He was dismissed with honour by the Seigneur, and bidden to return should no better fortune open to him, and a light hauberk was bestowed on him as the present best belitting his journey, and some few coins for his needs; for the nobility of the country parts, who draw their living and clothing from their lands. have seldom heavy purses, save when the contents are got together for a special need.

Pierre and I went together to Domremy, and then rode on at once to Vaucouleurs, reaching it soon after noon. I staid there long enough to know that Jeanbette's purpose still appeared to hold for the Sunday; and I then retired to Maxey, to put in practice a plan of my own. I put my mother in full
possession of my lands, and indeed all that I possessed, and consigned her to the charge of those
to whom she herself had been for many years
attached, promising that, should no check be given
to the Burgundian successes, so as to leave the
valley of the Meuse still secure, that I would
return; though as Maxey was still considered a
village of that party, through constrained, for the
present, to truce with the Armagnacs, her position
there was, perhaps, less dangerous than it could
be in any other part of France.

With some few valuables easily to be disposed of, such as chains, and a jewel or two of no great price, and with some crowns in my purse, I considered myself wealthy enough for my own expenses, and that I might possibly be enabled to supply others at need. Under a very plain and somewhat worn leathern surcoat, I wore a very light ringed Italian coat of mail; and I placed mace, dagger, and sword, at my girdle. I had a very light heimet, with a visor to hang at my saddle-bow; for I needed it as much for disguise as defence; and took a large shading hat for my usual wearing.

Neither my horse nor my habit had been seen by

Jeannette, and thus was I ready to keep my vow of unrecognized service to her. My equipment was no unusual precaution in those days; and I was glad to believe, as I made the best attempt I could to survey myself, that I rather appeared one to be shunned as likely to take, than to be pursued as likely to yield any valuable spoil. I left all ready, and the next morning, putting on my usual attire, repaired to Vaucouleurs.

This was the last day Jeannette was to remain among her friends. Although Pierre alone had been bidden to come to her, her other brothers and sister had confided the cottage at Domremy to their neighbours, and had walked over the day before, arriving after nightfall. Many others, of her companions especially, came in from the village in the course of the day; and it was well that they did, for their arrival disturbed, if it did not alleviate, the sadness of those who were to part, a andness shared by Jeannette fully and unaffectedly. The pride too which they expressed in their fellowcountrywoman was a relief to Jacques d'Arc; their implicit belief in her now authorized mission seemed to influence his own opinions, and their affectionate praises of her, though they moved him, he joined in or heard with satisfaction. Many, especially of her own sex who loved her tenderly, endeavoured to persuade her to renounce the dangerous enterprize.

" is not the country full of the Burgundians?" asked one.

"I fear no men-at-arms," she replied; "be there as many as there may, the road will be open for me; the strength which gives them strength will lead me to the Dauphin."

Others pressed round her to reiterate and enforce such pleadings, but she stopped them with few words. "It is for that that I am born," she said ; then turning to matters for which she felt a real care, she charged them all to love and honour her parents, as she might, if she were suffered to remain at home; and told them that their promise of it was to her both comfort and aid. Each had brought her something for remembrance, if not for use; and by the evening, not only many of her own hamlet, and of Greux, but from the other adjacent villages, had come in to witness the morrow's event, and to wish her prosperity. The weather was clear and propitious; and the inhabitants of Vaucouleurs, themselves much interested by the occasion, threw open their doors to those who claimed but slight acquaintance.

I had watched long and painfully the suppressed emotions of those who were most endeared to me; and when at last I left them, casting many a lingering look to Vaucouleurs. I returned to my own house, determined not again to be seen by Jeannette in my own character, unless I might render her effectual aid by no other means, or until I might claim at least honest thanks for what I had performed. And then came the full flow of imagination back upon me, with all its dreams of promise. What else could bear youth through the adventure which it makes a delight, or paint a harvest for exertions which often reap no other reward?

It was on this very night that the defeated army of the Count de Clermont were retiring from the fatal field of Rouvray, to spread disappointment and indignation among the citizens of Orleans.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE morning of the appointed Sunday, the 13th of February, rose bright, clear, and genial at Vaucouleurs; the ground was still deep in snow in many places, and the thaw seemed to throuten fresh difficulties on the roads, as well as new dangers from the rivers. Of this Jeannette was aware; but the day was come, and the peril must swell into destruction which could stay her.

By the dawn of day I was in the street of Vaucouleurs, near the church, apparelled in my then unusual dress, with my horse's rein in my hand; I used him also as a shield from all recognition, for little of my face could be seen between his crest and my hat. He was a gallant steed, on whose fleetness mettle, and strength, I could equally rely, to enable me to keep pace with, or pass at pleasure, a party of eight, who could not be all equally mounted, and many of whom could not take the more difficult paths, over which I knew that my horse would bear me readily. At daybreak the bell sounded from the steeple, and the population of Vaucouleurs, increased as it was, began to pour towards the church. My heart beat quickly, and my breath came with difficulty, as I looked towards the house of Henri, just hidden by a corner of the lane, which led by a flight of steps from the main street to the castle. The horse which Durand and I had purchased, and two others well caparisoned, were held by two serving men, also well mounted, as near as they could be to the house.

Towards these all eyes were turned, and a murmur, which soon became a shout, told that their masters approached. Jeannette came forth in the dross given her by Novelompont, with him and Poulengy: her father and mother were on each side of her; her brothers, her sister, and Durand Laxart, with Henri and Catharine, pressed close after her. All walked on towards the church, the grooms following with the horses; Jeannette was in earnest conversation with her father and mother, who wept and strove to smile alternately.

They had no sooner reached the principal door, greated, after the first ebullition that announced them, rather with the respectful blessings than the acclumations of the people, when Baudricourt, with many gentlemen, all armed cap-à-pié, and Collet de Vienne in a plain mantle instead of his pursui-

want's dress, and attended by an archer also mounted, rode down from the other end of the atreet, which had an easier access by a winding road than the steps which passed by Henri's house. They instantly dismounted, threw their reins to their attendants, and entered the church, followed by Jeannette's party. I abandoned my horse to the care of a boy left to watch at a door, and rushed on with the crowd.

A short mass was said by the priest, in which all his auditory assisted with unusual fervour. Then rose Robert de Baudricourt, and called before him all who were to attend on the maiden in her journey—the gentlemen, the pursuivant, the servitors, and, last, Pierre d'Arc. At his command they knelt before the altar, and then the sacrament was administered to them, whereby to swear to the oath which Robert de Baudricourt, standing erect, pronounced, the priest and then the communicants responding.

It was that they should guard with their lives the person and honour of the maiden, tempt or molest her unworthily neither by act nor word, and do their dévoir to bring her safe and unharmed to King Charles at Chinon: — " whom God preserve in his rightful kingdom many, many years!" concluded the Captain of Vaucouleurs, to which all responded "Ameu."

Baudricourt unbuckled from his side the trusty sword he wore, and presented it to the girl; then remembering his promise to himself to exhibit no faith won only from his feelings, he merely added:—"Go, and come of it what may!" Jeannette bowed low.

There was no more to do but that which each felt needful to his heart, and could not complete were the time ever so lingered. Jacques d'Arc, Isabel, all her relations, hung upon her alternately as she moved slowly to the door, Catharine alone interposing with them to spare her. She took particular and kind leave of each, giving some little token of remembrance, as if she had prepared them, then collected her strength, and sprang forward to her horse. I thought, indeed, that she looked as if she expected to see one face more, but I restrained myself from rushing to her side.

She had the bridle in her hand, and her foot was already at the stirrup, when her father's voice reached her—he came up to her again—she knelt. He began the words which she had spoken to him, and which I had written down; but his voice faltered, he could not say more than the word "Bless—" Jeannette rushed upon his neck.

He turned to Isabel, and took from her a ring.
"It is one you had left at Domremy, that
your father gave you, that you would not take

away," said Catharine, who had heard all the night before, and was the only one who could find voice to explain. She put it on her finger, then rose with one vault into her saddle, and with but one glance back urged her horse on through the streets, where some prayed, some cried, shouted, blessed her, pressed to take her hand.

At last the party were out of sight, and I saw that Jacques d'Arc and Isabel were safely tended by their kind hosts. They had followed Jeannette with their eyes till she disappeared, and then I took the opportunity of whispering one word of comfort to them:—"I watch for her too;" and I rode after to mark her route and to pursue it.

The neighbourhood of Vaucouleurs, especially towards the west and north, was then much infested by the Burgundian bands, precursors of the larger forces which were ready to pour in as soon as some few towns should have yielded. These robber-soldiers Baudricourt kept well from the town and the possessions of its inhabitants, but he had no force to pursue them further without leaving his main charge ill defended. He had cautioned Bertrand de Poulengy and Jeannette herself of this; and Collet de Vienne, whose peaceful avocation and frequently important trusts bade him avoid dangers, urged strongly the necessity of proceeding cautiously, at least till the more dangerous part of tha

road, which a day or two would clear, should be passed.

But this as little suited the natural temper as the immediate wishes of Jeannette. "Forward, in the name of Heaven!" was her reply to their cautions; "it is promised me that we shall arrive in safety. Have you not seen that what I have told you has come to pass? Does not every day bring us news of the king's need? May not some dreadful loss have fallen upon him, even again, which requires our haste? That thought has been with me and urged me on when I should else perhaps have faltered in my task, as yesterday I had some temptation. Forward, those who are brave, and to those who are not I promise what they care for—security."

Nor was it long before their firmness was put to some test; the floods had increased much since the morning, and in some of the valleys the roads appeared impassable. John de Honnecourt, a faithful but somewhat overcautious servitor, rode up to his master, and represented to him that himself and Julian, the follower of Messire Bertrand de Poulengy, who knew well the road they were taking, were assured that to ford the stream which lay before them in the bottom was impossible: nay, Master Richard, the archer sent as a guard to Collet de Vienne in particular, although being a

soldier, he might not speak out, was clearly of their advice, that it was madness to attempt it.

But Jeannette's eye, accustomed better than their's to mark such signs as indicated the safety of her father's horses and cattle in such a case, as the direction of the paths, the height of the boles of trees above the water, its colour and breadth in places, without replying to their advice, dashed on. Her horse forded the stream easily, and the rest followed, the malecontents in no better humour for this practical exposure.

Parties of foragers, in numbers exceeding their own, were seen from time to time in the distance by those who rode forward as scouts. "On!" was still her reply to their information; "you are safe."

Bertrand de Poulengy even expostulated with her on what appeared to him temerity. "What surety," said she, "have you among the many seeming perils that must of need be around us, but my word that you shall escape from them? but you need a reason; is not to change our course and avoid them a proof that we are not of their party? On! Did you expect that such an enterprize was to be without its trial? Am I to thank you for your guard, when I might with better safety and clearer reliance have walked onward by myself?"

These words were heard by all, but some were rather irritated than reassured by them, and every

fresh instance of daring, however successful, only increased their wrath.

"Yes," cried John of Honnecourt, "we have had the luck to fall in with many fools this day, or they would have taken us, that is, our masters, for such as we are seldom put to ransom, they settle accounts with us at once and for ever; but we may meet with some leader that has rather more common sense than our own at last, or it is strange, indeed, and then counsel will come rather of the latest."

Scarcely had he thus given vent to his apprehensions, when Richard, who had been despatched in front, rode back at speed, and, at a slight turning of the road by a wood about a mile off, came in sight much such a company as would give reasonable ground for fear.

"There are full twenty," said Richard, "coming straight hither, and under a banner that I know well, being no other than that of De Breteuil; they have no other way to take, and we must pass them."

"Dash into the wood," said Collet de Vienne; and already the servitors prepared to obey him.

"You are then lost," said Jeannette; "desert me if you will, break your oaths if you may; I shall pass on."

"Forward," shouted Pierre, and acted as he spoke.

"See! see!" cried Julian; "yonder, near them, is the very man whom I have before seen twice on our path this day, and I think he was before the church at Vaucouleurs — he has followed and tracked us. I know him by his buff coat and large hat, and the mouse-coloured horse he rides, a better one than it looks; see, he stops and talks with them, and points to us. If I may speak for my life, back! for we are beset and betrayed."

"I tell you it is too late," thundered the voice of Jeannette; "they had marked us from the first, marked the archer who rode back to us, when in good caution, he should but have made a feint to halt, and so let us rejoin him. Are we not eight? Think you that any eight of them have such cause to stake their lives as we have? Forward, and the first onset shall make the odds nearer to even if you have courage — which is all you have to trust to now. Forward!"

Pierre kept his horse as in advance of his sister to protect her, John of Novelompont rode directly forward with her, determined to perish for her, if he could by no other means keep his sworn word, and Bertrand de Poulengy pressed on, too, but rather to withhold than to encourage her.

"If you are wise," exclaimed Collet de Vienne,
you will take from her all conduct in this journey."

"She should be put in a place of surety, if there be donjon near, and there left," cried John of Honnecourt; "for men's lives should not be trusted to such mad guidance."

"On!" again shouted Jeannette; and she, Pierre, and Novelompont, dashed forward at speed, while Bertrand disdained to be left behind them.

But what was the amazement of the timorous retainers, when they saw the larger party, who had been watching their movements, put also spurs to their horses, and betake themselves to flight in an opposite direction! Ashamed as well as wondering, they followed through the now clear road, and in less than a quarter of an hour no trace of enemies could be seen. The abashed followers considered it no less than a miracle: a marvel, and a providential fortune it was, doubtless; but the interposition, as may be supposed, was mine.

Acquainted from childhood with all the Burgundian tokens, and, more than that, disciplined in their habit of speaking, my own trust in my single and adventurous journey was in the badge which I had again assumed, my coolness, and my skill I had no difficulty in convincing the leader that I was a scout of the same party, though acting under another leader, and I warned them that they saw only the advance of a considerable body sent by Baudricourt to scour the country. I gave them tokens from Vaucouleurs of that day: I knew well their few partizans there, for men do not easily shake off intimacy with those they have known from boyhood. They believed me. And had the endeavour of which she was unaware been fruitless, Jeannette would still have been right. The determined opposition of her small band fighting for life, and that in a well compacted order, might have forced the passage those half craven robbers would have had to dispute; had they fled one by one, they must have fallen a prey to the Burgundian band, who would scarcely have staid to sell life for life in fair encounter.

As soon as all was once more open on their path, Jeannette sent Pierre forward for the look-out, and then turned to her astonished party: — "Do not believe," she said, "strange as this seems, that it is a miracle; had it been, I should have known of its coming, and have suffered it to do its own office without a word. Courage can work things which, to those who have it not, seem as strange as miracles themselves, but I should deserve death, and worse, did I lead you to my own will by imposture. Why they fled I know not, but I know that, had we fled, the traitors among us at least would have perished as they deserved. You, master pursuivant, are the king's officer, and exempt by the office you bear on my behalf from any reproach, but stand forth you

who would have broken your oath, even before the sun sets which shone when it was taken — stand forth, and see whether you have prowess to put me in the place of safety which you think hefits me."

With that she struck a blow that shivered the fellow's less tempered blade, which he held up for his defence, into many pieces, and then, using only the flat of her own, dealt another which nearly unhorsed him. This was done with such rapidity, that no one had time to interpose, and her own sword was again in its scabbard before either of those who were entitled to do so could expostulate.

"By the mass," said Richard, "and if she hits the enemy that way, she might not be so very mad to go on, after all. Come, do n't be frightened, friend, there's only a bruise or so the matter with you, so settle yourself in your seat again, and make up your mind to obey orders in future. Nay, nay, shake yourself, and don't feel for blood; if she had used the edge you'd have felt little enough now; bear your pain like a man, and be thankful."

The night soon drew in; they halted for some short rest, both to themselves and their steeds; but, as I had by this time managed to quit my Burgundian friends, and to recover the track of the party. I beheld them in about three hours resume their route, of which I as well knew the reason as when it was afterwards told to me.

"I will spare their fears as much as may be," said she to Novelompont and Poulengy, yet so as to be heard by all. "I am so far fortunate that they would rather make haste to be out of peril than stay to meet it. We will continue our journey during the night, and if we reach the Marne early on the morrow, our main danger from these parties will be passed, for such is the advice of the Seigneur de Baudricourt."

In this all heartily concurred; and Jeannette, inspirited by success, and pleased with their speed, from whatever cause it proceeded, soon smiled with Novelompont and Poulengy at her own vivacity in chastising Honnecourt.

"I will ask of you a sword for him at the next place where we may light on an armourer's," she said to them; "for I would make my peace with him, and he may be taught to use it better when he next has need of defence."

Before noon the next day they were at the abbey of St. Urbain's on the Marne, a league from Joinville, and there all but herself reposed freely till the next day. She wasted no strength in unnecessary watchfulness; she forced herself to the rest which would assist her; but the one thought that possessed her was the one word "Forward." Long before daylight on the third day the travellers were again upon their road. They set forth orderly and

cheerfully, for the monks of St. Urbain, secretly favourers of the Dauphin, had, at Jeannetto's entreaty, bestowed on her a sword, which she herself presented to Honnecourt.

Yet she offered rather than accepted pardon. "I give you this," she said, "that you may prove in the use of it, should the need come, that you are a brave and loyal man, true to your cath, and worthy of the adventure on which you are engaged, and willing to earn the thanks which the Dauphin will give to all who have helped him in this good service."

With men who themselves possess little of other qualifications, and are, indeed, unable to judge of higher ones, strength, courage, and activity, always hold the first rank of respect; and Honnecourt, though with Julian and Richard he declared it was well for Jeannette that she was a woman, as well as privileged by the order of the Captain of Vaucouleurs and his own oath, yet in his heart obeyed her, as did the others much the more readily and submissively for the personal prowess she had shown in enforcing her command.

They had need of all their faith and respect, for the next three days, though they met with no adverse adventure, were rendered, by the state of the roads, the swelling of the rivers, the travelling by night, with little repose in the day, and often but scanty refreshment, days fit to try the mettle of veterans. But the pobler of her followers, who had watched all her actions with the deepest interest as proofs of the truth or fulsehood of her claims, increased visibly in their deference. John of Novelompont, as he afterwards declared, felt for her a centiment of awe, and his elder companion that of the deepest respect. Whatever was to be endured or dared, without waiting for deliberation, or giving the opportunity of contest, she always set the example. The lead in peril, the hardest watch she claimed as her right, or suffered only sometimes to be disputed by her brother Pierre, whose regard. deference, and implicit faith, were lessons to those who knew her less. Her habitual temperance, when others indulged after long fast, seemed to the ignorant something beyond their own nature, and to the better informed a high qualification for great enterprize.

Those who never saw her rise from the humblest couch and the shortest slumber, but that she made habitually the sign of the cross, and knelt with as much simplicity as a child in the presence of its parents, till her orisons were performed, saw the cause of the trust which they could not but wish were as certain in themselves, and more and more believed and watched for every word that fell from her lips. Her deep fits of abstraction when she

sometimes rode on silently and by herself, reemed to them communings of happy omen, for she smiled often as she was so engaged, and came with fresh cheer and encouragement to her followers.

When all were thus willing to serve her in the great purpose of her mission, the kindness of her disposition had its full and natural sway; she thought for all, and gave of her own, or of what she could ask from her noble friends, to the needs or wishes of the followers, till they who had begun with coarse speeches and rude jests among them. selves, led on at first only by interested service to their masters, now waited on her will, and contended for its service. Even her desire to heur mass, which for many years she had attended almost daily, and sometimes much oftener, she postponed to the entreaties of Poulengy, who feared lest they should be noted while in a hostile possession; she considered her mission for the time her greatest offering of devotion, and sacrificed the habitual coothing of religious services to the good-will and unanimity of those appointed to assist it.

Once in a small and ruinous chapel they formed the larger half of the congregation, where the priest himself was alarmed at their entrance, lest a more usual purpose among armed bands should be there; and once, in the noble cathedral of St. Stephen in Auxerre, where the confluence of people and the size of the town itself rendered observation less likely, Poulengy joined with the escort in the service.

Let no one wonder to find that her prayers are recorded as events; one embarked in such a cause, with little seeming support on earth, could only be heartened by such strength as she could draw from Heaven.

But the dawn of the seventh morning brought them before the walls of Gien. Harnesed as they had been, worn with fatigue and lack of rest, the friendly ensign, the lilies of France alone, not quartered with the English lions, floating from the donjon of the citadel, warmed their hearts with the assurance that they stood on the verge of Charles's yet unconquered dominion. The messenger of the king now assumed his coat of office, and at his summons the gates were opened to them, and they were enclosed securely in the ramparts of a French town.

While Jeannette and her brother, as well as Poulengy and Novelompont rested, weary as they were, their retainers could neither refrain from the long untasted wine-cup, or the free speech which it brings. The escape from all danger, its wondrous absence of late, the accomplishment of every promise, Jeannette's bravery and sanctity, and, above all, the marvellous mission which they might now freely avow, were themes too tempting to sleep upon

without a boast for themselves, and the indulgence of that consequence which always invests the teller of great news.

Thus they talked and drank while Jeanuette slept, and then slept long after she had risen, and had repaired to the principal church to return thanks for her hitherto prosperous attempt. The rumour soon noised about the small town had brought many to the inn at which they had rested; with wonder, and with regard, at first they watched the steps of the maiden to the church, and then one by one they followed her within, while others were still led by the increasing fame to the place, till, at her return, the high and noble, as well as the poor and mean, had come to feast their eyes and their hopes on the face and demeanour of the prophetess. There, beside her, I too knelt; my buff coat thrown aside, I now wore my hauberk, with the sash of the Armagnacs, and kept the visor of my helmet closed, as one who had some vow of urms upon him.

Here imagination began to make miracle of that which was only the prophecy of general foresight, made keener by the pressing danger. We learned the fate of the battle of Rouvray, the total discomfiture of the Dauphin's army; and Bertrand de Poulengy and John of Novelompont could not but recollect that she had urged before Baudricourt

the peril that would happen from delay, and that great loss might arise even before their departure. It was strange; Rouvray was lost on the Saturday, and the maiden began her journey on the Sunday morning; there was belief indeed prepared for her from those who needed palpable tokens, and marvellously prepared too out of the usual eceming accidents of life.

The attendants remembered too her speech the first day of their adventure; and their memories, urged by the love of wonder, augmented the truth till they had made her words a clearly accomplished prophecy. Her noble, unaffected, and simple bearing, and the majestic beauty of her face and person, at once impressed those who looked on her with belief—for men are led by the apparent symbols of great qualities, and seem but to be trusting to the evidence of their senses when they behold a high emprize so lodged.

But there was more than all this in Jeannette—a truth and candour which would have gained credence for the homeliest face, or added dignity to the meanest form. Soon she assembled her followers, smiling down remonstrance that they now might move more teisurely. "We have only diligence to show now," she said; "do not let those who have disregarded great dangers before now lose the meed which awaits them for luck of the humbler virtue, industry."

Attended beyond the gates by many of the inhabitants who pressed round them still with respectful curiosity, and grieved that it could only for so short a time be gratified, they departed from Gien early in the afternoon. The rest of their journey to Fierbois, where they arrived on the eleventh day after their departure, they were enabled to travel with better certainty. They hesitated no longer about taking the direct and easy path, and they made good speed.

They had passed the stately turrets of Loches; and Jeannette, for the first time, had an idea of the extent and grandeur of a royal castle. Beautifully seated, above a rich and varied plain, which is watered by the Indre and ornamented with the elegant and lofty towers of Beautieu, extending over the brow of the hill, and containing a small town within its walls, above which rise the curious old steeples of the collegiate church, monuments of the eighth century, it told the village girl that she had greater ones to meet than the lords of her own province, or even the prince who ruled Lorraine. "Yet do I not come to save all this?" was the idea that made her ownspirit rise above the magnificence around her.

They made short halt, only to assure themselves that the king was at Chinon, and then passed onward, for it was early day, to the small old town of Fierbois, whose church and eastle command, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, the great road from Touraine into Guienne. Its mean irregular street was not usually honoured with such a cavalcade even in appearance and numbers; and the few inhabitants could afterwards easily recall to remembrance the unwonted circumstance of the visit of Jeanne d'Arc to their town, hitherto unnot d but by the occasional residence of one Seigneur of rank and distinction, and the noblest of that race had fallen at Agincourt.

Here the party, all but Collet de Vienne and his archer Richard, made a longer stay. The messenger recollected how much he had taken on his own responsibility in persuading Baudricourt to send the prophetess towards the Dauphin. Jeannette herself had no wish to enter the royal presence unauthorized.

With the aid of one of the monks of St. Catharine's, who was fortunately a well-learned clerk, she despatched a letter to the Dauphin. It humbly entreated permission to enter the town in which he resided; spoke of the distance she had come to greet and to aid him, a space of a hundred and fifty leagues, much of it through the territory held by his adversaries; and that her news, would he deign to hear them, would be such as he would surely welcome.

The time between the despatch of her letter and the receipt of its reply she well knew how to deprive of all tedium, and of much of its anxiety. The church, dedicated to one of her peculiar patrons, St. Catharine, seemed to offer her an asylum and a resting-place. Seizing with avidity on the opportunities which had been debarred to her, thrice in the day she attended at the mass; it was indeed the only pause which real could make in such an enterprize, to sanctify it with renewed prayer, and keep the mind bent for its loftiest flight, the fearless announcement of her mission to him to whom she was sent.

There, amid the tombs of warriors, for it was the last resting-place of the house of Bouciqualt, high thoughts of chivalry mingled with her prayers, and she felt as though the spirits of the warrior knights there entombed, some with the weapons that they loved, joined in the train of those celestial voices that came again and again to comfort and encourage her. She poised with a soldier's pleasure the swords and lances that were hung as devotional trophies above the tombs, and the armorial hearings of the five crosses with which some were stamped gratified her as the emblem by which she would fight, reminding her of the holiness, the innocence of the cause for which alone a sword should be drawn.

The Dauphin's answer arrived; she was permitted to repair to Chinon. So quickly had it been despatched, that it was brought to her that very evening in the church, and presented by the messenger, as she rose from her knees at the altar. She would have proceeded at once, but this the messenger delayed. The next morning, impatience added to her usual diligence, and John of Novelompont and Poulengy, and indeed all their retinue, believing in the immediate and happy termination of the adventure, were anxious to claim their full share of honour by the engerness of their last service.

Pierre shared the feelings of his sister; and he had also a stake of his own upon the fortunate event. They took the pleasant road by L'Isle Bouchard, and then, winding down the left bank of the beautiful Vienne, came, at length, in sight of the palace castle of Chinon.

If Loches had appeared to Jeannette a habitation fully worthy of a king, the pile which crowned the much broader summit of the hill above Chinon, a monument of many successive races of rulers, and to the splendour of which the English themselves, while their monarchs held the county of Anjou, had liberally contributed, more than realized all the could conceive of state and majesty. Its towers seem to fill every inch of the fine position, and the

parts joined by bridges over deep ravines would each appear in itself a garrison held for a monarch. The fine gate-tower in the centre, seen in profile from the road, commands the approach to the immediate apartments of the king.

They approach. The bridge over the Vienne lies on the right to lead into the town, which, full of antique churches and chapels, lies, as protected every where by the crowning palace, beneath and between it and the clear river; along its banks are pleasant roads, forming walks fit for the exercise of nobles and of ladies, whose education should add refined taste to the inborn love for the beauties of nature.

The little party passes the bridge, and the Chapel, called by its name at the end of it, and advancing gently up the hill at the market-place, all alight, for the time, at a hostelry, at the further end, just where the steep road begins to lead more directly to the bridges, which must be passed to reach the gateway of the castle.

Here the messenger was sent to inform the Dauphin of her arrival; and here, before the order should arrive, which would, as she hoped, lead her to the presence of the Dauphin, Jeannette and her followers had ample opportunity to gather something of the manners and opinions of those who dwell in the vicinity of the court, and of the new style of difficulties likely to arise in her path. Hitherto she had combated with honest incredulity, or failed to arouse selfish coldness; now she was plunged into the great sea of the eventful world, in which each separate interest has its contending power, where to convince is but half-way to persuade, and where what is acknowledged to be right has yet to be tried by a thousand factitious tests of expediency, until the moral sense is confounded and abashed, and a thousand grotesque and contemptible idols are substituted for the one divinity. "right."

Free as she was from all personal pride, she wondered to find in this busy, though narrow sphere, that she who came with power to save France was not only welcomed as the merest common guest of an humble inn, but that all seemed so occupied with their own pursuits as little to regard the impending danger which she came to avert. Retired indeed with her hostess, whom she had sought on account of her good character rather than the accommodation she could offer, she heard little of what was passing without, till many hours afterwards, when the arrival of some prelates of rank at the little inn attracted somewhat more than usual notice in a town accustomed to sight-seeing.

To them she was presented by the two gentlemen

who had accompanied her, and, irritated for the moment by this new intervention, she at first refused to reply to their many questions; at length, pressed in the name of the king, at least, to state the object of her mission, she repeated, in plain and simple terms, "that she had two matters to accomplish by the command of Him whom the king bowed to as his king—to raise the siege of Orleans, and to lead the Dauphin Charles to Rheims, there to be anointed and crowned."

They departed, and the evening approached without further news; at length John of Gaucourt, governor of the castle of Chinon, and nearly allied to the noble Raoul de Gaucourt, Bailly of Orleans, came to lead her to the castle Du Coudray, there to await the Dauphin's pleasure, and the result of the councils which were even then holden touching her reception. All this she bore with as much patience as she might; but it struck a chill to the heart of the high enthusiast that, at the very moment when she had deemed the great object of her life accomplished, it should be coldly questioned whether the great succour she represented should be received.

But she reflected on the power that had brought her thus far through toil and wintry climate, through disbelief and danger. She blamed herself for questioning the result. "Alas!" she said to herself, "I may have much more to bear than has yet appeared to me; it may have been hidden lest I should faint in the task; but surely, surely all shall be accomplished, and aught else it behoves me little to heed."

Pierre accompanied her with less patience; for he had not so disinterested a hope in the events to come, and he felt besides some indignation at the overcautious reception of those whose deeds already were wonders; but, under the protection of the lady of Gaucourt, a privilege she dearly prized, Jeannette retired even from him, and resorting still to those means which alone she believed could control the event, as well as give her force to meet it, she was resigned.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Ir was on the morning of the second day after the arrival of Jeannette at Chinon that Charles the Dauphin, as many of his own adherents yet familiarly called him, though crowned king of France at Poitiers, and so styled and observed by his officers, was standing in the room of the gate-tower immediately over the entrance to the royal residence in the castle of Chinon. With him were Louis of Bourbon, Count of Vendôme, a prince of his own blood, who had fought at Agincourt, and who, having strangely escaped from captivity in England, was again ready to peril liberty and life in behalf of the rightful heritage of France, and Louis de la Tremouille, at that time Grand Chamberlain.

The habitually grave and thoughtful look of the monarch, and the naturally serious cast of his features, accorded little with the character of a reck-less lover of pleasure, which many who regarded his title and honoured him as king did not fail to

bestow on him; but, besides that what are called pleasant dissipations of themselves wear premature furrows on the check, and wrinkle the brow before its time, Charles had snatched his enjoyments out of the clutch of care, or fled to them for a shield against remembrances, such as stamp youth with the weight of responsibilities and of remorse.

At the age of twenty-six Charles had been the spectator of many direful tragedies. From his first unwitting presence at the murder of John of Burgundy, when he was scarcely seventeen years of age, to the insurrection of but a year or two past. when his nobles tore from him his friends, who, worthy or unworthy, were the only constant companions of his fortunes, his had been a life such as could only be supported by not thinking too deeply on the past. In the few years he had borne the title of king, he had exercised little authority; his nobles placed and displaced even his immediate attendants as they pleased, generally accompanying their removal with blood, sometimes shed under the sanction of a legal trial, sometimes poured out with less hypocrisy by their own wrathful weapons. Arthur, Count of Richemont, brave and loval as he was to France, was the head of these aristocratic rulers of their king, and he had at last, at Charles's own request, named the man whom he would have his sovereign accept as a

companion, though the king's discrimination at the very moment was far greater than his who controlled him, for he assured the constable that he would find a more wily and more dangerous for than Louvet or Giac in the man whom he recommended to favour, Louis de la Tremouille.

The king was right, and he knew it; but, accustomed to be the sport of stronger wills than his own, and yielding to those without whose support his throne must fall, he accepted the familiarity of Tremouille, and suffered him to barter away his fortunes and betray his interests, as other favourites had done before him, without much heeding, perhaps expecting, that he would meet with the same retribution.

If his private life was thus miserable, what has been traced of his public career was not more fortunate, so that if he were obliged to shun the remorseful thought of the past, he had no resource in turning to the glory of the future. His wife, Mary of Anjou, who, from first to last, did her duty as a consort and as a queen, was yet unable to fix his love; he respected and extremed her as her qualities demanded, but her person was homely, and had little to engage the fancy of a youthful king, made less regardful of decencies as of consequences, by the very despair of his state.

He was, as I have said, accompanied by the

Count de Vendôme, then aged about fifty-two, and by La Tremouille, a pobleman of about ten years younger than the Count, but who strove to pass for somewhat younger yet, being point device in his dress and the adjustment of his hair, which last, however, scarcely seconded his wish to appear amiable, being sandy, with a slight touch of grey. His expression did not belie Charles's prophecy, and perhaps contributed to it. It was meanness covered by sarcasm, an affectation of superior intellect veiling an inward consciousness of insincerity, an attempt, not uncommon in the world, to despise what he could not reach. His manner was, of course, a mixture of haughtiness and subserviency, as the occasion, or the person be addressed, permitted, or required of him. His supercilious bearing served him, too, to maintain his influence even with his superiors; there is nothing of which good-natured men are more fearful than a war rather of ill-temper than of wit.

Charles was essentially good-natured. The lack of real friends, and the arbitrary change of those whom he had received in their stead, had made him heart-sick, not hollow-hearted. What he became this story may in some measure shew, though it may not detail.

The three were looking, Charles from a small window, and Tremouille behind him, and Vendôme

from a loophole, not on the splendid view, interesting by its immense extent and variety even at that season, but on the narrow passage which leads from the town over two bridges to this gateway, the centre of the castle; as this second bridge serves also to join the royal inclosure to the large fort on the east, where are lodged the soldiery and the meaner attendants of the court.

"You are sure," said the Dauphin, "that orders have been given to detain her at this gate until we can reach our own apartments, else our plan will fail of trying whether she can, as she professes, really distinguish him to whom she says she is directed. So did she with Baudricourt, and so hath she promised to do so with us, if Collet de Vienne speak true."

"It has been carefully attended to, sire," replied La Tremouille. "I would not for the world that we should lose such a chance of detecting imposition, for though your grace be as royal as you can desire in the eyes of such as are by custom enabled to judge of a royal presence, yet the vulgar, who look upon the crown and robe as the only outward sign of greatness, may be easily led by mere outward observances and respect to take any one for a king."

"There is little of vulgar judgment in hor, if the reports which the commissioners bring us be true," said Vendôme. "We shall judge for ourselves, my lord, which will be better than the report of commissioners," said La Tremouille.

"I am glad you think so now, Grand Chamberlain," replied Vendôme, "since you so strenuously opposed her admission to the king."

"While I thought there was any other means left to convince his counsellors," said La Tremouille.

"After all," interposed Charles, "she may know me by some note of my age or person."

"There are many not unlike you in age or stature in your court," said Vendôme.

"But men say, and I am forced to believe them, cousin, because my own eyes say the same thing, that I have remarkably short legs," said the monarch, good-humouredly.

"And therefore men say, likewise," rejoined Vendôme, in the same manner, "that your highness hath put us all in these long robes, which may for once answer your purpose in making one man's legs like another."

"Which gives Monsieur de Vendôme," said La Tremouille, " great and just cause of displeasure."

4 Which might do so," replied the prince, " were 1 as youthful as the Grand Chamberlain, and had nothing but my legs to beast of."

"Htop your legs, and use your eyes," exclaimed

Charles; "for yonder is a party arriving at the first bridge down yonder, and stopping before the outer gate of the castle."

"It must be they," said Vendôme, "for Louis des Cartes is with them; I know the lad by his ardent bearing, and the haste with which he is directing the warders."

"But which is the maiden?" asked the Dauphin.
"There are two striplings side by side, as far as I can see at this distance, much alike in years and stature."

"My life," said Vendôme, "that the one in the larger mantle is she; she is a little in advance now, and the others wait on her; the form, too, is a little rounder and fuller; ah, now I am quite sure, for do you not see that mounted trooper who has come up and addressed something to the servitors, which she overhears; look, how she turns upon him with her outstretched arm, and her fore-finger pointing as though she laid some denunciation upon him; the fellow shrinks, too, and skulks away; no! by the mass, there is no mistaking her; what say you, Seigneur de la Tremouille?"

"That the Count de Vendôme is a shrewd observer, when a fine woman is in the case," replied the Chamberlain.

"Say rather when a fine spirit is in the case," said the Prince; "do her justice, if not me."

"As you please, if you think either ought to be offended at my compliment," replied La Tremouille.

"Peace! peace!" cried the Dauphin; "they are passing upwards the remainder of the way, and will turn to the left directly, and come straight towards us."

"They do so now," said La Tremouille.

"You have prepared your friends to play their parts, and deceive her if they can?" asked Vendome.

"And I fear not their success, if she be not prompted by her's," replied La Tremouille.

"I, sir, have given my word; perhaps you did not hear me when I gave it," said the Count. La Tremouille bowed.

"Down to the gate, La Tremouille!" exclaimed Charles. "Bid them receive her with respect, but detain her till the trumpet sounds from the hall. She has a brave, as well as beautiful, mich; I would see as much as I may of her before she sees me." La Tremouilte obeyed.

"And there is neither hurry nor perturbation in her manner," observed Vendôme; "she is as calm and collected as though she entered this castle as its queen."

"Few queens are like her, methinks, cousin," said Charles. "See you how gracefully and easily she springs from her horse! I would fain see the

that that could alight more firmly; my life, cousin, that she is beloved well by those who are with her, they crowd round her, and even now she has a smile for them! but we must away; stay you, and lead her into the hall; I know that you will keep your word."

"Then I would that your highness knew every one as well as you know me," said the Count, as he followed his sovereign down the dark stone stair.

"Pish, cousin!" replied the Dauphin; "and why should we know more of any one than it is pleasant to see, for of profit from any, methinks, I have little to draw, except from my own true kin indeed," and he pressed Vendôme's hand.

"And from this maiden, or my hopes are strange folly," said Vendome.

"Well, well, to the proof, dear cousin?" said Charles; "each to his post;" and so they separated.

Although the doubts as to the propriety of rereiving Jeanne d'Arc as a prophetus had even in that urgent time of need so long delayed her coming to the castle, yet, when it had been resolved that she should come into the king's presence, it had been wisely determined that no state which the means of the court could afford should be spared to give celât to an advent which might prove of so vital importance.

In the hall, the ante-chamber, and the reception-room of Chinon, were assembled three hundred of the nobles and the high-blooded gentry, who still adhered to the fortunes of their native king; and, though curiosity as well as loyalty had probably joined with the new hope which contributed to draw together so large and sudden an assemblage, yet, when Charles had passed the terracecourt which leads from the gate-tower to the hall of the residence, he could not but hail as a welcome omen the unwonted muster of his followers. Most were sumptuously apparelled, too, even of those whose rank placed them for the time only in the outer apartments, and within were still some of the representatives of the old historic houses, whose names were yet untarnished by allegiance to the foreigner.

All parties, indeed, had joined; the portion who sought profit and titles, through the patronage of La Tremouille, came to add to the distraction of her whose reception he had scoffed at; those who prayed for the welfare of France, and sought honour in serving it, wished rather than hoped that they might find it in the maiden. Some enthusiastic spirits who had entered at once and with avidity into the marvel, who repeated the prophecy of the battle of Rouvray, which they had imbibed from her party, boasted highly of the purity and

religion of her life, of the affection and respect which she had already won from the Lady of Gaucourt; had hopes that amounted to confidence; and a knot of them were prepared with anxious interrogations for Louis des Cartes, a youth of their own temperament, of about fifteen years of age, who had been sent as a companion to Jeannette at the Castle du Coudray, perhaps with the idea that her intercourse would be less constrained with one of his years, than with older people, whom she might expect to report of her.

The king passed on to the second room beyond the hall, amid the respectful greetings of his friends, for in his presence all was forgotten but his misfortunes and the cause of France. In the hall, the ante-chamber, and the reception-room itself, groups were formed as of men paying respectful attention to some courtier of more state, selected for his mien, or for his dress; in the ante-chamber, this part was played by the Lord of Juille; and in the reception-room by the Grand Chamberlain himself, where the king, grouped among many courtiers, hid completely any peculiarity of figure, and almost of face, behind those who surrounded him.

Twilight was approaching, and the splendour of the scene was much heightened by the number of torches which were already lit to prevent future interruption to the assembly: of these fifty burned in the presence chamber alone.

Soon the murmur in the hall announced that Jeanne was already there, and the farce which they were prepared to play was disconcerted in this instance by the actors themselves. Led in the hand of a prince of the blood, who had filled the high office of Grand Chamberlain under the late king, until he had changed it for the still more exalted one of Grand Master of the Household, the reverence with which her entrance was involuntarily saluted told her at once that her conductor had no superior there.

She passed on at once to the open door to her left in the further part of the hall, and, observing a corresponding door still at the extremity of the ante-room, she passed on with only the notice of an obeisance to the more magnificent crowd who waited this proof of her discernment or inspiration. The reception-room, smaller than the last, which was itself much less in size than the hall, was nearly filled by men, scarcely more richly dressed, but each of whom had the natural bearing of a real importance, even in the presence of their scarcely more than titular master.

Her eye fell upon La Tremouille, and rested but for an instant with disappointment. It was not the face to which she would plead or confide her cause.

He quickly saw her doubt, and a glance of triumple towards the king led Jeannette's eye that way, With an instant's conviction of the truth, for all this passed so rapidly that none but the actors knew of the space, she sprang through the crowd, and, falling at the Dauphin's feet, humbly embraced his knees. He endeavoured by action, for he dared not at that moment belie the truth in words, to direct her attention elsewhere, as if she had erred, but she did not even look round to confirm, by the many faces which could not restrain the assent of wonder, her own quick certainty. She had made her election, and doubted nothing, for already to her ears had voices sounded, which told her she knolt before her sovereign, and to those voices she implicitly trusted, though she felt not that they spoke through her own genius and imagination. To her they were real, for she afterwards affirmed it on her oath; they were not famiful, capricious, or delusive, for they told the truth.

"No! no! gentil Dauphin," she cried aloud;
"I know to whom I speak. Do you not know? have they not told you from whom I come? you would not receive a messenger of truth, and the prophecy of things to come, with a falsehood?"

At this reproof Charles himself advanced to his usual seat, which had been filled by La Tremouille, and the lords formed round him a respectful circle.

"And now hear me what I am bidden to declare to you in the only name that has power to make good my words, right noble lord Dauphin," and the maid; "I bring to you and to your kingdom help; know by me that, in spite of all your enemnes can do, you shall be anointed and crowned in your city of Rheims; that it is willed that your foes shall return into their own land, and leave your kingdom free to you, its true, only, and legitimate hear, the son of the last king!"

This was declared in a clear but not loud voces, tremulous with the great mission it announced; her port was erect, her chest heaved, the high colour stood in her cheek, and her eye, fixed first on the Dauphin's, gradually kindled more and more, till a full lustre of joy shone upon her face, as though some visible sign of the truth descended upon the head of the monarch. "Long live the king!" burst in one involuntary cry from the nobles; it was echoed in the ante-room, in the hall, in the court itself, where a little army of retainers waited eagerly for news of the conference. Again and again it sounded in long and cheering shouts, ringing above and around the vast edifice.

"I would speak with you alone," said the king, after the enthusiasm had in a degree been lulled, for he had pondered on her last words, which she

had given with a peculiar emphasis of marked assurance.

In the further part of the wall of the audience chamber, to her left as she had entered, a step led to a door, towards which Charles walked; it was opened, and he preceded her into a closet of many irregular sides, in one of the southern towers of the palace, with windows looking over the steeples and towers of the town, the river, the bridge, and the adjacent territory, and continuing the noble panorama from the gateway. The king left the maiden some time to consider the grandeur of the prospect, pacing the small space wistfully, and then, having gone to the door to be assured that no one could hear him, he approached her at the window, and spoke in a low voice.

"(irrl, you have thrust yourself, or you are sent, indeed, to take part in matters of deep and imminent concern, not to me alone, though it is much for oneborn to a crown to have it, with all its noble rights and honours, rudely torn from him by strangers, and to have his name perish, to be the last king of his race. I say it is much to me, but even more for my people, for whom, perhaps, careless as I have been, I feel more than it is the fashion to show, and whom, if, indeed, I might ever reign king in France, I perhaps might strive to render happy, could I meet fit aids in such a task.

But you have claimed a high arbitrement over us both, one perilous to yourself in the last degree, if you have unadvisedly sought it, glorious if it be indeed imposed on you. Remember what it is, then, to intermeddle with the secrets of a king, secrets on which hang war and peace, dishonour and royalty, life and death."

Jeanne stood humbly, bravely, silently,

"What meant you, or what great bidding spake by your voice, when you called me the son of the last king, in that voice that thrilled all men, and seemed to wake an echo from the heart of my realm of France?"

"Methought I saw a crown descending on your head, sire!" replied the maiden; "but, indeed, if you would know why I called you the son of the last king, it is because I have heard men doubt it scoffingly, miserable jeerers as they are in high matters, and because I am sure that the Voices which have urged me on to your succour would not send me to aid the progeny of a foul incest, but the true and lawful inheritor of a king."

"Now, thank Heaven!" exclaimed Charles,
you speak right on to the purpose; oh how sweet
is such a voice that one can trust when it speaks
grateful truth!"

He paused to stifle his emotion; he could only endeavour to hide it. After a time she continued,

"I come to urge you to test your title by Heaven's own act, to resign your kingdom into His hands who gave it, and can preserve it to you, and to receive it again from Him, noble Dauphin, so that your right may, indeed, be certain."

The King pondered awhile. "And should this be done openly?"

"Openly at Rheims, when I have led you thither, sire; when every one shall see, in the deeds done, the truth of the words spoken now in your closet and alone."

"And how?" asked the king.

"It is that you should discharge your conscience justly, noble Dauphin; that I would, if I may, give you counsel;" she replied; "that you should ask for prosperity for your cause, only if it be the cause of truth; and pray the speedy ending of the war, even against you, if the crown be not rightly your's, that no more evil may fall upon your people, whom as a king, indeed, you would pray might be pardoned of their own sins, if for them they are thus afflicted; and that you alone might bear the weight of your's, if for you they suffer. Heaven then may give you peace in a distant land, if you merit no more; peace to your own realm under your rule, if it be your's to ask it."

"Girl!" cried Charles, astonished, "I know not how you should tell me my own thoughts; now, by

all the saints, I pretend not to a holy life, but I am not lost to pity for those I should rule, or reverence for that I too much neglect; such, by my honour, has already been my prayer, and the answer to it is in your presence."

He paced the room again. "I need not ask you whether you can be silent, or enjoin you to be so," he said; then stayed her from reply, and thought again. "This is between yourself and me alone, while both live;" he said again; "my council, without whom I am as powerless as yon poor warder, that keeps guard on the bridge yonder, will have other proofs, other tokens, other questions. I cannot stir but with their advice."

"If you believe me, sire, are you not our king?

"Ah, girl!" said Charles, with a sigh, "but I am not to expect you to know the miserable mysteries of courts, how the seemingly great are bowed down, and the things, mocked with title and the outside of authority, are fettered and led, and that, too, for wretched purposes. I see it, I have known it long, and the time may come that I may act according to my sense. Heaven send it! It is by many small fibres that this vast engine of a kingdom's strength must be stirred; find the secret of that, too, and Henry shall not have France yet. Enough for the day."

"Oh, sire!" exclaimed Jeanne, "casting herself again at his feet, "but time! but your people's sufferings! but the appointed day!"

"Be at peace, and be delay on my head if I occasion it," said Charles; "we may perhaps proceed slowly, but it will be because we have no better means; over-cautiously, but because we must satisfy all minds. In this rest content; you have given me great cause of trust, and come what will, now you have borne to me your errand, proffered your service, you are fully accepted, or, at the least, fully absolved." With this he threw open the door, and himself led her back to the assembled lords.

It was with far different feelings from those which had first greeted her that the assembly hailed her return, nor did this arise only from the circumstance of the king's marked respect, and his open declaration that she had spoken to him wisely and wonderfully of secret matters, so that he much confided in her. Louis des Cartes, who, though still only of the rank of pages, was a youth of noble birth, and a favourite with many of his elders, spoke with reverence of her conduct at the castle Du Coudray; and had evidently imbibed no small portion of her own enthusiasm.

John of Gaucourt spoke too of his wife's report, full of praises of her simplicity and candour. But one of those strange incidents which sometimes

stamp men's judgment through their fears, had, more than such speeches, or even the earnest support of Poulengy and Novelompont, who had followed her, served to abash the sneerers of La Tremouille's party. A lord, whom accident had detained from the ceremony, arrived as of right in the audience-room, while Jeanne was closeted with the Dauphin.

"Welcome, De Chambord," cried the Chamberlain; "you come too late for the first scene of our pageant, which, to say truth, has gone rather against us; some sleight has discovered the king to the prophetess, and now his highness hath taken further question on himself, seeing that the girl is not without beauty, he exerts, perhaps, no unwelcome privilege. But how is this? you were wont to smile at your friend's jests; mine, perhaps, is not a very good one, but your face need not reprove it with so much the air of an anchorite."

"Others have jested, and have already paid a heavy price for their sport," replied De Chambord.

"How! how! man?" asked La Tremouille, and the noble auditory crowded around the new comer.

"A man, a soldier, welcomed her with a scurril and immodest mock, as she entered the first portal," said De Chambord, "and the fellow joined blasphemy to his insolence."

"No very uncommon thing in a trooper," quoth the chamberlain. "Her answer, and what followed, was something uncommon too," continued the narrator. "Ha!" she cried to him, 'dost thou dare to renounce thy Maker, when thou knowest not how near thy death may be?' And even now, as I rode up hither, they were dragging his corpse out of the Vienne, into which he had fallen, while the people were telling the story of her prophecy, and looking upon his fate."

"The drunken rascal began by being abusive, and ended by falling into the water!" cried La Tremouille; but none echoed the laugh that he began, for many felt that if prophecy were unnounced by mortal lips, it would speak in such tones and words as they had just heard from her's.

It was with the governor of Chinon, Jean de Gaucourt, that the king first spoke on his return from the conference.

"I would have this maiden lodged and attended as she herself may desire," he said; "let an apartment be prepared for her in this household."

"So please you, noble Dauphin," interrupted she, as little versed in the etiquette of courts as one so educated might be supposed to be, "so the noble lord will place me with some good woman, who will be a counsel and protection to me, and instruct me in the way I should bear myself here. I should give her little trouble, and obey her patiently."

"I will commend you, so his highness please, to the deputy master of his household, John Bellier, whose wife is a lady of most virtuous reputation," replied Gaucourt.

"So be it," replied Charles; "what must ensue it rests with me to forward," he continued to her; "for the present adieu."

With this, Gaucourt himself led her through the ante-room and hall into the court, and thence to the door of a separate pile of buildings near the centre of the enclosure; I saw her pass, for I had now enrolled myself among those voluntary withers of the king, who were disposed to serve him for bonour and lawful prize, without regular pay; and in which independent character, I conceived myself best able to keep my promises of watching her, whose fortunes still comprised my own; and here, for pervitors have quick ears and willing tongues, I learned some of the more open passages which I have here recorded; the others came to me when the great interests which they concerned had become but shadows of the past, names and memories, like many of those who toiled, cared, suffered, or joyed, in them.

CHAPTER XIX.

As the means I had brought with me, money, or what was immediately convertible into it, would be fully enough to supply my moderate wants for at least a couple of years, I availed myself of the independence which this gave me to refrain from attaching myself to any leader in particular, and to enjoy the privacy of my own quarters wherever I might choose to take them up, until the time should call me into active service. I preferred, therefore, lodging in the small inn at which Jeanne d'Arc had first alighted, where the people were naturally interested in all that concerned her, and which became, in fact, a rendezvous for her humble partizans in the town. So small a place as Chinon was, as may be supposed, somewhat crowded by the retainers of the court, brought together at a time when all men saw the necessity of action, without being able to perceive the direction it should take; and I was willing enough to share the common enting-room with many comers, and to find an interest in their speculations on approaching events.

I repaired from time to time to the castle, as one allowed there on the king's service; and though the opportunities were rare, yet sometimes they were found, of seeing the object of my cares, and assuring myself of her well-being. My own zeal on her behalf, though cautiously expressed lest I should betray too near an interest, had communicated itself to some, though many still looked with a sort of wondering curiosity for the next chapter of this eventful period of history, and considered the mission of Jeanne d'Arc as no more than a singular and perhaps exciting episode.

So passed some days, and in the beginning of March we were still of an evening assembled round the fire, debating the probabilities of the summer campaign.

"A new expedition to Orleans!" quoth Mattre Nicole, a wealthy burgher and a great newsmonger; nor was that to be wondered at, when every rumour spoke of a man's own safety or danger. "A new expedition to Orleans! why there be men enough, to be sure, if they would fight; but who's to pay them? to my knowledge, sir, there's not a stiver in the treasury. I say so; I, who serve the king's household with spices; and were it not for my loyalty, little as some may think it, the king must go without his confections, and drink his wine without Ippocras. See you what a simple man as I may do for a crowned king upon occasion."

"And hear you how a simple man may talk of it," replied Thierry, a stuid coldier. "By St. Louis, but we'll find you men who will fight yet, if you'll find us means to feed them."

"And some Ippocras for our wine, too, master burgher," said a dark-looking companion, called Carasco; "and think yourself well off to give all that your warehouse will afford, that you may keep your throat safe. By the Madonna, if we are to march and fight again, it should be for good pay; for let the English once come among you fat citizens, there'd be pretty pickings to be had in the scramble only for stretching one's hand out. You think men's lives are worth nothing."

"Pickings!" cried Mattre Nicole, aghast; "but you are on our side, a loyal soldier to king Charles."

"A loyal soldier to whomever has money; and as long as the money lasts, perhaps a little longer sometimes for the sake of chances to come; but when all's lost am I to be idle? A man must make hay while the sun shines. I should like to return to my native country a little better than I left it."

"And which is thy native country, Carasco?" asked his fellow soldier.

" I have good choice for the matter of that, not knowing where I was born; somewhere, as I think, in Alsace, or it may be in Bavaria; but my father was a Genoese, and my mother, I fancy, a Spaniard. I have more scars than coins left in king Charles's service; and if the English come this way, and put an end to the war, one must make up for lost time."

- "What a conscience !" cried the burgher.
- "Look to your own!" cried the soldier, "that would have me risk my limbs for nothing."
 - "But when you've the enemy to plunder!"
- "But when the enemy is too strong to be plundered," shouted Carasco.
- "So you see it is better to pay for the men-atarms, worthy burgher," quoth Thierry.
- "Alack! alack! bad help! bad times!" ejaculated Mattre Nicole, rocking himself in his seat; "but there may be some chance in this maiden that is at the castle, they say; for me, I know little about such things; but she's very pious, and good, and chaste, and full of courage, and so merciful, and likely, mayhap, to turn out a decent venture for the king for fault of a better."
- "Ha! ha! a woman! led by a woman!" said Thierry: "let their wise heads look to that, and let them be sure, too, of what men they will get to follow her!"
- "And pious too!" shouted Carasco; "to be sure, very pious warriors, good Catholics, have

marked the hair copy areas, and four plunder there must have been; but at the pretents to be good and merculat, one is no leader for honest men-at-

"She would havely have the leading of such as thee!" excaumed a much of about thirty, whose thus pale sace had been turned in eager attention, and sumetimes in succeed in the bely of better men, if she be but trusted as she deserves."

"By priests, perhaps !" cried Thierry, with the

"An if she be, friend, she will succeed," returned Jean Pasquerel, for that was the priest's name. "Heard you ever of an old Syracusan, called Archamedes?"

" I should scorn to waste my time in lazy booklearning," said the soldier.

"But it might teach you something of your own art, and more of the science of human nature that makes a sport of your art," replied the prest. "Archimedes was a curious deviser of instruments, who boasted that he could move the world if he had but a place out of it whereon to fix his engine."

"By the mass! though, were his saying true, he would be of some use before a town!" quoth Thierry, in unfeigned admiration.

"Aha! would be so?" cried the priest. "Then mark me, my friend, that is what Jeanne d'Arc shall do; she shall move the world indeed, because the has found a resting-place for her power out of it; and that place," he continued devoutly, "in heaven!"

The soldier was rather puzzled than convinced; and his companion, who had yet a tinge of superstition, perhaps the more that he dispensed with conscience, was awe-struck.

"And do they think of employing her, good father?" asked Nicole

"I know not of their cautious cunning," replied Pasquerel; "this I know, that her life is an hourly sacrifice of devotion, and the king surely must see that and believe in it. They examined her, too, day by day, with questions; but of those, I hear, the makes but light, asking them, once for all, whether, if she satisfies them, they are willing that she shall at once lead succour to Orleans; and when they say they have no power finally to decide, she is silent. Men who should judge, hishops and doctors, are wasting the time in idle subtleties."

"Yet the king gives her long audience with but a few of his intimate councillors," I remarked, "The day after her reception she remained with him till dinner-time, returning with him from muse at the Royal Chapel, when he introduced her to the Duke of Alençan."

"Ay," answered the friar, " and she welcomed him carnestly, saying, 'the more princes of the blood the better for France.' And heard you not how, afterwards, she showed her proficiency in your vaunted art, gentlemen soldiers? how, before the king, she exercised with the lance to the wonder of all, so that Alençon has given her a noble horse, fit to carry such a warrior as she indeed will prove?"

At this moment came in a chief of the king's stables, whose friendship I had engaged, and who was often a bearer of news to me from the castle.

"You are a friend of the prophetess," he said to me. "You must make preparation if you mean to follow her fortunes; to-morrow she goes to Poitiers, as does the king himself."

"To Poitiers! to the south!" cried the burgher; "do they desert us then to the English?" and he looked round as if he expected Carasco would begin his meditated robbery.

"The parliament and the university of Paris, that is, the true university which owns the king's allegiance, are assembled there," replied my friend Robert Thibault. "And they would have her further examined by them!"

"More lost time!" cried Pasquerel impatiently.

"They deliberate, the English strike, thus France is lost!"

"I am for Poitiers with the dawn!" I exclaimed; "and you, worthy father, will you not go with us?"

"To do what?" asked Pasquerel. "To be a witness of their cold-blooded compacism, that will believe neither old prophecy nor present acts. To the south now! when the best blood of France n being poured out uselessly in the north? But it will be avenged, and it is she who will avenge it, if the miracle be not too mighty even for her to rouse the selfish laziness, the deference to the breath of men, which rules these courteen. No ' no! I may not wield weapon; but words are wespons in such a cause. I will go on towards those who are neglected and abundoned; to my own poor people at Azav le Ruienu, for whose sake I came hither to learn of the chances of succour ere the war sweeps over them its flood of indiscriminate death. I will go to them, and tell them that there is succour from heaven itself, if man will not stay its use; and my poor breath may be carried on to the walls of Orleans itself, and lend the vigour of a little hope to the last defenders of France."

"Jamet de Tilloy and Villars are already returned thither with these tidings; they were in the audience chamber at her coming to the king." observed Robert Thibault; "but fare you well, for it grows late, and they say we must be up and stirring betimes."

"They should go north! they should go north!" cried Maitre Nicole: "if they wan't go to the war,

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how is it to be kept away from us? or if they would but stay, the king should have his ipprocrase on credit for ever, so the men-at-arms were kept here to protect us, but I will go to the castle, as I may of right, when the treasurer owes me money and cannot pay me, and know whother we are to be left quite at the mercy of any one who takes a fancy to our wealth by way of provision in his own country."

I joined the cavalcade which set forth the next morning for Poitiers. I had the satisfaction to see that Jeanne looked cheerful, and determined, as she mounted her horse, the present of the Duke of Alençon, who rode some way beside her, and I heard her say—" Before Heaven! I know well that they will give me much to do at Poitiers, whither they are leading me, but I have a council that will aid me: so forward, in the name of Heaven."

It took us the entire day to reach the ancient town, then the seat of the government, passing over a hilly, but, save for the yet bleak season, a not unpleasant country, through Richelieu to the well-seated town of Chatellerault; and at length, by a road hewn out of the rock, which must have reminded Jeanne, as it did me, of that which leads between her native village and Neufchâteau, we reached the walls, and at length climbed the streep and narrow streets of Poitiers.

I saw that Jeanne d'Arc was lodged in the house of Maltre John Rabateau, now advocate of the royal court, for the king's palace here was occupied with the numerous officers representing the government of a large kingdom, so that he was himself obliged to the hospitality of a noble widow, the Dame de la Macée. I then found an inn as near as I could to Jeanne's dwelling, and, changing my arms for the simplest habit of a citizen, determined to await the further issue of her fortunes.

Though in the larger town of Poitiers men generally found busier occupation than in the small one of Chinon, whose staple appeared to be court gossip, yet there wanted not curiosity or interest here for one who was brought expressly for the purpose of so solemn a decision. Every hour brought us news of fresh arrivals of the nobility of the province, come to aid in the deliberation whether the desperate fortunes of France were to be committed to the enthusiasm of a simple shepherdess. Among these was Jean d'Aulon, a knight much estremed by all the court and people, and afterwards described by the great Dunois as the most discreet and noble gentleman of his time.

At length, when all was prepared for the procedure, we learned that the king, by the mouth of his Chancellor, Renaud de Chartres, Archbishop of Rheims, but who had never yet had the good-

fortune even to look upon his archiepiscopul see, delivered their commission to the most learned doctors of the royal party to speak with the maiden and declare to the council whether her inspirations might be trusted.

Renaud de Chartres, besides that he was no friend to Jeanne herself, whether biassed by La Tremouille or led by his own opinion, had also persuaded the king to send certain friers minors to Domremy to inquire into her previous life, and to Jacques Gélu, late Archbishop of Tours and now of Embrun, a man venerable for piety and learning, with certain propositions despatched on behalf of the king of France for his reply.

It was in the parlour of Mattre Jean Rabateau's house that Jeanne received the commissioners. Their names and offices were great in the
estimation of men to give weight to their words.
Jean Lambert, professor of theology in the university of Paris, the canon, Guillaume le Marié of
Poitters, the friar preacher, Guillaume Aymeri,
professor also of theology, the Abbé de Talmont,
and many others, whose words men quoted for
honesty and judgment, and sometimes for their
ascetic severity, passed through the street in grave
and decent order from the house of La Macée to
that where Jeanne was lodged. The people crowded
after them to the gates, and, as the rumour spread

through the town, the numbers kept increasing, though but to look upon the judges as they should return, for no decision could be known that day, and, if it might be, to speak or to see her who was the object of such an assemblage.

It was remarked that Jeanne, though she received them humbly, could scarce refrain a smile as, one by one, and almost in silence, they took their scats at the upper part of the room; she then quietly placed herself at the further end of one of the benches, and awaited their questions.

Jean Lambert first desired her to state the object of her mission in her own terms, which she repeated to him plainly, declaring that she came to mise the siege of Orleans, and to lead the king to be crowned at Rheims.

"And from whom have you this power?" asked the theologian.

"From Him who alone could give it," was her reply.

"It is a great and strange pretension," quoth Maitre Lambert; "one which men are bound to disbelieve until they hear or see such proof as can leave them in little doubt. How came this mission to you?"

Jeanne repeated the story of her visions, how the Voice spoke to her as she sate at noonday in the garden, and often again as she watched the flocks in the field, haunting, counselling, and blessing her everywhere, telling her of the pity which was felt in heaven for her country, and bidding her go forth to save it; how she had wept at her own unfitness, who could neither wield weapon nor give warlike counsel, and how she was comforted and advised, and began herself to practise the exercises of war; of her being sent to Vaucouleurs, of the predictions there and their accomplishment, and how, to her own great wonder, had she not been so assured, she now stood before the learned of the land to declare all this.

Then arose a storm of question and debute, such as is not unfrequent in the assemblies of the learned, none waiting till the other had spoken, and some quoting Scripture, and some deducing from it, whimsically enough, reasons why she should not be credited.

"Of all this I know too little to reply to you." said Jeanne, after long and patiently listening, often in the vain endeavour to understand such subtilties as puzzled the proposers themselves. "What I have learned has been such as I could gather from the offices of Holy Church and the instructions of her priests, but if there be no more in your books than you say, it is a much greater one which has been opened to me by the voices that inspired your's."

"Dost thou question our sacred books?" exclaimed, in a strong Limousin dialect, Brother Seguin, an irascible friar, ready to take exception at all that did not emanate from himself, and bred in discussions of the schools till he believed that the prime use of everything in the world was to be disputed of.

"I speak but of what you say of them," she replied; "and believe there is much in them on my bebalf, if you could tell it me; are there no histories there of nations saved when they appeared beyond all help, and by weak means, such as the saved themselves denied till they saw the act?"

"Thou speakest but the truth," said Jean Lambert, taking the word from the somewhat abashed disputant.

"Thou pretendest then to be a true and Catholic believer?" interposed the angry friar.

"A better one, I fear, than you," she replied quickly, and then recovering her calmness, "for I submit, while you would persecute, and is not that more Christian?"

"Aha!" continued the friar, still in his country speech, "and in what language, then, spoke these Voices to you?"

Jeannette smiled, for she could no longer restrain her vivacity. "In much better than your's," she replied. A suppressed laugh among the examiners, at their co-adjutor's expense, interrupted for a moment the proceedings. Guillaume Aymeri resumed in a firm but not unkind tone, which was intended to lead the parties back from personal strife: "Thou hast said that the Voices told thee that Heaven pities the people of France, and will deliver them from their miseries; if such deliverance shall come, why dost thou ask the king for armies? the succour of Heaven can be wrought without men-at-arms."

"In the name of Heaven, let the men-at-arms fight!" exclaimed Jeanne, drawing herself to her full height, and for the first time bringing her full enthusiasm into the contest; "and Heaven will give the victory. Heaven will do its own work, but we must do our's worthily."

"Thine answer well contents me," said the pro-

Brother Seguin was now prepared, as he was disposed, to renew the attack. "But if it he not the will of Heaven that men should believe your words?" exclaimed he triumphantly, "and whom expect you to believe them, unless you may shew sign by which it is evident that you should be believed? If you have nothing more to say, and nothing more clear to shew, I should not be one to advise the king, nor, methinks, would the many here more

loarned than myself be more propitious to you; I should not be one to advise him, on your simple assertion, to give you men and arms to put in peril, which are now so needed for his service."

Jeanne scarcely paused, although she felt as if her whole success rested on her answer to this wellframed objection. "I have told you my mission," she answered sternly, " and from that I do not swerve. In the name of Heaven! in which I speak," for this was her accustomed phrase, "I am not come to Poitiers to work miracles; no such matter is enjoined me, or in my power; but lead me to Orleans, whither I am sent; and there I will indeed show you signs which shall leave you little doubt of my truth. I am sent," she continued, "to raise that siege; hear me and believe me by the event. I put on that all I have to offer-my life, my name, my truth. Let them give me men-atarms, be they as few as they may, and thither will I go, in full trust, abiding in all by the event. I will summon these English to give up their siege; you, Maltre Jean Erault, whom I believe to be a kind man, as well as a learned clerk, shall write, if you will, from me to them; but, raise the siege or not, the city shall be delivered, and I shall lead the king to his town of Rheims to be crowned. Nor do I lack other hopes-certainties to me, whether you credit them or not. The Duke of

Orleans shall come back from England to his delivered estate; and all France, Paris itself, shall yield obedience to the rightful king; though what I may do to aid this, or whence I may see or hear of it, I know not. Orleans delivered and the king crowned at Rheims, I may, perhaps, return to what I was."

No sooner had the commissioners left her that day than many of the inhabitants pressed into the house; as the more respectable among them were known to Jean Rabateau and his wife, and Jeanne seemed willing to meet the interest they exhibited, no great effort was made to restrain them, and though the examination had lasted for more than two hours, the maiden satisfied their curiosity by repeating to them the principal points of it, pleading her own cause with simplicity; answering those who inquired of her wearing the dress of a man, as to the many reasons she found to adopt it for convenience, security, and modesty; that she should have to serve the king in arms, and, therefore, ought to be accustomed to the dress of a soldier.

In all this, besides the gentle deference she showed to the opinion of all who accosted her kindly, she exhibited in many a tender and forcible appeal the necessity of enthusiastic devotion to France, and the need of propitiating Providence in

its behalf; so that many, and among them Robert Thibault, the king's chief groom, were moved even to tears. He had led me with him into the house, but I took care to place myself in the shade of a wardrobe near the door of the large room, so that, muffled in my winter cloak, and my face shaded by my hand, I incurred in the crowd little danger of particular observation.

At length, Madame Rabateau, who had expatiated to the people, as she afterwards did to the commissioners, on the gentleness and goodness of her guest, and had led many of them to visit the little chapel annexed to the house, where she spent much of her time, observed her flushed and excited countenance, and the overquickness of her manner, and, remembering the need she must have for repose, dismissed the people.

Yet for more than a fortnight did the daily task of question and reply continue, to satisfy the many who came anew; some bearing charge in the parliament; some theologians; some with less authorized curiosity. And every day did the public interest seem to increase as to the decision which was to take place, though there were almost as many parties and shades of belief and enthusiann as individuals to compose them. Those who admired her were indeed many; those who entirely trusted yet but few. For myself, my impatience fevered me,

although I heard, and sometimes saw, that the hore the delay with firmness, though she lost no opportunity of pressing upon those entrusted to speak with her the necessity of action.

She repeated her entreaties for the sake of the oppressed people of Orleans, and urged to her hearers their own danger from procrastination, when they asked why she usually called Charles "the Dauphin."

"I will call him king," she replied, "as soon as you have suffered me to lead him to Rheims to be crowned."

About three weeks after our arrival, our suspense had its end. I was walking on the rumparts of the castle, and emoying the first promise of spring, which was beginning a little to clothe the prospect, poor in extent when compared with that of Chinon, or even of Loches, but variegated like them with a river, and to me more cheerful from the different aspect of the season, and in itself, when not wronged by comparison, a noble scene of fertility, extending over lofty hills and rich valleys. Here, or in the aisles of Ste. Radegonde, or the still more ancient Saxon pile of Nôtre Dame, or in the spacious and beautiful cathedral, it was my custom to muse for hours alone, for I had no accidental society, save what I encountered in the streets, or at the inns, and I was little disposed to seek it.

Robert Thibault, to be sure, by his zeal in Jeanne's behalf, had won my full friendship, and that zeal had been tenfold increased since she herself had discovered it; and, laying her hand upon his shoulder, when he came from the royal residence to introduce to her fresh examinants, had told him that she wished all were as well-disposed towards her as himself. I almost took as much pleasure in the approbation bestowed on him who was half my proselyte, as if it had been spoken to myself. I felt that I was keeping my promise of unseen, unknown succour.

But it was Robert Thibault who sought me, and interrupted my walk. "Come with me," he said, "to the house of La Macée; the parliament has deliberated, and given in its reply to the council, so have the doctors; and further information is arrived from elsewhere; I know well that you would fain be the first to know of this; and if you will remain with me in the hall, we shall have intelligence long before it is spread abroad in Poitiers."

I eagerly accepted his offer, and went with him; and there indeed in the hall did I behold the stir of a kingdom's greatest attending on the event of its deliverance. Prelates and doctors passed to and fro; high and haughty nobles stooped for once to their inferiors to gain some place in the busy throng; the friars minors, who had just re-

turned from Domremy, were there attending on the king, and from them I learned happy news of those I regarded and loved there; and a messenger waited his reward, who had just given a pucket from Jacques Gélu, the archbishop of Embrun, into the king's own hand. It was not thus, or at that time, that I could learn all I am about to relate. It is only time that may loosen the tongue of history; and I have lived long enough to listen to it.

They were only the partakers of the king's most secret councils who were permitted to attend him on this occasion; all that might be publicly declared was well known; it remained for those who were finally to weigh the judgments of others, and to estimate their influence upon events, to decide upon the acceptance or rejection of Jeanne d'Arc and her mission. With Charles in this last resort. were the Archbishop Renaut de Chartres, La Tremouille, Alengon, the Counts of Vendôme and Clermont, and Gerard Machet, Bishop of Custres. This last La Tremouille would willingly have excluded, for his inconvenient zeal and reckless honesty of purpose. "In our deeds," he said to the king, " we must regard the mortal chances of the kingdom, not the hopes of priests and fanatics ;" but Charles only replied, " Ordinary chances will not save us now, and rashness is, perhaps, the only wisdom we have left."

The Bishop of Castres, as he expected, spoke long and warmly in behalf of Jeanne's pretensions. "If I had any doubt," he concluded, " that her mission is indeed a thing ordained, it would not be for me to advocate any pattering with imposture, but have we not beard the letter of the learned and venerable Archbishop of Embrun? Hath he not clearly proved that the cause is one likely to call for divine interposition? To believe that it is not with us always seems to me little better than a blasphemy; and I see that those who order their lives on such infidelity, are but the worse for their creed. Has he not shown us that the lowest things of nature have been made wonderworkers. as if to prove that the spirit that led them alone should claim the glory? and is not this a noble and generous girl, of whose life, and here we have the testimony of those you have sent, the whole tenour has been, as far as it may be in mortal, honest, decent, and blameless? Is she not fit to lead troops who is ready to die at the head of them? Some such examples have of late been needed for our arms," he continued, glancing at Clermont. "We cannot yet try the divinity of her inspiration by what it shall do for us; but, in all that it has caused her to do, is there any trace of evil found? and that after search so strict, that, until this time, I believed not that any human nature could bear the scrutiny. Do we distrust our own rights that Heaven should refrain from favouring them, or our own necessities that sue for such favour? Would we cast aside the instrument that comes at the moment to our hand, and that shews fitting for all the purpose we would have it put to? I am old; my life of little value; my earthly hopes would end with the restoration of my king to his throne, of my country to her ancient peace; or I would offer my poor life as pledge along with her's, that she is true, and that wondrous success shall be the proof of her prophecies."

"Orleans is our last bulwark," observed the king; "we have other towns, but, lose that great stake, and where shall we find hearts to them?"

"It is heart that you want, enthusiasm, zeal," resumed the bishop. "Why do many French flee before a handful of English? Are they weaker or worse men at arms? No; but the old spirit—the trust of success—is fled; there is but one power that can infuse it anew into your chivalry."

"Even Jacques Gelu, whom you quote," observed La Tremouille, who had been reading that archbishop's despatch, "says that there is no harm in using prudence; the doctors, I confess, are, for the most part, favourable to this maiden; but they are men who live secluded from the world, till dreams and legends—I pray you, pardon me—become as truths to them; the parliament composed of more practical intelligences—men accustomed to the belief of their senses—look but coldly on all that has come before them on her behalf."

"And are ready, doubtless," quoth Alençon, "out of their practical wisdom to suggest some better means for the king's service, and the deliverance of his realm."

"There hath been no such question put to them, or they might have answered it better than it has been," replied La Tremouille.

" And the people," said the bishop.

"Nay," interposed the Archbishop of Rheims, "count not upon them, brother; for if the vox populi were the vox Dei, it would be now as much expressed in ribald and unseemly jests, as in the praises and clamours which you would have awakened, and which should be needed too, that any effect should come of her acts."

"And you, noble cousins," said the king to the two counts.

Vendome first replied, and briefly: "Ever since I have seen her, and conversed with her, I have been, as your highness knows, a believer in her truth; and when I measure the short span that your kingdom shall exist, without such means as her's, my loyalty joins with my judgment to bid you accept her service."

"I own that I incline to my kinsman's opinion," said Clermont.

La Tremouille was both astonished and disappointed at the declaration. "It is not," he continued, "that I put any implicit faith in her words, but I think that in these times it would be folly to cast aside any chance of success. If by her means Orleans could but be succoured and revictualled, for both men and provisions are there but hopelessly sent to oppose the many and well-supplied English, we should gain a respite of some time, and other accidents might arise on our behalf. We may use the enthusiasm she may awaken in some without sharing in it, or even believing in its cause; and if then she perish by her self-conceit, she has but herself to blame for it."

Alençon and the bishop of Castres both sprang to their feet, but the old man waved the young warrior, prince as he was, down with his hand, and then, when he had the uncontested opportunity of reply, felt himself unable for a while to speak. His first thoughts were bitter invective against him who could leave Orleans thus unguarded, and then so calmly describe the situation he had so contributed to cause. Wonder divided him with anger; but he took a turn or two up and down the room, still impatiently waving his hand lest any should speak; then turned short, stopped, and looked on the Archbishop of Rheims.

"I pray you, reverend father, put for me into some cool and considerate words, such as may become this high presence, the thoughts which I would fain speak as to you alone, as though you were my confessor to advise me to do right. What mild reproof can one of a holy order give to him, who, like the magician, would deal in inspiration, as a thing bought, sold, and to be profited by? If they were but the honest hopes of a poor, misled, overwrought, human brain that we were speaking of, what should we say to him who would sell the enthusiast's life?"

He glanced at Clermont for a moment. "I pray you," he continued to the archbishop, "do you for me what I find no means of doing; make him comprehend clearly what it is to put reckless imposture before the people as a snare, or to treat inspiration as though it were imposture." He then turned to the king: "Believe, sire, and accept, disbelieve and refuse, for though you should by that disbelief lose all your realm, that should be a light punishment to what should fall on the hypocrisy and treason which you are counselled to practise."

He sate down. The Count de Clermont looked haughtily, and was preparing a fierce reply. La Tremouille interposed.

"I see nothing to blame and much to approve," he said, "in what the noble prince has declared. If it be decided that this maiden shall have her will, and go with men and munitions to the relief of Orleans, surely we need not cast axide the common means of war. Let her be surrounded by such generals as we may trust, led by them as a banner or a talisman, if you will, for those who believe in her. Surely we who do not credit her words, do all, when we are prepared to yield to you, who do and to act, if we may not think, as you would have us."

"Yes, you would make Heaven itself a puppet!" said the indignant old man, rising once more, "but which of your leaders has won yet? it is by inspired counsels, speaking in the genius and the sense I have witnessed in her, and by their difference from all that has gone before, that we must be saved. Noble king! you cannot thus act by halves, nay, it is impossible that you can believe by halves; you have yourself much conversed with her; to you she brought, as you declared, a token of high credence; you have heard the opinions of all selected by the reverend father archbishop to hear and to counsel you in this matter. By the chivalry of your house, you cannot devote this poor maiden a led sacrifice to the errors of others, if you disbelieve; by the allegiance which even you owe, and must,

at the last, pay more heavily than us all, if you believe, you dare not tamper with that she bears, but must prefer the wisdom of which she is the depository to that which a thousand fatal reverses have disproved and foiled."

The king paused long, then seemed to collect his thoughts, and spoke : " Reverend father, you are right; I have looked into my own heart as well as I may, and thought of what has been said by others, us well as I can weigh it, and I am not ashamed to own that I do look to this maiden for safety, and the recovery of my realm. I think that she is sent to me to that great intent. I will accept her services, and she shall have high commission as the leader of an army for the succour of Orleans. That is her first promise, and God speed her in its fulfilment. But that we may, as your brother of Embrun counsels us, omit no means of prudence, she shall have with her as many wise and valiant captains as can be found to counsel and to aid her in matters in which she is inexpert."

"But to obey as well as to counsel?" asked the bishop.

"Let the commission run in these words, that they are to take no step without advising with her, and to regard her as chief of the war," said the king.

"It is thus that I would myself have advised."

said La Tremouille promptly, "and so would your highness, cousin of Clermont, as I well know."

"I have marked and written down the words your highness would have inserted," said the Bishop of Castres; the king read them and assented.

"And now to Chinon and to work !" said the king.

"Therein comes my part," exclaimed Alençon; "my ransom is not yet paid, or I would fight side by side with her; I must not break my parole; but in the assembling of your forces, I may at least show my zeal for your highness and for France, and my trust in her who will save both. With your highness' leave, I accompany you to Chinon, and then go on at once to Blois, where I may best do this duty."

"Right, cousin," said the king. "and you, my reverend Lord of Castres, shall, if you please, bring the maiden to us early in the morning, that we may confer with her upon her own personal needs, and appoint her such officers as may become station. Let the Chevalier d'Aulon attend me this evening," he called to an attendant, who answered his summons.

All rose to depart; even La Tremonille's presence appeared unwelcome, and he for once had strained the pliancy of his humour, nearly as far as it would bear, so that he was little anxious to stay; but in going he asked: "Were it not as well that my Lord

of Rheims should accompany the Bishop of Castres to the prophetess, and communicate, as he may, the result of our conference without, as it needs not to be said to him, any needless exposure of our individual opinions? We all know that, both for her own sake and that of the kingdom, what we do should at least appear unanimous and confident."

"I am so far willing to serve the king and the realm," interposed the Bishop of Castres, "that for me you shall have the services of Jeanne d'Arc without any needless diminution of her zeal. Of its powers, I shall be content to speak with you a few months hence; for the present, not being quite unaware that unworthy suspicions will sometimes attach, when one of a party is deputed to do the work of all, I thank you for so noble a witness that I do not break the oath of secrecy I have taken to the king, without his absolving permission, and I hold it a high honour, though a just one to the maiden herself, that the reverend archibishop should be joined with me in this message."

With this temperate sarcasm the council broke up, D'Aulon at the moment coming in to attend the king's summons.

It was by this time nearly dark, and I had been walking in a garden attached to the house, where the higher members of the household were allowed to take their recreation, a higher terrace railed off being reserved for the king and his immediate

Robert Thibault had left me on affairs which concerned his office, and I was just thinking of re-entering the hall, when I just discerned in the dimness the figure of La Tremouille, followed by that of La Jaille, coming hastily down from the royal terrace into the lower garden. I scarcely knew from what impulse I stepped aside, merely perhaps to avoid the necessity of a low salutation to one I disliked, and to pursue without interruption my own chain of thought; but the first few words I heard made me an interested listener.

"Tush! tush!" said La Tremouille, "give the principal command of the army to this enthusiast!"

"It cannot now be helped," observed La Jaille,
if what you say be true."

"Boys see no further than old men, it seems," said La Tremouille drily; "it is helped already, at least the means are concluded of, and that with me is the thing itself done."

"But how are you thus her enemy?" asked La Jaille.

"Is she not a new power, a new leader, minister, what not? when things are to be done by the direction of prophecy, who shall tell where the authority or its exercise is to end? And she sets up, as all such must, for a precisian; it is their trade; venality, corruption, luxury, will be the cant in her mouth in the court, when once discipline has been achieved in the camp. And is she not of the low people, who have no sympathy with the tastes, the wants, of their superiors; who would claim to measure all by a mere dry scale of right and wrong, as though there were neither preference nor privilege in the world? Shall I lose my influence with the king, and to such a one with whom I could not even claim a share? No; the part of a favourite is no very sure possession in the court of France, and some have vacated it rather tragically; yet, having it, I will keep it as long and as boldly as I may, though the axe or the dagger dismiss me at last, and that, too, without partnership of any, but, most of all, without such a companion."

"But in this strife," quoth La Jaille, "the chance of saving the kingdom itself may be lost. When one is on board a ship in a fearful storm, one would even permit to one's enemy the honour of bringing the vessel into port."

"Perhaps not if one had a boat at hand for one's self. Does the surrender of Sully teach thee nothing? When the English place my own relation as governor of the town they have captured from me, perhaps you may guess at their motive, and think that, even in the last extremity of the king's affairs, his minister may be enabled in the finishing

scramble to avail himself of baits thrown to the enemy, which may draw off their attention from plundering him, and even induce them to caress him. It is a time for prudence, and I have endeavoured to exercise it; Charles, or Henry, King of France, but La Tremouille still a rich nobleman!"

"By the mass, but I wish you could include me in the same safe arrangement," observed La Jaille.

"When the time comes thou shalt have thy deserts," said La Tremouille; "let me see how thou wilt serve me, and I will not forget thee in need. Listen; the commission is to be drawn so that the generals whom I have managed to place around her may do nothing without consulting her. Marry, the choleric hishop has forgotten that they may not choose to take her counsel; but then she is 'chief of the war,' a good name as far as it goes, as is the king's in Chinon, but as thou knowed little more than a name. Now, I would have those generals. Florent d'Illiers, the bastard Jean of Orleans, all of them to know that, if they follow their own will rather than the spirit of the commission, its words they may keep if they choose, that they shall find no difficulty to clear themselves with the king or his council; that if they succeed, and each of them has vanity enough to be touched there, it will be to their honour, and not to that of a woman, who it is shame should lead them; and, if they fail, which likely enough they may, though they need not be told of that, there may be means to let the blame light on this foolish interruption of their offices."

"But how are they to learn this?" asked La Jaille.

"I but took breath to tell thee. This must be adroitly insinuated, with just enough of certainty and credential confidence to make it believed, and just caution enough to keep from an inconvenient pledge that may be turned against us."

"But," quoth La Jaille, "the leaders are mostly your foes, and, sooth to say, have no great

"We will forget causes; they are past, and we are to provide for the future," interrupted La Tremouille. "The task will not be very difficult. Alençon, her true friend, has not paid his ransom yet, so he cannot join her in the field; and Arthur, Count of Richemont, the bravest and the ablest of them all, were he not so hot-headed, is at odds with the king still, and I trust I may long keep him so, lest the fate of Louvet or Giac be my own. There are yet, thanks to the civility, the windom, and the prudence of courte, many who hold pretty well with both sides, such as thyself, La Jaille, whom I have found, and that without blaming thee, in some

little correspondence with my opponents. Never excuse thyself; thou seest how little I head it, for I trust thee now, I know I can bid highest for thee, after all. That little affair of the wardship of Marie de la Meillerave has not turned out as we could hope; no matter, the time will come to remedy it, and at least it is no fault of mine : name thy revenge at leisure upon the girl's obstinacy and had teste, and trust to me to work it for thee enough! It is thou, who, with one or two others, must repair on this errand to the camp at Blois, send messages by his own confidents to the Bustard in Orleans, for thou wouldst think it imprudent perhaps to venture thither thyself, and by the mass! let the maiden be inspired or not, we shall throw such a stumbling-block in her way, as shall need a miracle indeed to remove it. Enthusiasm and the old routine of custom and obstinate experience will make strong debate of it. Thou seest I am frank; is it a bargain?"

At this moment a large dog belonging to La Tremouille ran down the steps from the hall, and came up to his master; before the conversation was renewed he began to scarch the shrubs among which I was hidden, and gave a growl, which told the speakers that something might be found there.

"Ho!" cried La Tremouille, "there has been some traitor listener here — upon him! senze him,

Nero! let him be found, and he shall pay for his treachery!"

Before the sentence was concluded the dog had sprung at my throat; unarmed, except with a dagger-knife, I managed to disengage myself by striking him heavily on the head with the handle, but not before my shoulder and the lower part of my neck were severely torn; and then, apprehending yet worse from the masters than from the animal, I dashed at speed up the steps and into the hall, while for the moment the conspirators stood against and irresolute below.

My first impulse was at once to seek the king, and declare the treason I had heard; but his high-best was closeted with D'Aulon and others, and before I could persuade any one to hear my urgent request. I was La Tremounde according the steps with a great at his beels. I fest rather than treasured to the transparent, and spring to the steps where there is the trainer than their doors of the trainer than their doors of the trainer than according to the

to mee then a rest for the or dead, and so the terms of my particular is the above of the terms of the above of the passes four theorem is the above of the passes four theorem is the above of the frame. I therefore the above of the passes four theorem is the above of the passes of the passes for the above of the passes of

I might with my cloak, returned by a circuitous route to my inn, and, having examined it, and assured myself that no one awaited me there, I gathered together my few effects, changed my dress to the arms I had previously worn, paid my debt to my host, and then, showing a scrap of paper, which he was illiterate enough to believe to be an order for raising men in the southern part of the province, I mounted my horse, and made my way cautiously to the south gate.

I suffered one party to pass through before I made the attempt myself, and, finding that there was no rigid examination, I rode leisurely after them, kept the same pace for a hundred yards, and then at full speed struck into the road which led round the ramparts to the opposite side of the town.

As soon as I had done this I heard active and noisy pursuit, but whoever might be enjoined that task went right onwards on the road to Guienne, and no one thought of turning in the direction I had taken. I was soon in the way back to Chinon, and my good horse had in a couple of hours placed some leagues between me and my danger.

I then paused to give him breath, and to reflect on my own plans. Beyond the immediate sphere of the court there was little fear of effective pursuit, or even of trace; my own risk, therefore, if I were disposed to keep at some distance, was one with which I could afford to triffe. But my promise and my feelings imposed on me a different task, and various were the means to execute it which passed through my thoughts.

To return boldly to Poitiers, to seek Jeanne d'Arc herself, and, throwing aside all disguise, to relate to her the truth, or to await her for that purpose on the road she must pass either to Chinon or to Tours, by remaining in privacy at Chatellerault, near which my haste had already brought me. Then I remembered that the craft of La Tremouille, especially when he should hear of my attempt to see the king at the house of La Macée, would, probably, so surround both the monarch and herself at Poitiers and on the journey, that, with the prejudice already raised by my flight, my attempt would be as useless to her as fatal to myself. I could find nothing to blame in my flight, for the word and authority of the Grand Chamberlain in the king's house would have been quite sufficient to transfer me hopelessly to an oubliette, there to die of hunger, if by no specilier method. My own word, even if I came to the audience of the king, would be valueless to prove the treason of his favourite; or rather Charles had been the victim of so many treacherous acts, that he hardly expected honesty in those who served him, and might almost resent the trouble of a discovery, which, though be might credit it, should not be sufficiently proved to the world.

The danger to Jeanne d'Arc, though it might prove fatal, was distant enough to allow of considering the safest means to avert it; I therefore bethought me of her brother, Pierre. He had beard that Marie de la Meilleraye was in Orleans, and, from the moment that he knew it, he had determined, be the decision as to his sister what it might, that he would find means to gain its walls. When Jeanne left Chinon, as it was useless that he should accompany her, it was agreed that he should depart for Azay le Rideau, where companies were forming in readmess: that, if the conduct of the war were committed to her, he might be prepared to follow her, it being understood that he should await the event of the examinations; but that, if her suit were finally denied, he might then take service under some other captain, who would lead him to the field of battle, and, perhaps, to a second rescue of his love. In such a case, I felt fully authorised to throw off all mystery towards Jeanne herself; indeed, it would be puerile to affect it where its abandonment could serve so vital a purpose; but it was still more in accordance with my original plan to trust all to her brother; and his communication with her would raise no suspicion even in La Tremoulle or his emissaries.

My decision was taken. I pressed onwards by the road to Tours, determined to leave it at Ste. Maure, and make my way across the country to the north-west to Azay le Rideau, rather than to take the equally long, but to me, more hazardous route by Chinon. By a little after midnight I had reached Ste. Maure, and, having with difficulty gained entrance to an inn, threw myself upon a wretched pallet until the morning's light should enable me to thread my way across a country intersected only by irregular foot-tracks and field-paths.

The hours I spent in the attempt to rest were feverish and sleepless, and the pain of my wound, which, till now, I had disregarded, joined to my anxiety, created an intolerable thirst, which, in the night, I could only stake by large draughts of cold water. I arose hot and enfeebled rather than refreshed; but, taking a draught of wine to hearten me, for I had no appetite for any other breakfast, I made my inquiries, and pursued my way, which my horse had some difficulty in keeping, by the bank of a small river to the village of St. Epian. I grew weaker and weaker; and, to add to my embarrassment, few of the people whom I met had been often beyond the boundaries of their own parish, so that, by observation of the sun, and my knowledge of the direction, rather than by any information of their's, I gained with much toil, and after many mistakes and forced returnings, the little hamlet of Nucil, the roofs of whose few outlages just emerged from a wood.

Here I felt that utter inability to make further exertions, which, however it proceeds from easily traced causes, always seems a wonder to a young man: I strove against it, but nature forced me to surrender, which I wisely did, just in time to be received by an honest labourer and his young son, a lad of twelve or thirteen years of age, into their cottage.

To these good people I was doubly indobted for my life. Before I could determine what to declare to them, or what to conceal, or what conduct with regard to myself it would be best to enjoin, I was seized with the delirium of fever, and reduced to the most helpless dependance on their compassion and honesty, and, as it afterwards proved, their intelligence.

The appearance of my wound, evidently from the teeth of an animal, my habit, arms, my unfrequented path, even the horse I rode, plainly selected for service rather than for beauty, gave them, as they owned, at first, no favourable impression of me; but it prepared them for the caution that might be necessary to preserve ma; and fortunately, Louis Guichard, for so was the cottager called, had the good sense to reflect that it was better to trust

to securing a malefactor when that point should be securined, than to be heedless of the safety of an innocent man, who might be pursued by one of the miserable private rengeances which proved part of the misrule of the times. It was clear, too, that my misfortunes, whatever they were, were pluced in his trust, and his heart told him his duty.

They provided, therefore, for secrecy as well as hospitality: the only person they called into the council was a charitable monk, an old and feeble man, whose knowledge of a few simples might allay my pain and fever, and by whose advice they led my horse into a distant and unfrequented pasture, the monk, ascertaining himself as he could, by questions that excited no suspicion, that my stopping had been unobserved.

My illness, therefore, watched as it was by their caution, probably preserved me from a greater peril. La Tremouille, though he acted with caution, had set on foot a determined pursuit on all the main roads; and the thought of my taking refuge with the brother of Jeanne d'Arc had not escaped his apprehensive suspicion. Once traced to Ste. Maure, my path to Azay le Rideau became clear to my pursuers; but here they were thrown off the track by the precaution of my friends, who were by no means the more disposed to betruy me that they were questioned in the univer-ally-hated name

of the Grand Chamberlain, the favourite, a name then more than ever odious, as it had been fatal to France.

As I recovered the use of my reason, my anxietic returned, and delayed my recovery. Under the seal of confession I entrusted my secret to the monk, and endeavoured to induce him to seek Pierre or Jeanne herself for me, but the rumour were uncertain as to where they might be; and his age and weakness unfitted him for a task requiring unusual portinacity and labour. I made premature efforts to depart, which only occasioned relapse so that it was late in the month of April, more that five weeks after my arrival, before I was enabled effectually to pursue my journey.

CHAPTER XX.

As soon as I was able to bear the fatigue of riding with something like the certainty of being able to continue the effort, I thanked, and as far as they would accept of it, paid my kind nurses and entertainers, and put myself boldly on the road for Tours.

Besides the time that had passed, there was, I thought, little chance of recognition in the busy muster of an army, and, above all, the value of my life could only be its power to perform the task to which I had consecrated it. I found the air refreshing, and reached Tours without much fatigue, though, on alighting at an inn, I was fain to throw myself upon the first bench that offered itself, whence I felt that I should not be able to rise for much further exertion that day.

The town was comparatively quiet, and I soon learned that Jeanne d'Arc had already departed for

Blois; my own security, indeed, was the better assured, for the court had gone to the south-eastern part of the province, to the castle of Loches, so us to be nearer to Orleans for the receipt of intelligence, though free enough from surprise, should the enterprise fail, and the English carry the besieged town by a sudden attack.

There was no need of reserve in any inquiry that I made, for the expedition was the only topic of the time at Tours; but I was somewhat surprised, and at first a little embarrassed, to hear its probable success canvassed by a somewhat familiar vnice. The speaker was no other than Maitre Nicole, who had come from Chinon to make purchases in this larger mart, and who, having settled his bargain, was interchanging intelligence with his chapman over a cup spiced to his own liking. He did not at first notice me, nor did my entrance interrupt him, so I was well contented to listen.

"It was another thing to see her not out from us to go northward," he said, "to what it had been to watch her departure for Poitiers. Besides that she rode on her noble steed, she had all her household accompanying her and paying her great ubservance, the brave knight Jean d'Aulon, a staid and grave man, fit to be an esquire to a maiden—that is, if a maiden should have an esquire at all—and her gay young pages, Louis des Conten and

Raymond, who, methought, looked grave and demure too for lads of their age; and then there were five or six meaner servitors, besides some who had already enrolled themselves men-at-arms, and archers of her company; and side by side with her were her brother, Maitre Pierre d'Arc, a well-looking youth, and likely to do service, and her new chaplain, Father Jean Pasquerel, whom her brother brought, they say, from Azay le Rideau to present to her, for he had heard him there teaching the people boldly in her behalf, declaring that she is a prophetess, and urging them to risk all with her, so that his preaching alone sent many to the army for the king's service."

This accident much delighted me; I knew that in Jean Pusquerel she would, indeed, find a zeal-ous and faithful counsellor; and one, too, well calculated, by his own uncompromising temper, to help her to bear up against the thwartings which I knew were prepared for her. To him I instantly determined to make my application, as, under the seal of confession, I could hide so much of my own secret as I chose, and divulge for her use all that really concerned her.

"I have myself heard Father Jean Pasquerel," observed Maître Toussaint, " and it is from him that I have learned the true light in which we ought to consider this maiden. I have paid down

no small sum, Maître Nicole, for a mun like me, who, as I have told you often to-day, content my-self with small gains; I may say, I have contributed with the wealthiest towards this expedition; and it was I, simple though I seem, that brought the citizens of this good city to purchase for her a scabbard of cloth of gold for the sword that was found by miracle at Fierbois; marry, she did not accept it; but then we were in no worse case than the monks of St. Catharine's, who sent her the sword, for she took it out of their sheath of red velvet, and had one made of strong leather; so the gold and the velvet were laid by together."

"But what miracle was there about finding the sword?" asked Nicole; "I know that the king offered her one, and that she, who had seen many trophies of arms at St. Catharine's, where she heard three masses in one day, or it may be more, wished to have a sword on which the crosses and the fleurs-de-lis were curved together, such as might be seen on some of the shields hung up there; and such a one she believed might lie in the tumb of a knight buried with his arms behind the altar. It seems that she saw many visions in that church, and loved much the remembrance of it besides, because she there received the king's letter to come to him at Chinon."

"Mark you," exclaimed Maître Toussaint,

"how men spoil a story in the telling, and that because they know nothing of the truth! My very good friend, I do not mean to say that you would speak a falsehood, except in the way of trade, as when you told me to-day that you could bargain better for spices with that old miser, Courtray, else, without compliment, I consider you a man of probity, never telling an untruth when no advantage is to be made of it." Maitre Nicole bowed, and sipped his wine complacently. "But really on this point you know nothing. The maiden had never been in the church of St. Catharine, nor heard that any sword was there, nor guessed at it in any probable way; but she knew by inspiration, that that sword was buried behind that altar, and the king's sent, and the monks found it, and what rust was on it fell off of itself, so that they had no trouble in cleaning it; and in one point you are right, that she described the engraving of the crosses and fleurs-de-lis on the blade; but I pray you be more cautious as to the rest in future; the whole matter would be good for nothing if she had seen the crosses and fleursde-lis together before-luckily, that is impossible, for she never was in the church, as I my I hold this a point of bonour for her sake, and that of the good people, my fellow-citizens, and, indeed, for my own, for think you that I would have musted them to buy such a scabbard for a sword found in the ordinary way, merely by a sort of preference? Nay, I should think myself as good as cheated out of the money I paid down in good crowns towards the expedition, if there were no miracle in the matter. Fortunately 1 am quite sure, for the people of the court gave it out so themselves, and they assuredly must be nearest to the truth."

"Well, if that sword does better than any other sword," quoth Mattre Nicolo, "I should think the wonder worth bringing to pass, but——"

"Mercy on the man's ignorance," rejoined Maitre Touissant, "how little dost thou know of the supernatural! Now, to those who, like myself, have a refined taste for the mysterious, the great charm is, that they can know nothing about it, as to use, purpose, or anything else."

Editied by this conversation as I was, I drow from it many reflections as to Jeanne herself, so well as the speakers. Of the truth I was well assured, but I saw the policy, which was to exaggerate any common incident, such as a simple, natural, though enthusiastic preference into a miracle for the wonder of the vulgar. I felt some annoyance that the simplicity and truth of her character should be thus misrepresented and confounded with imposition; and I considered, that though Jeanne herself, with the quickness of result pecu-

liar to genius, might have even forgotten the steps by which she was led to the conclusion, that such a weapon was behind the altar of St. Catharine's, that they were profaning the beauty of her imaginative genius, to give out her happy convictions, as though she assumed any pretermatural knowledge save that directly needed for the declaration of her mission. Though I knew nothing of it then, I have since thought that the spirit of the Count of Clermont's proposition at Poitiers governed the selfishness of a large portion of those who authorised her employment.

The tradesmen rose to depart, for Maître Nicole wished to be at Chinon before nightfall, and in coming to the door he saw and recognized me. I gave him as little clue as my looks would allow as to any previous illness; forged, indeed, an account of employment by the king's order immediately after my quitting Chinon, and as he made no curious inquiry, and put no doubting question, I had the satisfaction to think that though La Tremouille would doubtless, if he might, pursue me for a private vengeance, he had deemed it prudent to employ only his own people in the chase, and not to make any public accusation which would place him face to face with me, where more equal justice might chance to be rendered. Out of this reluctance on his part, I drew a better confidence for myself, having little doubt that, had the public ministers of the law been set to trace me, I should, if secured, have little chance of escape from his well-accredited power. It seemed, therefore, as far as public accusation was concerned, to be a drawn battle; from private attempts, I knew that I must carefully guard myself.

The next morning I was enabled to pursue my journey, and even felt somewhat re-invigorated. Who, indeed, can look upon the beautiful Loire in spring time, when its wide channel reflects the young verdure and the clear sky; watch its windings, broken and variegated by its many islets, and the noble abbeys and castles that crown its heights, each an historic illustration, count the promise of rich harvest on its northern bank, or scan its venerable and extensive woods to the south; contemplate the peaceful riches of its many burghs and villages, and think how much nature has here done to delight man, as well as to serve him, and not draw some contentment from his fancies! Besides. I had just risen from a sick bed, and the air was to me a draught of purity and health, and the eye itself seemed to gain vigour from the cheerful light after the unbroken monotony of the low-roofed little cottage.

I passed the bridge of Tours, and rode at a good pace along the northern bank; as the weather had

been for some time dry, I was enabled to make speed, and by an early hour of the afternoon I reached the city of Blois. Every place of entertainment was crowded, for between five and six thousand men cumbered the small town, and though many were lodged within the castle, yet enough remained to prevent my easily finding a resting-place. Although I was inclined to seek the almoner, even before I put up my horse, I soon discovered that this was vain; in the household of Jeanne d'Arc, besides her own personal calls upon all spiritual aids that she might keep up the high tone of her mind for the actions which were to prove it, the chaplain had become an active leader of the war. Not that, like many other ecclesiastics of the time, he abandoned his sacred for secular functions, but that Jeanne had invested this expedition with the character of a crusade, and endeavoured to prepare such means as should impart to others the holy enthusiasm with which she was filled.

Still I attempted to gain the speech of Pierre d'Arc, who, as I heard, was in the castle, lodged near his sister, but in this too I was foiled. It seemed as if some design prevented my access to him, and I was not left in ignorance of the cause, when I beheld in one of the courts, fortunately unseen my-self, the Lord of La Jaille. Others had combined with him not only to keep myself from approach—

probably they believed that I was dead—but all wh might give to the maiden the information the were determined to withhold from her.

Jeanne had been accompanied to Biois, not I the king himself, but by the crafty, or, at least lukewarm and selfish Chancellor, the Archbishop Rhems, who was not exempt in conscience from the reproach of the Bishop of Castres again those who would merely use the prophetees as it instrument of their own designs. A council withen sitting, in which he, with the Marshals of St Severe and of Rays; Ambrone de Lors; the admiral, Louis de Culan; and other warriors, were disting with the maiden the plan of the advance Ever since their arrival at Blois, two days before, it question had been fiercely argued, and, as the expedition was to start the next day, a decision we peremptorily needed.

"To whom looks the king," asked Jeanne that, after more reasons of expedience had been as vanced and reiterated to fatigue—"to whom, but to myself, or rather to that power of which I at the delegate to him, for the success of this enterprise? I have promised him the deliverance Orleans; he has given me men, provisions, store of war, that I may keep my word. Which of you who dispute my will, will take the burden from me shoulders, and bear it on his own?—will say to the

Dauphin of France, that he has the only pledge which can never err, that Orleans shall be succoured and freed? Which of you will answer for this with life, and with honour? - will bear the taunt of lying and imposture, if he fail? If any of you, grave and honoured men as you are, will declare to me that you possess this power, and will bring me the king's release, taking your word instead of mine, I will serve under his conduct, and even die in his failure, or to ensure his glory; but not one of you dare to say this to me. I come to work an appointed wonder, for surely it is no common thing to lead your army against the enemy, whose name has been hitherto a terror to them, and pledge my soul in the name of Heaven itself for the victory! I have promised the noble Dauphin this; I bear his commission that I may accomplish it. By the side of Beauce, since that is where the greatest number of the English army is posted, must we march, daring them, to the succour of the town. Our first sign of caution is to them, as to our own men, a signal of distrust. We do not strike by common stratagems of war, or I would not dispute against so many worthier to declare them; but thousands determined to conquer or to die, some, at least, of whom know by this time that it is more blessed to die in such a cause than to live, go, in the arbitrement of Heaven, to try, as

by a sacred ordeal, the right of the Dauphin to the crown of France, of Franchmen to their own nature soil, of husbands and fathers to the joy and honour of their own families, and face to face they would see if any thousands of the English will perish man for man with them. Ordinary victories may depend on risks or on chances; this must find its means in men's hearts. Let all make themselves worthy, as well as men may, to cast away life in such a caused by going into battle with no unconfessed, no unrepented sin, and see if any might the English can bring shall withstand the certainty of our's that their only chance is between an earthly glory and a heavenly one,"

"Many of the men, I grieve to say it," observed the Archbishop, "make some scoff at the preparations you have ordered—the muster of the corps of priests, their solemn litanies, and sacred banner; and it has come even into my mind whether it were fit to expose such symbols and persons to the insults of a rude camp."

"Not so, reverend father," replied the maiden; the army, if it be to conquer, must learn to reverse them. And it will be so. I have seen little children, and many of these men have such minds, jest to-day, smile to-morrow, and bend the knee the next day, when those to whom sacred things were entrusted have done their office steadily and with-

out awerving. I am unlearned, but I have asked of one who knows well, my own almoner, father Jean Pasquerel, and he hath assured me that never yet army was driven back that strove to put itself at peace with God. Ye are well read, and can tell if he speak true that when the Norman Bastard, William, won at one blow the warlike realm of England, his army fasted and prayed the night before the battle, while the English sung and feasted idly, and there are those here who fought at Agincourt, and know well that King Flenry's troops were the eve of that fight shriven penitents, expecting death; but you remember what they were on the morrow."

"Your hopes are not idly placed," said the Marshal de Ste. Severe; "but it behoves us, as we have declared unanimously to you, to use all just and military prudence. We are at least your counsellors, placed around you by the king, and in the conduct of the war reponsible to him even for your own safety and honour. And John of the leans, who knows well the dangers we have to meet, and the advantages which may be taken, sends in messengers again and again to urge us that we approach by the Soloigne side, where the least opposition may be feared to our conveying the provisions into the city."

"You talk of provisioning the city, Marshal,"

exclaimed the maiden. "I go to raise the siege. Be there so much food in Orleans as shall serve them for a few days, and the road shall be open to your convoys. You avoid the army of the English because you would not have them oppose you in victualling Orleans. I go to meet and fight them. because I would deliver Orleans. What shall it do for the Dauphin or for France that Orleans hold out for a few weeks longer, and then that its inhabitants miserably perish? but drive from before it the oppressors of all, as it is willed, and as it shall be, as I am appointed to declare and to make good, and you raise the first storm of the many to come, which shall clear the land of the blight which devours it. I summon you, in the name of the Dauphin, and by the commission which I bear, to follow me to meet the English; if you refuse me, in the name of the Dauphin and by his power, and in the greater name still that sent me to the Dauphin, I will not put myself under your leading to avoid them."

"So please you," said the saturnine De Rays, "to allow us to confer by ourselves of what you say, you shall find us doubtless doing our duty to the king, and to you, who hold his commission. If words can impress us, we have heard them, we would have a short time to deliberate upon them." The maiden rose, and with a sad and silent reverence left the chamber.

"What we have ordained as fittest, what John of Orleans agrees with us to be the best, must be done," cried De Rays, but in a low, earnest tone, after looking round when the door had been closed for a moment. " By this time, perchance she hath some adherents, and the mummery, the ceremonies, she has instituted, may have their effect on some weak minds, and convert them into headlong fighting men. Besides, it is neither in our commission, nor for our interest, nor for the Dauphin's, to part from her. She will not yield: who will that hath a belief such as her's? we cannot, but we may seem to do so. Let us pass by the country of Soloigne, taking care to march well in from the river, that our path may scarcely be discovered by those unaccustomed to the country, and yield a feigned and seemingly reluctant acquiescence in her opinion. She will not question us when she is told that we are diligently obeying her; and if we take care that none approach her, save in our presence, we may prevent all ill consequence till it is too late for her to return."

The council heard this in silence, all but Ste. Severe; he expostulated against the meanness of this duplicity, urged that they were to obey her, not as an ordinary general, but as a prophetess, and appealed earnestly to the Archbishop. He only smiled, and this smile of incredulity disarmed Ste. Severe.

"If it be so," he said, "that you, even you, a churchman, do not fully trust her, I would that I had no part in so idle a pageant. I would that, without encumbering ourselves with a leader who can avail us nothing, and may do us great harm if she find the means to thwart us, we had taken such measures as befit knights and experienced leaders, and carried them on in our own names; as it is, I but tell you this, that I shall have great regard to the safety and well-being of this maiden, as to my first charge, and that, as I shall be silent, I shall not interrupt your plans, though I do not approve of them, but that you must look to me for no better aid than silence to carry them forward."

"I have good assurance," observed De Raye, "that in this we shall do nothing that cannot be well justified to the King.

"I thought not of that," replied Ste. Severe;
"I wish that we had more to fear from crossing the King's will; for there needs some determined purpose for the safety of France, which is by nothing so perilled as by our own dissensions, for which cause alone I yield to this poor stratagem."

Although all, on being asked by De Rays for their assent, coldly and silently gave it, none seemed disposed to question the honour of the invention with him, or to take any part of active approval. They were departing; he stayed them. "What we do must be well and cautiously done," he said; if we seem to yield now, this prophetess will make inquiries as to our means of march, the country, and the places of halt. As yet she knows not, as I have well ascertained, any of such matters. She has, fortunately for us, required but one thing—to be led straight to the English. My lord Archbishop, you would do well to hold her in earnest discussion for the evening; she will retire early to her chamber or her devotions, and in the morrow the joy of carrying her own will will leave her little thought else, amid the clamour and hurry of the muster and the march."

"Say, rather, her own truth and simplicity of heart," observed Ste. Severe.

"Whichever you please, so it answer our purpose," said De Rays.

"Your purpose!" rejoined Ste. Severe.

"Mine, if you desire it," continued De Rays.
"I hope to speak correctly after much schooling, which I am perfectly willing to receive from the Marshal de Ste. Severe."

It was well for the leaders who assented to this disgraceful subterfuge, that the noble Florent d'Illiers had led his followers towards Orleans that very day; and it was a strange contradiction of their fears that he led them before the peaceful English bastilles, and fought his way into the city. La Hire, too, had been purposely employed at a distance in bringing up the last reinforcements expected, and Jeanne was thus left in the war-council without one honest friend.

The knowledge of what had thus passed was not that night added to my anxieties; baffled in all my attempts. I determined to make some effort at the muster of the troops on the morrow, and to venture boldly, that I might approach, either herself, her confessor, or her brother, to declare all that I knew, discharging my conscience at any peril that might ensue from my attempt. Long before the light the sounding of trumpets, the rattle of arms, the clattering of horses' hoofs, and the rolling of heavy cars, aroused me. I hastily armed myself and mounted my horse, that I might place myself near that embrance of the field where the army was to assemble, which led from the castle where Jeanne herself reposed.

Blois, like many of the cities on the Loire, is built upon an acclivity. It stands on the northern bank, its old castle being the most western building; and, with its cathedral, situate about the middle, as from east to west, and rather more than half way up the hill, its churches and monasteries, forming one of the most picturesque of the ancient glories of this beautiful river. Of the markets and squares not one could contain the number destined to be assembled; so that an open space at the very height of the city, and overlooking all its parts, was chosen for the muster of the men-at-arms, while the cars laden with provisions, arms, ammunition, and all other appliances of war, had been already, by the vigilance of the leaders, taken across the bridge, and formed in something like order, on the approaches to the road, which was left clear and open, under the escort of La Hire and some companies of mon-at-arms.

The daybreak rose upon four or five thousand well appointed warriors, drawn up under their respective banners, on the field above the city. As soon as the light was clear enough to discern it, a more singular corps approached. In the half-gloomy twilight, the solemn chant of many voices, winding upwards from the castle, was heard, and it even stilled the busy hum of the troops to listen to it. Then was descried a banner bearing the representation of a crucifix, borne by Jean Pasquerel, whose energetic features seemed lighted up to ecstacy, as he gazed upon his sacred trust.

I had put myself upon the very path, but at that moment no word came to my lips to address him; he marched onwards to the centre of the square with a firm unwavering step, instinct with his feeling; and then came behind him the long priestly train, some in the rich habits of their churches, some in the simple monastic garb of their orders, but all moving as with one accord, and singing clearly, as with one voice and one thought, their sacred litanies. Then came the noble enthusiasts, who were deemed worthy to accompany this sacred body, such as made confession the daily habit of their lives, and who had taken up this expedition as the cross against the infidel, as fit to be borne only by upright hearts. No hurry, no confusion, no momentary inadvertence, broke upon their steady march. If there were a smile, it was one of rapt thought. No word, no heedless noise, diverted their attention from the prayers that were sung before them. Next were two heralds, Guienne and Ambleville, attached to the person of the prophetess, in rich coats of white and purple.

Then came the maiden herself, for the first time apparelled for the field. Her complete suit of armour, well fitted to her shape, save only the shirt of steel that covered her from the waist to the knee, shone resplendently in the first ray of the morning; her white horse, the emblem of her station, moved nobly under her graceful guidance; her plumed helmet, as well as her shield, was borne by her page. Louis des Contes, and her white standard, which she herself carried, floated around her uncovered head.

On this standard, the ground of which was spotted with fleurs-de-lis, was a figure of Christ, seated on his tribunal in the clouds; and on each side of him was represented an angel, in the act of adoration. One of them held a fleur-de-lis, on which the principal figure appeared to bestow a benediction. On the side, the words JHESVS MARIA were emblazoned. It was richly fringed with purple and gold.

By her side hung the sword brought from Fierboie, in its plain leathern sheath; and her horse was sumptuously caparisoned in white, purple, and gold. Yet brilliant and beautiful as all this apparel shewed, it was to her face that every ofe was directed; and the low murmur of admiration that ran round as she came on, spoke most of the determined heroism, the sublime devotion of her mien. For the moment I was lost in the general sentiment, but the idea flashed upon me with tenfold pain and suddenness as I looked upon the faces of these immediately following her, that all this beauty and glory were destined as a sacrifice to the miserable interests and vanities of the basest men.

I hesitated no longer, but, throwing up my visor, I pronounced, as loudly as I was able, from weakness and emotion, the well-known word, "Jeannette!" She turned round, and, for a moment, stopped. It was plain that she recognized me, for she looked on me as if with interest; but she in-

stantly recollected herself: "Not now," she said; and as I pressed forward, exclaiming, " For your own sake!" she waved her hand, though not unkindly, and passed on, while a shout of "Back!" was heard from the leaders, who, with D'Aulon and her pages, the second, Raymond, bearing her lance, pressed immediately round her.

In the middle of this group was Pierre d'Arc, whom I had then no means of approaching; and though John of Novelompont and Bertrand de Poulengy came immediately in the rear, yet I was thrust too far back into the crowd to be enabled to speak even with them.

The corps of priests formed in the square; and as they concluded their chant, Jeanne, who had alighted from her horse, knelt, for a short time, before the army, in which she was followed by some of the soldiery, not, however, without here and there a whispered jeer from their companions. Then to the priests and to herself Jean Pasquerel administered the sacrament, which some few others pressed forward to take; the only one of the leaders near her was Ste. Severe: but even he, after a moment's thought, stepped back as though it were an office in which he might not join. This over, she sprang unassisted, and with one vault, into her saddle, armed as she was; and this military feat of strength and skill, such as few men could perform, won a cheer from the soldiery.

"And now," she said aloud to the Generals, "lead us straight to the enemy, to Talbot, and to the English bastilles, and that by the side of Beauce; this is all I require and command in the Dauphin's name: once there, Heaven, our cause, and our own trust in both, shall do the rest."

The march began; the priests, following the banner of Jean Pasquerel, resumed their station at the head; and then, in the order in which they had advanced, the maiden and the first part of the forces filed off the ground, and began to wind down the steep streets of Bloit. As I was attached to no leader, I was not allowed to take my place till among the last in the line of march, so that, as I came to the crest of the hill, I could perteive the whole of the army and the convoy.

A grand and cheering sight is such an array; yet it warms the heart a million-fold the more, when it is the setting forth of patriots, devoted to the rescue of their native land. My distrust of her companions in arms, my conviction of intended treachery, were almost lost in the noble evidence of strength before me. Through the narrow streets which lay beneath me to the river, and over the tops of which, and even of the cathodral, I could look down upon the river and the landscape, I could see, as they bore for an instant in their winding course a straight direction between me and the

bridge, the banners, spears, and pennons, and here and there the armour of the troops. The sound of the chants died away in the distance, but the blast of trumpets, the neigh of horses, and the changor of arms, replaced it with a new exhilaration. Suddenly, the head of the column came towards the bridge which crossed the Loire into Sauloigne; and I was astonished to see it take that direction, instead of winding to the left upon the bank, which would, as I well knew, bring us to Orleans by the northern side of Beauce.

I had observed the cars already on the south, but I had supposed that they would cross the river to us, and fall into our line at the appointed place. I could hardly credit my own eyes, or my own doubts, confirmed, as both were, by what I had heard at Poitiers. Jeanne d'Arc had assuredly given the command to proceed at once by the shore that would lead to the main force of the enemy.

Was it possible that in this first step of the campaign they had deceived her? Such a fraud appeared to me too monstrous and unblushing for treachery itself. To re-assure myself, I made inquiries of those round me.

"Perhaps there is some ford," remarked a soldier, "which we are to cross to bring us again to the northern bank, for the bridge of Meun is in the hands of the English, and there is no other between this and Orleans; but it will be hard work, too, for

"They may be unladen, and the provisions taken across by boats," observed another.

The soldier merely shook his head, and added after a time: — "The English have taken good care of the command of the river."

The drops burst from my brow with indignation and anxiety, but I tried to hope that so childish a deception could not be practised. I looked onwards, and I saw the udvanced guard cross the bridge. Jeanne had now put on a cap of velvet, surmounted by a plume, and might be plainly distinguished in the line by that, and by her standard, which she never quitted. The army received the cars after about two-thirds had passed them, and we found ourselves taking a south-east direction through the woods in a road tolerably adapted for our advance.

Our pace, however, was necessarily slow, for many of the care were drawn by oxen, and others heavily laden, making deep furrows in our path, which was in some places so narrow between the trees, that even Jeanne could not pass the line to reach the spot where her presence seemed necescary to exhort the drivers to speed and exertion.

"There was little need, if we are to move at this pace," grumbled a trooper, "to order us to leave our baggage behind, and our women followers could easily have kept up with us whom our new leader has so peremptorily forbidden."

"Mass!" cried a second, "but priests in the front and women in the rear would hardly have agreed either."

"You are right," replied the first; "the priests would have wanted to have the women with them."

" Nuy, but --- "

"I know, I know; we're to be an army of saints, but I think I might defy the devil himself to make a saint of me."

The day passed on, and though we halted but seldom, and were soon again in motion, we made but few leagues. I kept watching, but in vain, for the time when we should approach the Loire, and endeavouring to console myself with the idea that we were to make a sudden turn upon it, so as to prevent all upposite preparation.

The bivouac was ordered for the night, and, though there were a few cottages near, Jeanne cast herself in her armour upon the ground, surrounded by her household, in one of the open spaces which were selected for our repose. But this was not until, accompanied and watched closely by De Rays and the other leaders, she had gone round the whole circle of the camp-fires, speaking words of cheer and kindness to all, as though she honoured each warrior as a brother, and exhorting many to

make confession, that they might join with her in the sacrament of the morrow. The solemn chant of the priests was heard for a short time in her own quarter, and then each of that body walked from group to group, and many an energetic and kind appeal was made to the resting soldiers, to fit themselves for the great work they had undertaken, or for the fate they might incur by it. Death was no longer in their mouths a terror and a mystery, but a prize for the good, and the lasting honour of the brave. The soldiers felt wondrous pleasure in such words, for none who had undertaken the enterprize against the ever-victorious and outnumbering English but felt the peril, and there were, therefore, few who were not grateful for the consolation.

At length I made my own confession, and in it told to the priest the treachery which I had heard devised against the maiden. We sate long apart in deep conference upon the step that we might take to acquaint her with the danger that seemed to surround her, and it was determined that he should find the opportunity of communicating all to Jean Pasquerel, and induce him, if possible, to see me, and, if necessary, to bring me to her presence. I then lay down to rest more composedly, and was refreshed by my slumbers.

Not so with Jeanne; the unaccustomed weight of her armour and its over closeness had made her

languid and feverish, but she attempted still to keep all such signs from observation. She, however, suffered herself to be partly disarmed, and throw around her for the day's march a large mantle.

But even the news of her illness, which could not be concealed, joined to the courage with which she strove against it, added to the esteem in which the soldiery began to hold her, and moved them, in addition to the exhortations of the priests, so that when the solemn service of the morning began, the false shame which had been a weapon against those who should join in it was now converted into the opposite sentiment, and used against those who were recusants. The tide of opinion thus turned, the second day's march presented a strange contrast to the usual ribaldry of an army. Men sought true and honest distinction from the natural feeling of their hearts, instead of a reputation for outraging them, or bearing them callously. "France and Heaven for it!" became the watchword from mouth to mouth. It reached even the leaders by the report of their familiars, and De Rays faltered at the spirit which might be employed against him. The visible sign of their awakened enthusiasm which she had beheld at daybreak was enough for Jeanne; her spirits, which care and contention had bowed, were re-invigorated with her hopes, and these, with her habitual abstinence, saved her from the worst consequences of her zealous indiscre-

As soon as he could find the opportunity on the march, the priest, who had received my confession, spoke with Jean Pasquerel, whose interest and indignation were instantly roused by the recital. He even placed the banner in other hands, and, after the struggle of two hours, found me in the rear of the line. We conversed long and earnestly.

"It is, indeed, fitting that she had known this sooner," he cried with bitter impatience; "not that you are to be blamed; you have done and suffered much, but I wish -! You have scarcely seen her to-day. She can bear no more excitement now, certainly no more anxiety. This treason! Were it told she must return-for mark me, I now fully believe with you, that they are leading us by the side of Sauloigne without the chance of our crossing to the other! Poor fools! more wretched in their blindness than their knavery. You marked they dared not join us in the sacrament, save to-day that De Rays, and I think now but the worse of him for it. The shame, the confusion on their own heads! as it will come! as it is decreed that it shall come, doubt not, however their hypocrisy may strive against the truth! I will watch them, observe them, question them - mock them to their teeth! yet, methinks, she must not

know now; to return upon our steps with such of the army as would follow us would indeed disgrace them, but so it might ruin all. My friend! I trust fully in the guard that Heaven throws around her; nay, were it but in her own mortal genius, which as much transcends their's as doth her heart of purity—or this spring sun the gloom of a November mist. I will go forward, join their company, see what she may best bear, and scare them with the certainty that all is known to me; cast hints of La Tremouille and La Jaille like barbed darts at them, and moreover chant them a dirge of their coming fate, that shall be to them as a procession to their own execution."

The enthusiastic priest embraced me, and bude me farewell; he went forward, and he well kept his word with De Rays and his comrades, but Jeanne cared not to hide from him the weakness against which she struggled in the eyes of all else, and he dared not tax it with the infliction of so great a pusion. He was silent, prayed for her, and still trusted. He divided his time between her and his more public duty as the leader of the sacred corps, and that day passed without my again seeing him.

So was it not with the night, for, though it was advanced, yet, as after another slow and listless day, I gazed wakefully upon the waters of the Loiret, round the source of which we had passed by the

south, and which, probably, it was their plan to confound in the mind of Jeanne with the larger stream, the Loire, to which it is tributary; he came to recount to me the passages of the day, and to consult on the plans of the morrow. I left all freely in his hands, for his zeal, his office, and his brave integrity, all bade me confide in him. It was determined that her needful repose should not be broken that night by the unwelcome news.

A third time the morning rose upon us in the ranks, and a third time it was greeted with the same solemnity. It was performed with increased carnestness. The word now passed from mouth to mouth, that we were near to Orleans and to the English; that the day of battle was come.

They no longer shut their eyes to danger; they had learned the higher courage of estimating and braving it. There was little need to encourage men who had already scanned and embraced the consequence; but Jeanne, now again wearing her resplendent arms, her helmet on her head, and ready for battle, rode through the ranks and to the companies, cheerful with the refreshment of repose and renewed health, and boldly prophesying that the true-hearted should find no danger in the approaching trial.

"Heaven has done as much to punish France," she said, "when at Azincourt they say but forty

English perished to defeat and destroy all our chivalry, and do you doubt that as much or more shall be done with you, when every soul throughout the host is, as I pray, fully reconciled to Heaven? And it is told to me. My Voices, who comforted my yesterday in the languor of sickness, bade me not to be discouraged by that or any unforeseen ill, for that we shall enter Orleans in safety. My blood ie, as I know, to flow, but not to-day, nor your's; therefore, march on as to a bridal; the noble city looks for her deliverers to love them!"

We rode now directly northward, and Jean Pusquerel, seeing that she had recovered her health sufficiently to bear it, was determined that she should no longer remain in ignorance of the deceit. Its moving cause he reserved for another use and opportunity, unless he should now be compelled to advert to it. But her quick perceptions and eager inquiries left him scarcely time to make the disclosure.

Her party emerged from the woody path at less than a league and a half from Orleans, and at the first sight of its spires she began to direct the array for the battle. The country is flat, and the Loire lay then deep in its channel, so that she could not at first discern the relative positions of the river and the town. "Where is the bastille that Talbot and Suffolk hold?" she asked. "It is to them my letter of warning and defiance has been sent, and by them will I pass, that they may see my word is kept. My Lord Marshal, or you, Seigneur de Lore! Lord Admiral! quick, tell me that I may place myself right in the front of our battle, and stand, as I am appointed, between this noble army and its danger!"

All paused, and Pasquerel, darting a fierce glance around him, essayed to speak, but his wrath stayed him. Ste. Severe alone had presence of mind.

"You will do wrong to form such an order of battle as you propose, for it is not now against Talbot or Suffolk that you have been led. Yonder Tourelles are the head of the bridge on the southern side, and are kept by Glasdale. Our plan is to throw the succours into the town a little to the east, the right of yonder bastille, which you may discern on your own right hand, St. Jean le Blanc, and having done that, to try the greater enterprise at better safety."

"Halt !"cried the maiden. "Jean Pasquerel, forward to your's, and bid them return to me, these men have betrayed them, me — me ! my country, the Dauphin, the command of Heaven! let the army form upon this road. Take my banner, Raymond, you my shield, Louis; nay, nay, I want no guiding staff, having no guidance. Now, sirs, since

you have scorned the king's commission, and my delegated office, what will you do?—lead! go on! I am ready to die, for die perhaps! must, and all these with me, in expiation of your fault. Let me know what you will do, for methinks it is time you should speak your will, and that truly."

"Whatever befal, here is one," said Ste. Severe, "ready to expiate his own acquiescence, by sharing your fate, whatever it may be, and one who feels a double charge upon himself, since he has thwarted your's. We must move as well as we may to the river edge, and there guard our convoy till it can be transported by the barks which John of Orleans will have ready."

"Which John of Orleans will have ready! Have you so long harboured this falsehood as to concert it with him?" asked the maiden. "On! on! and let us perish, if it is to be, for it is better to be no longer wearied and tortured here, and yet I grieve for these, for France, for Charles!"

She was silent, and moved passively.

"What is now to be done?" asked Pasquerel.

"Back with your banner, in the name of Heaven," cried Ambrose de Lore; "or the men will think there is some check; they must not know that this disagreement has happened."

Pasquerel still looked to Jeanne.

"I know nothing," she said; "it has been told

me that this day we shall meet little opposition, and that all shall enter Orleans in security: how should that be but this day? — but I know not! It may be to try us; dear father, we must not want faith or courage. Yet, if you do as they would have you, do it as from yourself; they thwart all counsel, all hope."

"I trust in your victory and their shame, andto see that I obey them," said Jean Pasquerel aloud, and, taking his standard, led on his corps to the bank of the river.

Pierre d'Arc said nothing, but rode side by side with his sister, who again took her banner and shield from her pages, and went forward sadly but unfalteringly.

After ten minutes' silence De Rays rode up. "It is by the advice of John of Orleans," he said, "that we have acted, nay, his injunction, which he neither can nor will deny."

"On his head be it then, as well as on your's, who have followed him," replied Jeanne; "it is little to justify yourself to me; but should the noble Dauphin lose his last hope of dominion, should the poor people he hopelessly delivered to their English tyrants, should this town be burned, and the inhabitants slain for the loyalty they have shewn, you will have much to answer for here to man, and more bereafter to God."

No word more was said till they gained the south bank of the river, as they had intended, a little to the east of the bastille of St. Jean le Blanc.

"See you," said D'Aulon, as they arrived on the shore, so near to the English fort that the opposite parties could even discern each other's features, "see you that the river is so low that yonder great vessels cannot reach us by many yards."

"The provisions and arms must be borne by the men through the shallow water," said De Rays.

"An operation," observed Ste. Severe, with a sigh, "which must place the whole convoy at the mercy of the English forces; see you how the walls of this bastille are crowded with men, and yonder again, at the Tourelles, and that which I believe is the Augustins."

"They have another on the Isle Charlemagne, to the west of the bridge in the middle of the river," said D'Aulon drily; "and they can, if need be, bring greater forces from the northern bank."

"It would be to sacrifice our men shamefully to place them in such a position," observed Sto. Severe; "observe how all the cannon and missiles bear right upon this landing. Glasdale, with whom you have to deal, is neither fool nor coward. You propose to yourselves somewhat a greater achievement, to land this convoy in his teeth, than to pass by Suffolk and Talbot into the town."

"He does not seem disposed to stir yet," said De Rays.

"He is soldier enough to wait till we are thoroughly embarrassed, and exposed by the work, perhaps," said D'Aulon between his teeth, but with a triumphant dryness.

"There is yet one matter which prevents the need of our discussion," said Ambrose de Lore, with the bitter irony of disgrace and disappointment; "we shall thus far be safe, that yonder vessels cannot approach us at all; the wind comes right from the east, they are much too heavy to be moved by oars, and in this narrowed and shoally stream they have no means of beating up to us. Were we as much to the west as we are to the east of St. Jean le Blanc, we might have some chance of their joining us."

"The English know what they are about, and how to choose their positions," continued D'Aulon; "they have the whole command of the river."

All eyes now involuntarily turned towards Jeanne D'Arc. She made them no reproach, save one they would hardly feel; tears of indignation and grief trickled down her cheeks, and a slight curl of contempt she could not conquer played upon her lips. She awaited what they would say.

"And what would you now advise?" asked Do Rays, assuming an easy effrontery.

"Nay, gentlemen, you are here to advise me by the Dauphin's commission," said she, severely; "if I may command, take youder bastille from the English, and so win a port for the barks;" and with this, the stern expression of her face gleaned with terrible enthusiasm as she led forwards, prepared to guide with her banner, and in her own person, the direction of the assault.

During this time La Hire and many of the captains had been forming the troops in the best possible positions for defence, so that the two armies watched each other with the calm vigilance of two opposed swordsmen, each waiting a movement to take his advensary at advantage. Yet it was well for the French that at that moment an unwonted spirit of inaction reigned in the English camp. Glasdale held, as from the deceased Salisbury, the bequeathed right of command over the southern bank. A stern, rude soldier of fortune, he cultivated little the friendship of the great peers who ruled on the northern shore, and was rather their rival than their coadjutor.

The English were not taken unawares; if so, their determined courage might have made the struggle yet more terrible than it proved; but rumours of the prophetess had reached them, as such rumours are always spread, with the exaggeration of every indifferent action into a wonder. It was

plain, too, that the French had already recovered much confidence, having no other trust than in her name and words. The leaders of the English did not succeed in scoffing at her pretensions; they stigmatised her womanly honour, and laughed at her mean birth and education; but she was not called prostitute or cowkeeper by their men; they abused her, but they called her "soreeress," and half-trembled in giving her the name which might prove a blasphemy. Robbery, cruelty, sacrilege, and murder, too, were on the souls of most of them. The least religious are always the most superstitious, and they invented marvels, signs, and portents of their own; and those who had once knelt at holy shripes, had lost all sense of religion, but its vague, unmixed, and tremendous terrors.

Suffolk, Talbot, Scales, Glasdale, though ready to dare both worlds in the cause of English honour, were unanimous in this regard also, that they knew not how this new power might fall upon their soldiers, that they felt it well to give them time to laugh at their own panic, and that, in the mean time, they might put a sure trust in their dogged, indomitable courage, when forced to use it on the defensive. Orleans, and France with it, they knew, were yet gained, if they could but patiently hold their own.

D'Aulon and the immediate attendants of the maiden, the former of whom had brought up her own especial company, prepared to support her, bringing up provisions, scaling-ladders, and other means of assault. De Rays and the other generals shewed their dissent rather by the slowness of their motions, than by any expressed disapprobation of her command. Almost incapable of doubt, she could have pressed on to the very mound of the bastille, where already a movement discovered the preparations to receive her, had not D'Aulon, who had cast an anxious glance at the chiefs, stayed her.

"On! on! we can at least shame them by our deaths!" she cried impatiently, but Ste. Severe, who had advanced, pointed out to her on the river a small boat, which, rowed by two men, contained likewise three or four warriors; who, amid all the missiles of the English, were safely making for the southern show.

"It is John of Orleans," said the Marshal, "and as he has of late commanded here, we should at least wait his advice." Jeanne made no reply, though an obvious one was upon her lips; but she stayed her wrath from the enemy, to pour it upon one whom she considered a false friend. She placed herself at once on the spot where he was about to land, leaping from her saddle to accost him.

"You are the Bastard of Orleans?" asked she, as he sprang from the boat on the shore.

"I am he," replied the young warrior, "and right glad to greet your arrival."

"And is it you," continued she, "who have given the advice to bring me hither by this side of the river, and not directly, as I desired, in the face of Talbot and his English?"

"Not only I," answered the Bastard haughtily, but others more experienced and able than myself were of this opinion, as being the better, and surer way."

"And you advised them," she exclaimed, stamping with a rage she could not contain, "to bring me hither by deceit and fraud, as though I were a child in your and their hands, instead of one entrusted as I am!"

"I should scarcely have hesitated at any means which would in my opinion best serve the king's cause," answered he firmly and coldly.

A little surcasm rose to her lips, but she suppressed it, walking up and down hurrically for a moment.

"Wretched device! miserable discord! treason! failure!" she exclaimed to herself; "but I will not add to the folly if I can help it;" then turning short upon the Bastard, "I will not taunt you with the event, if, indeed, you meant loyally; if not, you would

but rejoice in it; but let that bid you make no boast of this experience and counsel, which are so plainly belied. If we had passed, as I commanded, by the other shore, the provisions would have been safely brought into Orleans, those provisions which your leaders here, perhaps you among them, think are the only succours you need, and care but for feeding you when they should deliver France. How will you now cause them to pass the river? Can your barks come hither against the wind, in defiance of yonder English garrisons?"

"Two leagues higher," said John of Orleans, coldly, "is a garrison of mine at Checy, on the northern shore, in a small strong castle, which has well held out; if we brought the provisions and vessels thither, they might cross more surely."

"In front still of yonder large bastille, in face of the very danger you first feared?" said Jeanne, pointing to St. Loup, which was plainly visible to the east of the city, between it and the little village and fort of Checy. "Besides, will the wind, that will not suffer your boats to come even hither. carry them two miles further up the stream, in this narrow and shallow channel, in which they will be stranded if they try to beat up against it?"

John of Orleans was silent, and looked angrily and imputiently round for counsel; but none were disposed to take the dispute from his responsi-

"What will you do?" almost thundered the maiden: " will you send back the succours to the Dauphin, and say you think them as worthless as his orders? You thought you were trifling with a silly girl, that your crafty counsels might deceive or cross her as you chose! Think you that if I spoke but from myself, I should dare to come among so many warriors bearing ensigns of command above them? I have a council which you see not, and which you cannot deceive, though you may thwart it; it is yourselves whom you betray, unless, indeed, in your presumption, you think that the wisdom of Heaven is poor to your's, and that your cunning can repel its very ordinances. St. Louis and St. Charlemagne have prayed for this realm; they would not suffer that the enemy should have at once the person of the Duke of Orleans, and this his town. You have made their prayers vain!"

"Speak then yourself," said the Bastard, recovering his temper, and in a calm tone; "what would you have us do?"

"That for once which you are willing to do!" replied the maiden, after looking round for full two minutes; "let your barks be got ready, and make for Checy, and thither will we also; the wind will change."

"Change!" exclaimed John of Orleans, and many with him.

"It will go round into you black mass of clouds in the south," she answered; "do you wonder that one who has watched in the fields should know when to put on her cloak? Stay, and see if you will, but you do but lose time; and there will be plenty too of the wind, if a south wind will serve, and with it much rain, and perhaps lightning and storm."

John of Orleans made no reply, but by a wave of his hand for assent, and the words, "I shall be at Checy with you," and he returned to his bont

Two of his companions who had stood beside him, taking no part in this conference beyond an earnest interest, followed him; the one, Theobald d'Armignac, called de Termes, with a respectful salutation to all; but the second, whose dress proclaimed him a knight of St. John of Jerusalem, a sun-burnt warrior who had bronzed his cheek in parching Africa, and whose eagle look seemed yet more vigorous from his complexion, bowed low and reverently to the maiden, with that expression of trust and honour, by which two noble hearts instantly pay and accept distinction.

This was Nicolas de Girême, afterwards grand prior of his order in France. The boat again dared the English shot successfully, and the little army of the French, in good array, the rear guarded by La Hire and the bravest captains under the standard of the maiden, moved slowly towards the shore opposite to Checy, watching from time to time the movement of the barks which followed them, for ere they had proceeded far the wind had changed.

CHAPTER XXI.

There is a point of land something more than a league up the river on the southern side, which leaves a small and tolerably deep bay to the east of it; this the French reached unmolested, and placing their cars within the point, to the eastward of it, threw up a hasty entrenchment towards the west and south to protect the embarkation of the provisions from sudden attack. John of Orleans, accompanied still by Nicole de Girême, soon relanded from one of the large barks, and in the course of some hours the stores were safely landed at the fort of Checy.

Now arose on the northern shore, at the eastern part of the town, a roar of war which reached us as we stood upon the bank. The citizens, who had watched the transport of the succours across the river, knew that it was but delivering them to the more numerous enemy to spare any means that

could be used for safely bringing them within the

Leaving but sufficient to watch the walls, all the soldiery within the town, with many whom wounds and illness would have spared from any other service, rushed out at the Burgundy Gate, and by the sallyport of the Tour Neuve, at the south-east angle of the town, to attack the bastille of St. Loup, and, putting the English in peril for their own fortress, prevent the attack of the convoy, which in carts, and on men's shoulders, in every way which vigour, zeal, and expedition could devise, was borne along the road near to the northern bank of the river into the town.

Invigorated by the hope of real and effectual aid, the Orleannois fought worthily of their old renown; inspired by the belief of supernatural alliance, they fought with an obstinacy and confidence, which utter destruction alone could conquer. They bore within their walls one of the standards of the English forces, and placed it for a trophy beneath the fleurs-de-lis, which waved over the cars of the convoy. The citizens, more easily elated from their former despair, were drunken with joy. Maître Jean fired his culverin with marvellous aim, steadied as he declared by his delight; though it communicated little joy to those to whom he addressed his missives. Madame Boucher hugged her daughter and

Marie de la Meilleraye in tears; and in their transport they forgot, as did all Orleans, the sufferings and terrors of so many months.

John of Orleans had crossed und recrossed the Loire, first directing the advance of the convoy from Checy, then retiring to the southern bank, where the army from Blois kept Glasdale and he people in check. All had been done that most of the leaders had ever hoped, or even spoken of. The Bastard was anxious to do more. The barks which had recrossed, beating against the wind, were too few to transport any larger portion of the army to the city side of the river; but he felt from the enthusiasm he had that day witnessed, that the presence of the maiden alone would be a bulwark to the town.

"You will go with us!" he said. "I require and exact for the king's service from these, your council of war, that they suffer you to depart with me to hold the city against the assailants till sufficient forces be prepared to raise the siege."

"When all can cross the river, and meet face to face the English chief," said she, "I have already given you my word to deliver the city."

"There is no nearer passage than the bridge of Blois," observed Ste. Severe.

"Then I go back with you to Blois," replied the maiden, "and we will take the route which we

should have taken, and come before Talbot into the city."

"The inhabitants will feel a new despair if you desert them now," urged John of Orleans; "they wait for you as their patron saint."

"I pretend not to such honours," was her answer; "nor will I direct those who know me no better. It is no fault of the brave men who are yonder that they and we are not already within the walls; they are men fit for their holy task, men who have confessed their sins, and whose blood, should any flow, would be an offering for Heaven. I know their hearts are mine for the mission I am charged with, and I too love my brave and good companions and will not quit them; they are the main hope of France, and if my command be not an utter mockery, given me only to make a scoff at me, by all who choose to disobey it, I say it without reproach, but still with sad reason, I will not abandon them to those who have deceived me."

"But they can return by the road you have indicated," argued John of Orleans, "while you may save the city in their absence. This torpor of the English is but the stunning of a moment; they will awaken from it in tenfold anger for the pain of defeat, and their assault may even carry the walls, while the forces are on their march under your guidance. Your name alone would now make every citizen a hero. I will answer for the city while you are within it."

"You urge them to go who have already betrayed me," she exclaimed; "it is their's if the city fall while we are on our march backwards and forwards; how can you trust in their return? they will promise you, and they will go back to Blois, and say that to keep their promise is unwise and against experience."

"I will be the pledge," said Ste. Severe; "let the army return to Blois, I will help to guard you safe into Orleans, and then I will myself try the road which they must take, and bring them back to you. The honour is your's, the shame will be our's, if we fail you."

"Have I a true friend?" she asked, and D'Aulon and Jean Pasquerel stood by her side. "Thank Heaven!" she exclaimed as the tears rolled down her cheeks; "yes, I was ungrateful, you are true friends, I trust you, and you will both advise and serve me truly. You, D'Aulon, appointed by the Dauphin himself to tend me and watch over me, tell me, think you, without regard to danger or to well-being of mine, think you it is best for him, that I should enter Orleans?"

"So should I counsel you," he answered; "there is the greater danger, perchance, but there also may be the best service."

"True! true! and have I not an assurance above all?" she cried, and remained for some mom ents in what seemed to the bystanders, a sortof ecstacy. "Jean Pasquerel, you have sworn to be with me always, you must now be with those whom I care for much more. Go back with your holy brethren, and do you, bearing aloft your standard before them, conduct in my name those children of France, blessed by Heaven, right before the bastille of Talbot; there will I be too when you come on, to partake all with them and you, And you, my brothere in arms, for my sake, bring back this standard safe to me here in Orleans, where I shall claim it at your hands." The men replied with a hearty cheer of assent. "And now farewell: Messire of Orleans, I am with you."

"To Checy first," said the Bastard; "it were best that you should wait there till near nightfall, not for your safety only, but that you may be able to pass through our streets, where our people will hang upon your path as though St. Aignan himself had visited them."

"Not such words," she said peremptorily; "you see what I am, a weak and indeed an humbled creature by this day's events, forced to go back for succour to those who sent me; but for my safety, fear not, that is in better keeping than our's; for your own convenience as you please."

They embarked with Ste. Severe, La Hire, and about two hundred combatants, while the small army still remained on the southern bank, till they were safely lodged in the fort of Checy, and then, following the banner of Jean Pasquerel, we, for with all my entreaties, I was not of the number permitted to embark, began our march to Blois.

I grieved at even this momentary separation of our fortunes; at such a time it might very possibly be a final one, else I found some satisfaction in contemplating my own conduct. I had placed my information disinterestedly in the hands of one who, as I believed, would use it for her wisely and honestly, and having done that, although I had, in the time of threatened action, placed myself as near as I could to her, both to observe and to obey, I had studiously refrained from placing myself directly in her sight, so as to remind her of our old friendship, or of my newly attempted services, should she have heard of them. I found, too, delight rather than consolation in the frequent society of Jean Pasquerel, for the veneration he paid to her as a prophetess was the most welcome praise to the cars of one still her lover, an admiration and affection that suggested no rivalry.

On our halts he took many occasions of speaking with me; our march itself was quicker than our advance, for the unladen cars, in spite of worse weather, were more easily drawn. As much as I

could, I aided him in keeping up the fervour of my companions, a difficult, though not with him an unsuccessful task, for men require some visible token, some impersonation of goodness, to stir their emulation and kindle their affections. Perhaps the banner which she had given to his hands did as much as his persuasions.

But the story should be of Jennne d' Arc. For the remainder of the day she reposed at Checy, conversing little with any, and not enduring a thousandth examination to satisfy those who, as she now perceived, regarded her as a weapon in their own hands, rather than a director of their's. From this reserve she excepted only the brave La Hire, who had had no part in the deceits, and Nicholas de Girême, whose manner of unfeigned and admiring belief had from the first won her confidence and sympathy. To him she related the marvels of her youth, and many prophecies of things to come.

"My blood," she said, "is to flow before these English shall be driven away, but I shall not die yet, that I know, for I have more than this to do. It is painful and terrible, is it not, a first wound? You have borne many, and you are a brave man. Tell me all the worst that I may not dishearten others, when I may be stricken; I am told even that it shall be here in the neck, and indeed that seems to me the worst defended part of my armour."

John of Orleans interrupted the reply. "The darkness has come in sooner than usual from you cloud," he said, "and the storm will be heavy."

"It will aid us," said Ste. Severe.

"Surely the English are not afraid of a shower," said Jeanne.

"The storm though, coming at this time, will be likely enough to increase their fears," said John of Orleans.

"And perhaps should," observed Nicholas de Girême.

"By the sepulchre!" cried La Hire, with a courteous bow to the Knight of St. John, "omens are always good ones to the brave; they put the threat upon their enemies, cowards take it to themselves."

"Methinks you speak wisely in all but your oath," said the maiden.

"Again an oath! what was it? ay, by the Virgin! I remember now; but even I shall grow the better in your society. I know I shall; I am sure of it, by the mercy of——" Jeanne laid her hand upon his shoulder as they were passing out. "Ay! ay! again, that is strange by——. I stopped myself then."

"If you must swear, swear as innocently as you can," said she; "swear at least by something that is not sacred; for you are a valiant and honest man, noble De Vignolles, and one who will do ser-

vice with the best, if not the best, so you draw not Heaven's anger on you, then you might be of the victims, and I would not lose you among—but swear by something indifferent; swear by your leading staff."

"I will! I will! Why that is reforming me at once," maid the good-humoured captain; "it is by—by my leading staff! which, by itself, I presume to say, is as little sacred as any leading staff in the army. I have known such things intaid with a relic; but this bears no holier remembrance on it than a mark or so of a broken pate for disobedience of orders."

Thus speaking, they came into the small court within the entrenchment, where their horses were waiting for them.

"See," said Nicole de Girême; " already there are bright streaks of are in the horizon, and the thunder rolls nearer and nearer."

"Let the men be marshalled in a servied column," said John of Orleans. "The maiden shall be placed in the centre with us. The darkness may prevent the English from seeing us, and perhaps the noise of the tempest may drown that of our horses' hoofs for a time; but we must be ready; they have had a skirmish to-day, but that is but a slender meal for an Englishman's love of fighting."

" I too am answerable in honour for her safety,"

said Ste. Severe, and pressed near her; La Hin, Nicole de Girême, and others, did the like.

"My safety," said she, "would be well provided for so, but it is better ensured. Did I not tell you that there should be little or no opposition to our entrance. I thought, indeed, that all was marred; but Heaven restores quicker than man can undo. My standard, Louis!"

She took it from him, and rode at once to the head of the little body of about three hundred. The front became, therefore, the post of honour, and John of Orleans on the left, and the other leaders keeping up as well as they could to them, she led the warriors on the road before the English fort.

The warders who abode the pelting of the tempest on the bastille of St. Loup only caught, in the momentary glow of the lightning, now nearer to the scene, the armed figures as they passed at a bow-shot distance. The howling of the wind and the beating of the rain had prevented all sound of their approach from being distinguished; and us they saw the white standard and horse, and the figure of Jeanne in her bright armour leading the troop, for the first time illuminated by the glare, they paused and shivered with something more than the bitterness of the storm ere they gave the alarm.

But soon drums and trumpet calls were heard, The English mounted, and endeavoured to pursue and harass their foes in the darkness; but each succeeding flash only showed them that the attempt was more and more hopeless; and they returned to the bastille with the certainty that the maiden had entered Orleans, and with no slight conviction in the minds of most that powers other than of earth had visibly favoured her enterprize.

If gloomy doubts and terrors of sorcery spread in the English camp, how different were the feelings in the long oppressed city! Neither darkness, night, nor storm, could keep the citizens within their houses when they hoped to hail a divine interposition in the person of their deliverer. They passed from the Burgundy Gate regardless of the danger of attack; old men, feeble with their sufferings, the wounded, and the sick, women, little children. They came as if to place themselves under a protection which no enemy could assail. And when without loss and almost without danger the gate shut in the citizens and their guests, then, as the subsiding rain would permit, hundreds of torches lined the streets, all pressed upon her path and flung themselves before her spirited steed to gaze upon her countenance. The very standard which she had given to Louis des Contes to bear before her was in danger of being burned by the lights, and had not she herself, with a skill admired by all, spurred on her horse, caught it in

her arms, and extinguished the flame, she would have lost the ensign which she so much prized in the zeal of those who bonoured her.

Could the English have witnessed what took place within the walls of Orleans could they have seen the prophetess, now in the height of her triumph, bending her way to the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, they could no longer have doubted to which of two powers of good or evil her influence was to be attributed. Tempted by weariness and by the intoxication of a first success, she never forgot the source of her strength. She had felt the endurance and the might which, amid doubts, insults, thwartings, religion had given her; she had felt how its constant exercise had bestowed on her energies their marvellous duration and unswerving purpose; she knew that for the great deliverance she had yet to perform, she must have followers animated as herself. But it was not for power or for example alone that she clung habitually to the offices of the church; it was for consolation, for trust, where she saw in those nearest to her scarcely even the semblance of a devoted friend.

All Orleans poured with her to vespers, and, those performed, they were yet unwilling to leave her. Standing on the steps of the church, where a greater space than any she had yet passed through presented itself for the assemblage of the people, she spoke to them.

" Fear nothing, good and brave citizens!" she said; "your sovereign has sent you succour in your need; but I bring you yet better. It is appointed to me to deliver your city from the presence of the English. Here are some who will aid us in the task; but should they not, were you and I, feeble as we are in comparison with the might of Talbot and his host, alone left for the fight, I must not fear to promise you the raising of the siege. Men may thwart the great Will that rules all things, but this very day has shown me that they cannot change or withstand it. Voices that have told me nothing but truth have declared to me that you shall not perish. Be of heart then, deserve your deliverance and achieve it. Let each one, from day to day, confess his sins freely. Let each one come with such a conscience that he may know himself fit to be a weapon wielded by Heaven. The great warriors of the sky will strike with you if by your prayers you claim their fellowship, and by the purity of your souls. Be in peace, for you shall suffer no more if you invoke no suffering by your own wickedness. Be brave, for terror is upon the hearts of your enemies; the terror of their own cruelties and wrongs, which itself shall drive them before you when you come to the fight. Go to your homes in security; they are guarded for you; come forth when you are

bidden to the field in joy, for it is to victory and a holy triumph. Yes, your triumph shall be such as your rightful sovereign may thank you for; such as your countrymen shall boast of; you shall achieve it in the name of Heaven itself, and your wives and infants shall arm you to go forth, and bless you without a sigh when you come back."

She descended the steps and remounted her horse, then passed on with her own household, still conducted by John of Orleans. The people, though formally dismissed, thought nothing of retiring until she alighted and entered the lodging prepared for her at the very eastern extremity of the city, so that they accompanied her its entire length, and were then lothe to lose sight of her. But at the doorway of the handsome house into which she was to be received stood, as her host and hostess, Muitre Jacques Boucher and the noble lady his wife, with their daughter, Charlotte, and behind the latter, leaning over her shoulder so as to provent her own face being entirely seen, was Marie de la Meilleruye.

With a few words of kindness and benediction from herself, and one or two of remonstrance from John of Orleans, the people at length suffered her and her party to enter the house; but, though they knew they should not again see her that night, they lingered in conversation and rejoicing round the door and in the street long after John of Orleans had returned to his own hotel.

The treasurer and his wife had at once led Jeanne and her party to the principal room of the house, and as the attendants yet held the flambeaux in the hall, Pierre recognized Marie.

As soon as her first wonder at the news of Jeanne's mission and men's expectations from it had passed, she had related to Madame Boucher that part of her story which related to her rescue, and had enjoyed without concealment the idea that he would accompany his sister in her expedition. But when it was requested, on the part of the chiefs, that Madame Boucher would, as being of the highest repute and honour in Orleans, receive the maiden within her household, Marie's dreams became sweeter, but their delights were less avowed. The unexpected vanquishing of so many obstacles indeed made her think more seriously upon the sufficient ones that remained.

Nothing had been, or indeed in their relative positions could be, spoken between them. Yet the path to honour was strangely opened to him she thus regarded, if indeed his sister's virtues had not already borne him with her to its goal. And then would he still, if he ever had preferred her, regard one humbled by her adversities perhaps below his ambition? These were doubts, but in the midst

of them came woman's trust and the hope of youth.

Though consideration had enabled her to prepare her reception of him so as nearly as possible to adjust it to all the circumstances, yet, when she saw him at the gate, a tremor, less easily subdued than any she had felt during the siege, seized on her, and when Pierre d'Arc, whose surprise at seeing her there almost equalled his joy, stammered out a few sounds rather than words of delight, the prepared courtesy with which she had felt she might welcome one who had saved her, the congratulations she might offer to the brother of Jeanne d'Arc, all died away on her lips; she could only give him her hand, and its welcome was that he felt it tremble within his own.

Almost throughout Orleans a night of tranquil and happy repose succeeded to the eventful day. The Bastard John soon left the maiden with Madaine Boucher and her daughter, to whom Jeanne immediately attached herself, making Charlotte from that time her bedfellow, and the constant companion of the few moments of leisure she allowed herself during her stay.

"On the morrow we shall hold a council at my house," said he at parting.

Ste. Severe took leave of all, and with only two trusty esquires repaired to the Renard gate, im-

mediately beside the house, and trusted to the darkness of the night and the swiftness of his horses to pass the English lines in safety, and so to reach Blois by the northern bank, carrying thither the news of their thus far completed work, and prepared to urge his followers to a new and more decisive effort. Even he did not feel the less assured that Jeanne had prophecied his safety.

At early morning the maiden aroused her esquire D'Aulon and her page.

"The Bastard holds council," she said; "nothing but evil has yet come of such conferring; but, after the lesson of yesterday, perhaps they may be more inclined to obey, and less to dispute. I know well it is my part to hear them, but I will no longer suffer them to divide with me the power given me by the Dauphin, or spoil with their petty reasons the plans that come clearly and completely before my very sight."

"Remember," observed D'Aulon, "that they are warriors of courage and skill, and men of high blood, accustomed to consideration and respect."

"Which I fully pay them while they do their duty as subjects, preferring the general welfare above their own vanities; if they do not, they may take the guidance on themselves, but neither their wisdom, their valour, nor their rank, shall again mock in me their sovereign's power, and the counsels of Heaven."

They soon reached the hotel where the Bastard dwelt, and Jeanne and D'Aulon were admitted to his presence. La Hire and Florent d'Illiers were already with him; and some other warriors, among whom was Jean de Gamache, soon entered. Jeanne this time took upon herself to begin.

"I have last night," she said, "promised the people of Orleans to lead them at once to their freedom. My chaplain has told me this morning that already many have complied with my desire, have confessed, repented, and fitted themselves for the cause they have embraced with me for life or death. They throng around me as I pass through the streets; many have waited for hours at the door of the treasurer's house, ready for the work that we should put them to. This spirit, alas! too rare! and much too easily turned aside by frivolities and selfishness, must not be suffered to pass away without deeds. It is the sword of God. which he places in your hands; this valour which is forged out of the consciousness of right, and tempered and made hard by the clearness of conscience. Against what part of the English lines we shall first direct its edge, it may befit us, though in all brevity, to decide. Wherever we strike, it is to conquer. There is that working in

their hearts, as in those of the noble citizens and soldiers, that will leave nothing unaccomplished. We have but to choose our prey while that power holds. Say, then, from what gate we shall saily, if it be matter for question: for me, I would be led against Talbot and the main host; that one great deed being done, the other petty consequences may follow, as they will, of themselves."

John of Orleans seemed to pause. La Hire, Florent d'Illiers, and Nicole de Girême gave their instant suffrage. The crowd of inferior spirits accustomed to be led, said nothing, yet wondered at the boldness of those who with so slight a reinforcement should dare to attack the hitherto dreaded and invincible power of the besiegers. They looked from face to face for one to declare their thoughts, murmuring their dissent, but unable at first to proclaim it. At last Jean de Gamache, a man whose life had been divided between the camp and the petty seignory of a remote district, found words to appeal to the Bastard.

"Is it thus, noble John of Orleans," said he, "that the king's soldiers, men of birth and office, are to be led? Is a command to be given without council held, leaving to us no choice as to whether it is expedient to fight or not, but simply a vote, which perhaps is to pass for nothing, too, out of which gate we are to saily? For my part,

when I am to put life and limb in peril, I claim my right as a gentleman to speak among my equals, and to say 'yea' or 'nay,' as to whether it is fit to go forth; which in this case is such madness, that I have wondered at you all while you have sate here, and listened to the speech of it, and more at noble and brave men joining to cry out in favour of such mere folly. I vote against the fighting with the English till we equal them at least in numbers, or are much more strong than we are like to be for some time, and I say that who advises otherwise knows nothing of them, and is fitter, indeed, for keeping cattle in a field of peace, than for leading men in one of war, or for the grave council that should go before it."

The malecontents had now found their voices, and, with one acclaim of concert, agreed to the sentiment of Gamache.

"Do these men refuse to obey the king's commission?" asked Jeanne impatiently.

"They hold an ancient custom," rephod John of Orleans.

"Which has lost the better part of Prance, a custom of dissension and disobedience," interposed the maiden.

"Disobedience!" exclaimed Gamache, and his followers laughed with him in derision.

"It is signed by the Dauphin, that I am the

chief of this war," said the maiden proudly; " not that I am of myself fit to bear that or a much less charge, but because I have borne to him words which he and the wisest of his realm know could only be sent to him through the mercy of that Power to which he, too, is a lowly subject. Question his authority at your earthly peril, question the word I bear so sanctioned by him at your higher danger. Will you follow me, the Dauphin's appointed general, whither I give you command, or will you answer to him for your refusal? Will you follow the counsel which speaks to me, as it should seem you cannot even understand, though the deeds that have followed my words are before you, or will you mock a prophecy that is accomplishing before your face, and that will and shall be accomplished, though you all turn your backs like recreants, and I have none but the poor worn citizens of Orleans with their true hearts of faith to win it with?"

"Ha! ha!" cried Jean de Gamache, "it is well that we remember thec for a woman, a man's punishment were death for such words!"

"Death from thee to me!" said the maiden, advancing to him with a measured step, and standing calmly before him. "Messire John of Orleans," she continued to him, "I have attended this council at your request, willing to hear wisdom

if I could find it, hoping at least to meet with loyalty, courage, and faith in Heaven. These men despise the orders of their sovereign, shrink from encountering the English through fear, and trust nothing to the power that must indeed do all for such as they. But their bands and themselves would only bring defeat upon us. I will go into the street, and if a hundred will go with me, this day shall not pass without a deed. Sirs, I would tear my commission piecemeal, and leave you, as you should be left, to perish by the English swords, but that I will hold both the parchment and my own acts as proofs against you before Charles and before France."

"Are our defences to be so put in peril?" asked Gamache. "I know well that many more than we can spare would follow her to their own perdition, and leave us defenceless. Hath the king delivered us over to such hands? For me, I say that such rashness must be prevented. It is better to stay it in this room, than mourn it in an hour in the loss of the city."

With this Jean de Gamache moved to the door, towards which the maiden had been advancing. She waited for a moment, as if to give him time to let her pass, and then asked: — "Do you mean to stay me?"

"You should be stuid," replied he, and still kept his place.

In an instant, the man, strong as he was, was flung back two or three paces by the indignant girl. A clash and tumult arose, but La Hire, d'Illiers, and Nicole de Girême, stood ready to support Jeanne, while John of Orleans, in an authoritative voice, commanded the half-drawn swords back into their scabbards.

"Since it is thus, gentlemen," cried Gamache, "that you suffer the advice of a low-born silly woman to stand with that of a knight like myself, and that I shall be dared and called recreant, because I join not in such idleness and besotted madness, I am ready for my honour's sake and the king's to do whatever you will do. My sword shall tell whether I am ready to do my duty; but in doing it, I will choose my own master. Here is my banner, which shall not again be borne by or for me;" so saying, he tore it in many pieces: "I am now an humble esquire only, but I prefer the service of some noble knight in that rank, than to bow to a woman who may have been less or worse than I choose to call her."

"It must not be thus," said John of Orleans; "are there so few of us, and must we, who need every arm in the city to keep it, contend with one another? Jeanne, it is not to serve the king, to dishearten and affront his honest friends. Gamache, a knight, does not think of his private

quarrel in the hour of public danger. I will stand between you both. It is not well, as I think, to attack the English with a few men, when we shall soon have more, and brave ones, too, to aid us. Why bade you, Jeanne, your own confessor to go with the army to Blois, but that you wished them to be brought back hither to your help? I will myself go forth to-morrow to them, to hasten their approach, so you will give me your word that till my return nothing shall be undertaken, and I will exact the promise of these knights, that when those succours are arrived, they will no longer seek to stay you in the attack, but go forth and do their duty, as their very names may warrant to us they will ungrudgingly and zealously."

D'Aulon spoke with Jeanne, while La Ilire, and the knights of her party, joined John of Orleans in pacifying the others. "Be it as you will," said she, at last, to her own esquire; "but upon this condition, that you go with the Bastard to Blois to hasten on the coming of the troops. Besides that my time is short, men's spirits cannot and will not always hold to the carelessness, the love of glorious death, which is to win our deliverance. I sometimes fear when these harriers are cast before me in caprice, that my own soul will give way, and that I shall neglect the Voices that lead me, out of very weariness. But I promise, if you make good speed, to await your return."

"You will be at friendship too with Gamache," said John of Orleans; "a kiss of peace upon her brow; and let that seal your promises on both sides." Jeanne walked to Gamache, and inclined her forehead to his lips; he could not refuse the offered pledge of peace. She laid her hand upon his shoulder. "Let all be forgotten that should not be remembered between us," she said; "I have not one enemy but those of the Dauphin; and am only angered to be sorry for it after.

"But now hear me, John of Orleans; you go upon your undertaken errand; may it speed, as all you do for the Dauphin. I will not thwart it by any breach of my word. You will, as I believe, return here quickly, and with the forces; but when they are come, I attend no more of your councils. The wisdom which I must not question is different from that you love. While you count the array of a battle, I strive to reckon the true souls that animate it. While you are guessing on your chances. I am listening to certainties which never deceive me. Bring the men and let them go forth with me, and we shall win what we would have; but I debate no more. I will do what I can, whether others will it or not."

D'Aulon, after a few words with John of Orleans, returned with her to the house of Jacques Boucher, and with them too was Nicolas de Girême, who took that first opportunity of declaring his chosen party, if divided plans of action should unhappily be followed. "Men may call it enthusiasm, and overtrust," said he, "to believe in mere promises; but these hope in an experience which has all along betrayed them, and refuse a leading, which, for the first time for many years, has brought them success."

"It is much," said Jeanne, "that I must suffer all those who follow and surround us to go to their homes, doubting the power of which I am sure; and that for the sake of brawlers, whose valour is against their friends, and whose wisdom is but the trick of thwarting others; but my word is given. Patience! patience yet! and so France be at length delivered, what heeds it that we suffer a few more hours of care to accomplish it?"

The irksomeness of inaction she endeavoured to while away with whatever might seem to forward her intentions; or rather she examined, as carefully as she could, what had been done, and what yet might be done, to place her foes indisputably in thewrong.

"Let a second letter be written to the English generals!" she said to Jean Pasquerel; "or, at least, another copy of that which has been sent to them from Blois; perhaps they will better regard it now; and it will, at least, shew them that we give up no part of our first intent, though we so strangely pause before we execute it."

This done, her two heralds, Guienne and Ambleville, were despatched with it to the bastille St. Laurent; and again she puced the room in the impatience of thought.

A noise of cannon from the north of the town suddenly stopped her. "They attack us, then!" she exclaimed; "and they are right; we are idle in what is committed to us; and they are bidden to make us pay for our fault."

On the point of calling for her armour, John of Orleans entered the room. "So they seek us; you will go forth with me now?" she asked.

"It is but a skirmish; La Hire and d'Illiers lead our people," he replied; "I had forgotten to take their words; but they will do no more than employ the enemy; they will risk no loss to endanger our defence."

"Then they should not have stirred," said the maiden; "they go forth; and a few unhappy men are wounded or slain, for the mere lust of carnage; and neither harm is done to the adversary, nor good to us. If we fight now without gaining great advantage, such as men may know of and see, we lose; and such we should have gained might I have led the people. You have much to answer for, if you so dishearten them by this petty

warfare, that the English regain their old advantage. But I talk idly; you will let me do no more. How now!" she cried, as Ambleville returned, pale, and in great haste, "what answer to my letter?"

"Nothing but mocks and threats," replied the herald, "save that they keep Guienne a prisoner, having once tied him to a stake that he might be burned alive for bearing the letter."

"Burned!" exclaimed the Bastard.

"They did not do it?" asked the maiden more assuredly.

"They said that they would send to Paris, to the university," replied the herald, "to ask if they were bound by the laws of war to respect a herald coming from yourself!"

"At what then do they esteem me?" asked she composedly.

"By their names, a mere wanton; or, at best, a cowkeeper," replied Ambleville; "whom they themselves will burn, as they say, deserving no other fate."

"And which of their chiefs spoke thus?" asked the maiden.

"Talbot was the loudest in his jests, and in his threats," replied Ambleville.

"Back with you, then, to Talbot," cried she; "bid him, if he will, meet me singly in arms here

before the city; tell him, if he can take me, to let me indeed be burned as he desires; but that if I vanquish him, the condition shall be, that he lead the English away in peace to their homes, and leave us in quiet too."

"I will do whatever fully pertains to my office; but they plainly respect it not," replied Ambleville; "they would put me to death in recklessness and sport."

"They shall be made to respect the law of arms," said John of Orleans. "I will send to them one of my own heralds; and if they touch but a hair of Guienne's head, every prisoner that I have shall pay his life for it; ay, even their heralds that come to treat of ransom. If we are to contend with brigands, a wretched Jacquerie, we hold no faith, and give no quarter."

"As you will," replied Jeanne; "but the herald is safe, and I will, myself, take means to make them hear more of me. I would bid them, for their own sakes, to depart; and that all shall hear and know. If it might be, I would have each of them safe, and return in content, whither he has a right to be, in his own cottage. Alas, it is not the poor soldiers, led away from their tillage, or their handiwork, that should suffer for the sins of their rulers. These wars must have made widows and orphans in England, as well as in

France; and there should be no more, if my prayers or deeds could prevent it. Oh there must be many in that land who would give all for the lives in peril here, and who must weep as we do, that all are not content with their own, and honest enough to leave others to that is their's.

"We should have gone forth to-day," she continued after a moment; "to-day, when a word, a breath, a thought, should have done the office of a weapon, and driven them hence, perhaps, almost without a harm. I will go forth myself, and speak with them."

By this time news arrived, that the skirmish led by La Hire, though sharp enough, had led to no result. "You prevent me, by my word," also said to John of Orleans, "and the grave decision of all your assembly these men laugh to scorn; it were better that even the counsel of Gamache, if it be allowed for counsel, should be obeyed."

John of Orleans had little to reply; for he really felt ashamed of the want of consistent and well-obeyed authority; he took his leave, after a repeated promise to bring up the forces from Bioss. the intentions of whose leaders he confessed he doubted; a fear, however, which Jeanne did not share with him, but not dissuading him from his task, urged only the clapsing time. He went to his hotel; and she prepared for her new summons to

the English, bidding another copy of her letter to be made and affixed to an arrow, "since that," said she, "is a messenger they are as welcome to detain as to send back."

Pierre d'Arc and Marie de la Meilleraye were among the very few in Orleans who found little fault with the three days of inaction which ensued. To them the Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, would have been happier had Jeanne suffered them to be spent in utter leisure; for though they saw much of one another in the company of their friends, it was not till the Tuesday evening that they found themselves in that compelled tête-à-tête from the occupation of every one besides themselves which, in their position, could justify their remaining long alone with each other.

"I think," said Marie, when they were seated at the early twilight of the evening in question in the common room of the house, "that you must be almost as great a hater of rest as your noble sister, Pierre. When we were in the old castle of Bourlemont, you would find a time for the service of any one who should ask it of you, though that service were ever so idle; but here you are on the sudden an occupied man, as grave and as busy as every one else; and surely every body here bears himself as though he were the leader of an army, or the treasurer of a city at the least; and that too when I

would fain hope that our troubles have some chance of ending."

"I know you do not mean to reproach us," replied he; "as for myself, I own that I have anxious views enough in what is about to take place. It is something for one, who is low-born, as I am, to find himself sure of becoming what he would have been by birth, a man of mark, fit to contend in the world with the proudest, and for prizes, that if it were not presumptuous even to speak of them, I could and would readily name, and which you yourself would agree with me are worth all the diligence a man can give to his calling."

"I have no doubt," said Marie, hiding her pleased face in the nook of a window, "that there is much to be done, and that you, Pierre, will win honour in it; my servant Richard tells me, that already men speak of you as one likely to win honour though peril lie in the way of it; and I—I know that it is so. Yes; win it, Pierre, by diligence as well as valour; and you shall have my prayers, that the reward you desire, be it whatever you may best prize, may come to you."

Pierre made a quick unconscious step or two towards the demoiselle, which told her that if she did not consider an explanation quite well timed, it would be as well to divert the subject.

"You have accompanied your sister in all, since

she has been here, have you not?" asked she; "she is very kind to me as she is to every one, and I have striven to win her good will, for her protection may serve me; but though she talks with us women frankly enough, it seems to me that she values us chiefly as the safeguards of her own character, having but two thoughts that really occupy her-this war, and her devotions. Perhaps, I should rather say one, for each is always blended with the other. Yet she is not without pleasantness of humour; the other day, when she was irritated with the generals and their delays, I saw her smile at her own impatience, and when my guardian here, Jacques Boucher, told her, I believe by the command of John of Orleans, all the story of my flight from Loches, she laughed outright, and when we were by ourselves, asked me questions that startled me about myself, and then playfully patted my cheek, and bade me strive to be at peace, for though it were fit that the Dauphin should be obeyed in all things, yet that she knew him for a kind-hearted prince; and, if she might, she would strive that he should listen to me."

"You cannot think her more kind than she is," said Pierre, "or more true to any trust you put in her. Our fortunes—I may say your's as mine—may I not? depend on her success, for even if this city were saved by other than her means, you

would be hopelessly in the power of La Tre-

"Not so then, I trust, Pierre," said the young lady; "I would rather go with these islanders into England—I would rather:—but I trust in her as you do—yes—in that sense, as you say, 'our factures' depend on her."

" May to-morrow bring the succours, and put all to the test!" exclaimed Pierre. " I am us impatient as she is, and she, kept as she is by her promise from action, has fretted on the brink of it like a bitted steed that would take the bridle between his teeth. I was with her on Saturday, when she challenged the English Glasdale from the boulevard of the Belle-Croix on the bridge, where all his followers seemed drawn up on the walls of the Tourelles, six or seven arches off, to gaze upon her. It was strange and thrilling to hear her warn them for the love of their own souls to depart. I wondered that they did not believe her, and obey; but Glasdale and a young lord, his companion, replied only by the violent terms of abuse, and the Bastard of Granville, for it was he who stood by the chief, asked if she thought that knights would flee before a wanton."

" And she replied to them?" asked Marie

"At first their injuries so affected her," replied Pierre, "that she burst into tears, but recovering herself, 'why,' asked she, 'should I expect them to be just to me in their words, who are daily doing so much wrong in their actions? They do not even believe what they say, but would fain deceive themselves as well as others. Surely they perceive the disaster that shall come upon them;' she raised herself, and proudly, rather than angrily, cast the lie in their teeth; then, as she does when some new and mighty thought comes upon her, paused for a moment, as though she would let it kindle full on her face; 'I tell you,' said she, 'that, in spite of all, the English shall depart, and that quickly; but you, Glasdale, shall never see it, and many of those who stand by you shall share your death.'"

"All men say that she hath struck a terror among them, that they have never shown before," said Marie.

"And they say but truth," replied Pierre; "her very presence guarded John of Orleans and D'Aulon on their way to Blois past the bastille, the great one of St. Laurent; the English not even passing beyond their entrenchments to oppose or chase them; nor when she had seen them out of danger, did she return till she had again summoned them as before at the Croix Morin; this was, as you know, on the Sunday, and yesterday did she not pass before all their lines with her company of citizens and soldiers, marking their strength as calmly as though she

had marshalled some lists for a friendly tournament, rather than measured the strength of a terrible foe; while they too watched her as though they dared not provoke the trial till the imminent hour should come."

"And the crowds follow her both from and in the town, as though they never could satiste then eyes with beholding her," said Marie; "as on Sunday, when, after she had guarded John of Orleans through their lines, she returned hither, and, without resting, was obliged to ride throughout the town, the people heat so, and cried at our gate to look upon her. Believe me, that I trust in what she will do, for she may lead the people of Orleans, as she does the horse she rides so gracefully, as if she but willed, and all was done."

The sound of her quick footstep startled the talkers; for the half hour before she retired to rest she joined them, and even sported playfully.

"Thou art as wilful as the chiefs themselves," she said to Marie, "and I know not which of the traitors the Dauphin should begin by reproving, when he shall come into the city of Orleans. Methinks I should send thee under strong guard to him, and that the escort might be sure, send Pierre at the head of it. He, as thou knowest, would not be scared like André, but would do his dévoir with a right good will. Or shall I see you myself

through the English entrenchments? But come, the hour draws on; we must catch what rest we can, for how know we when it may be broken, or the need we may have of all our strength to-morrow!"

The business of the morrow, was, indeed, what she seemed to anticipate. We had marched back to Blois, and there, after much difficulty and peril on his part, we had been found by Ste. Severe. He had come to open rupture with the other chiefs, when John of Orleans arrived, for all that the Bastard imagined had befallen; and De Rays, Ambrose de Lore, and even the Admiral Louis de Culan, thought that for the present they had done enough in enabling the Orleannois to hold out till a larger force could be collected for their ultimate relief.

"Shall we," asked De Rays, "now attempt the very enterprise we all condemned as a rash madness in the maiden, march to Talbot and his bastilles, and dare them when we have gone so many leagues merely to avoid the danger?"

The Chancellor, too, Regnaut de Chartres, urged that prudence was not a thing to change, what had been done was well done; and it would be wise to tempt providence no further.

But John of Orleans, young as he was, would permit no further trifling. "You have given me your honour, gentlemen," he said, " and caused me to give mine; I tell you plainly that neither must be broken. Your town is full of the provisions which those of Bourges, Angiers, and Tours, have sent to our succour, and the good people here have raised all they may for our help. I tell you, in the king's name, this shall not be wasted or misused: and I declare to you more, that if you delay your journey a day, either Orleans will be lost, or, which to us will be even more shameful, delivered in our absence by the maiden. The citizens and soldiers watch the becking of her finger, and she grante truce to her attempts but till my return, and that a speedy one. For good or for evil, she is invested with a power we may by policy strive to direct, but which we may not overrule. I tell you that she must not a second time even discover that we thwart her, unless we would have blood flow in the streets. which many will not hesitate to shed for her sake. Your choice, therefore, is but this; abandon this war, and leave me to struggle alone with the new and reckless power that will then reign in Orleans. and so let the city be lost or won as the die fulls: and in so doing, shall you break your oaths to her and to me, and be answerable for whatever may ensue, to the which, if I live, I will firmly hold you; or come with me to the post of danger and of honour; and I will promise as much as I may, that

the direction of the battle shall be left as little as possible to the chance of this maiden's will, but shall be submitted to reasonable advice. Yet, this must I tell you too, that the English have already that terror of her name, or that doubt of her strange power, that I have passed in open day in her company, unharmed and unmolested, between the bastilles of St. Laurent and of London, the very road she would have had you take at first, which, but a week ago, should have cost me life or freedom, or the lives of many to defend me."

"I am with you, Messire John of Orleans," said Ste. Severe, "leaving to these if they come not with us a word which I will make good when the greater actions are achieved, which now concern us; one that I would fain not speak to French knights, yet I know no other for such as break their oath. My old comrades, do not let us forget our ancient and noble brotherhood; it is not new for us to be unfortunate, or even to perish; but I didhope to die for France, without seeing her noblest children dishonoured. The English have, indeed, won all from us if we surrender to the fear of them, even our pledged oaths."

All but the Chancellor owned the justice of these appeals; and as John of Orleans saw that the leaders looked to him for an assent, which he withheld, he at once addressed himself to him, whom he justly considered the secret mover of the disaffection.

"I go," he said, "hence to the court, and the king shall hear me speak one word; it is, that where every warrier here is willing to keep his onth, there is some traiterous bend that withholds him, and I ask now of the Chanceller to give his consent to their maintaining their onth to me, and their duty to the king, that I may be able to declare that he is not the stay that keeps them."

"I am not bound to reply to such impeachment," said the Chancellor.

"Answer, and so refute it," said the Bastard, or I take all these to witness, that you do the king as much wrong as though all I say were certainly true; and this I go to declare, breaking my staff of leading, and hiding myself where I may from the eight of cowardies and treason, or joining with the maiden in any rashness she may devise, and so winning, indeed, by miracle, or perishing in the company of one who is at least brave and true."

"We will go with you," said Louis de Culan, but remembering you of your promise, also, that the war shall, as far as it may, be guided by the advice of such as are fit to direct it. In Orleans, if we may pass to it, we can hold out till the other succours are collected, and then bravely and prudently try once more a set field against the English."

The other chiefs seized on the defection of the admiral from the general compact, to follow him; and the Archbishop venturing no open opposition, on that very morning we were on our march for Orleans.

Although the towers of the Renard Gate were so close to the house of Jacques Boucher, that little observation would be incurred in passing from one to the other, yet it was spread through the city, almost as early us the light, that Jeanne d'Arc had already taken her station on the highest stage of the fortification, and with those of the leaders, whom the most trusted, was watching for the approach of the army from Blois. Others were posted on every spire and tower with signal flags, which could be seen from the Renard Gate; and as these preparations were observed, the citizens left every occupation to flock towards her post, and await with her the event of the morning.

A few hours passed, and soon after the clocks had tolled seven, a waving speck was seen from the spire of the Ste. Croix.

"See," said La Hire, to the maiden, "they must be within the sight of yonder fellow on the spire, for he was bidden not to wave that flag till he was sure."

"To horse then, and he ready to meet them!"

cried Jeanne; "they have kept their word, it is time for us to look to our's."

"All is ready at the gate below," replied La Hire; "let us but wait to be fully assured; if it be they, indeed, they will soon be discerned from St. Pierre l'Empont, from the height of the cathedral a man may be deceived. You, brother Nicole," he continued, to Nicolas de Girême, "will keep the gate for us; if it were not in the guard of such a soldier, here would I remain myself, for if the English sally upon us, here will be the contest."

"The flag waves from the belfry tower," cried Jeanne; "to horse, to horse! let all be ready at an instant! stay you, D'Illiers, upon the tower, and let us know when the English see them!" and with that she descended, and she and her party were soon on horseback.

"I am with you," said the Lord of Villars, riding up in haste; "I have myself seen the advance from the cathedral, but they come on slowly."

"Do the English perceive them yet," called Jeanne to d'Illiers, "from the street behind the arch of the gateway?"

" Not yet!" called D'Illiers.

" Move not a man till they do," was her command; " then they shall have to choose."

"Now-now upon the bastille of London, there is a movement!" shouted d'Ihiers.

"There is a trumpet call," cried Jeanne; "now forward! forward! speedily, but in good rank, we go to welcome friends; let us not even think of enemies, unless they attack us. I would have the leaders from Blois see how little danger there is in being brave."

"The English do not understand us yet," said La Hire; "they man their walls and are ready, but they are plainly waiting for us to begin the game. By my staff! but I would set on them, and let them see what we mean."

"No! no!" cried the maiden, "I have promised to bring in the succour safely, that is worth more now than the taking of a bastille; blows will come quickly enough, La Hire; but that must be when all are here, and cannot hold back from the war. My word is given to John of Orleans, that I lift not my sword till the succours are safe within Orleans; make not even a feint to draw the English from their lines."

"We are near enough to provoke them if they were so minded," said La Hire; "does that banner scare them, or are they, indeed, irresolute in council, or do they wait till the army comes up to give us a fair and open battle?"

"Neither, messires," answered D'Illiers. "Are we to pass their lines?"

"Calmly and gently now!" commanded the

maiden; "let us ride at an easy pace, unheeding them; we shall be then between their bastilles a soon as the army from Blois."

"Look! look! yonder is the banner of the priests!" cried La Hire, "leading the array at an easy composed step, and bark! I even hear then low-toned chant! there it swells now so that al can hear it; why, these islanders have changed their nature, that they do not even start forth to make prize of a procession of priests."

"They are wonder-struck!" cried Villars.

"It is the calmness of right and truth that awes them," said Jeanne.

"Jean Pasquerel does his devoted task nobty, by the Holy Cross!" cried La Hire.

"He believes and obeys, and cannot fear," replied Jeanne.

"Welcome, John of Orleans!" shouted Florent d'Illiers; "look, he has dashed from the rank, and comes full on towards us."

"He should have stayed," said Jeanne; "they will stir, too, if they behold any sudden inovement among us; press gently on each side, not to receive the priests, no harm will fall on them, but that the cars and the ill-armed citizens may be sate from any surprise."

"They draw files from the army to do the same

thing, and offer a face of battle to each bastille,"

"Welcome, Father Jean! welcome indeed!" cried the maiden to Pasquerel; "now place your banner right before the bastille of London; mine before St. Laurent; and there shall they be held till the convoy is in Orleans, for none will retrent from these ensigns."

The citizens of Orleans and the soldiery who had left it with her formed under her banner, while Ste. Severe and the leaders from Blois were ready to support that of Jean Pasquerel; many others rushed from the town, and, yoking themselves to the ears, which their guides, too, who were only armed with clubs, light axes, and leaden mallets, assisted to push forward, drew them in rafety to the Renard Gate, where Jacques Boucher had already taken order for clearing the streets, up to the open space near the Martroi, so that orderly and rapidly all was enclosed within the walls. Then slowly moved the banner of the priests, and lastly came that of Jeanne, guarded by the flower of the chivalry of both hosts.

The chiefs, it being ten in the morning, went with the Bastard to his hotel to dinner — this they despatched, and retired to rest, fatigued with their march; and then John of Orleans repaired to the maiden to endeavour to put in train the redemption

of his promise to those of Blois, for the conduct of the war. She, who had eaten, as was her weat, but a few sops of bread, moistened with wine and water, had just heard from D'Aulon and Jean Pasquerel the account of the debates at Blois, and was engaged with her confessor in an earnest conference, the result of further hints which he had dropped, when the Bastard arrived. "I thought to mee you, Jeanne, before I reposed," he said to her, "that we might speak together, though but for a few minutes, and fully understand each other as to what is to be undertaken; but you are weary, as we all are; it will be better to take a few hours for rest, and then to meet in council with the chiefs, and determine upon our plans."

"The rest seems indeed needed," said the maiden, "though I would willingly at once into the field; and I have watched the greater part of the night, hoping to bear of your near approach, and ready to meet and support you. But perhaps it is not with wearied men that we should assail the enemy, full of rest as they are. I claim but this of you, that none go to the field again without me, for what is now done must be well done, and with our utmost strength."

"And that shall we need," observed the Bustard, as I have certain news; Falstolf approaches with a convoy, and with more men-ut-arms; it is for this, perhaps, rather than from any vain fear, that the English have remained in peace between their walls."

"Then we have no time to lose; they must be attacked before he arrives," exclaimed Jeanne.

"We too expect large reinforcements," observed John of Orleans, "such as shall bring us nearer to an equality with the English forces: it would be better to await them, too, and to put the defeat of the enemy upon this better chance; and then, if we indeed are victors, as you say, our success will be final and complete."

"When expect you our reinforcements?" asked

" We shall scarcely be many days without them."

" And Falstolf?"

"They are not so ready in Paris as we are; our troops will outmarch them, as I hope, by weeks."

"I would fain meet Falstolf, and end the war in one battle: it is better — better for the vanquished, us well as for the victors; but I tell thee again, John of Orleans, I will not a second time be cheated of my office. If there be any design to meet Falstolf without me, I charge you that it be abandoned. Bastard, Bastard! I tell thee that thine own head shall answer for it, if by any trickery I am withheld from meeting him."

"Fear not that," replied the chief, "we shall need all help, and will not leave you inactive."

"I have promised the citizens of Orleans, that in five days they shall be freed; I must not deceive them," she continued, half musing; "I could not if I would. My Voices have told me that so it will be, and I have but to obey them. If your friends come here, if we had certain news of them within a day's march, it might be hawful to await them. Be it your care to husten all, to preparall, as you best may. Let your councils make this their duty; for me I tell you, that come what may ready or unready, in five days the English must have quitted Orleans."

"You have said that all need rest," observed the Bastard.

"Be it so," she replied.

"And after a few hours, at three in the afternoon, we will assemble and deliberate; you will be with us at my hotel?"

"You will assemble and deliberate," she answered; "and you will tell me what you please I am not bound by your counsels, nor will I act by them save as I see fit: this I have told you. They are not honest, Messire John of Orleans, as I know. You think you are men, whose nuglity wills may direct even your sovereign's; you are but puppets, moved by the art of one far less, even though you see not, feel not, the strings by which

he moves you. You think you do as you please by opposing me; you are only the slaves of one far baser and meaner than yourselves. This, in few words, have I just learned for truth, as, indeed, from the first deceit I have half believed. I will not be the instrument of those who are themselves but such. Nay, more, I will not profane my great trust by making it their engine. The succours are here; their words have been, though reluctantly, kept. My word to you is released, and shall not again be given."

"Save for the few hours of rest and of council."

"Let none other strike then;" replied she; "and what your fatigue needs, take; but, believe me, this day must not pass without its work."

The chief returned to his friends, who yet remained up to hear from him. "Rest," he said, "for this once, for that we have her word, provided none also break the repose we have for the present resolved on; after that, we must give her full employment, or she will leave us little time for slumber, and little power of guidance."

"Till what hour are we safe?" asked De Rays

" Till three, perhaps," replied the Bastard.

"And in that time much may be thought of, and prepared, if not done," said the leader.

At Jeanno's request, D'Aulon threw himself, after he was released from his armour, on a couch

in the room. Her own chamber communicated with this, and, calling Charlotte to her, she, without taking off her clothes, lay down upon the bed within, and endeavoured to take advantage of the interval to gain in sleep the strength and composure she might want to meet her opponents even within the walls. An hour of deep, dead silene reigned, not alone throughout the house, but even on the whole of that side of the city.

Charlotte, whose cares during the night had not kept her in the same state of watchfulness with the others, gazed on the perturbed and half-broken sleep of the maiden, who lay on the bed beside her. Her lips muttered, and sometimes even her teeth and hands were set hard and terribly. Then came a time of calm, during which her usual sweet and serious aspect returned, and she merely uttered low, reverential sounds, as if listening to some one superior. But this had scarcely continued for a quarter of an hour, when she aprung from her bed.

"My Voices bid me lose no more time," she cried. "I must go to the field, D'Aulon! D'Aulon—no rest now! I am bidden to go forth, but whether against these bastilles, or against Falstolf, who comes to succour them, I know not."

"All is at peace, and your promise——" said the esquire, who had however raised himself with the true alacrity of a soldier. "All is not at peace? do you hear? Charlotte, you have quicker sense; do you not hear?—silence, listen!"

After a minute, a faint and distant cannon-shot was heard.

"It is so, I knew it!" she exclaimed. "I heard it before my Voices bade me note it! My arms, D'Aulon, my arms! The blood of our people soaks the earth! Where are those who should arm me? Why was I suffered to sleep? They have deceived me again! the traitors! Our men are perishing before those bastilles. My arms! and let my horse be led forth."

With this, D'Aulon, who had summoned the armourers, approached her with her arms, as she leant from the window listening earnestly, but she rushed past him down the stairs to her page, who, standing with Madame Boucher at the portal, was jesting, as such a boy might, utterly heedless of the hattle.

"Ha! wretched knave," she cried to him; "are you, too, in league with my enemies, and the Dauphin's? awake! and you could not tell me that the blood of the French is flowing; saddle my horse and bring him to the door — now, and without a word!"

She then rushed again up the stairs. "My arms, now, quick! Now! now! do you hear the

wail of the wounded, and the cries of their friends? Quick! for without defence I would rather go forth, than let another be slain through my default. Father Pasquerel," she continued to him. "see if they have led my horse to the door. I beseeth you, for my impatience hinders these armourers; yet hasten, friends, I beseech you."

"They are leading the horse towards the door." answered the confessor, looking from the window.

"My sword, and forward!" she exclaimed, and in an instant she was in the street. "Louis des Contes, my standard — do not stay to bring it!" she called aloud, "give it me from the window!"

She leaped into her saddle, received the standard from the page, paused an instant to listen, and then dashed at full speed right across the town to the Burgundy Gate. D'Aulon hastened to arm himself and follow.

"And you away after your chief," said Madame Boucher to the amazed page; "for, my life upon it, she will need you all."

Near the gate, a body driven back into the town closed the street against her impatience, and enabled her followers to come up with her. Three were wounded among them, and for such alone would she then have yielded a moment's way or stop.

"Blood! French blood!" she exclaimed. "I

never see it but my hair rises from its roots; but forward! forward! I will bring you news to heal all the wounds of France!"

She spurred on, and soon met the forces retiring from the bastille of St. Loup.

"Back! back! to the assault!" she cried. "I am with you! I promise you victory!" and the shouts of the soldiery, as they obeyed her, answered loudly to her call.

John of Orleans arrived with De Rays and others at the gate. "The rashness of others has broken our compact," he exclaimed; "she is there, and now all is ventured, but we must not lose, though her enthusiasm leads us beyond our own resolves. On, friends, to the assault! She has spoken truth! this day shall not be without its deed, and methinks it shall begin the safety or confirm the loss of France!"

END OF YOL. 11.

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JOAN OF ARC,

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

BT

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JOAN OF ARC, THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

CHAPTER XXII.

In the moment when she prepared to renew the attack, when the pain of wounds and the shame of repulse goaded her followers to rally for vengeance, and when she herself for the first time trembled with indignation at the horrors of a regularly foughten field of war, Jeanne's first thoughts were to save the helpless and the innocent.

The church tower of St. Loup raised its head above the embattled walls of the bastille.

"Let them proclaim," she called aloud, "that none presume to lay destructive hands on the church, its ministers, or its possessions; let every one remember that he is a deliverer, not a robber, and that he is to do no more harm even to his enemies than is necessary to dispossess them of what they unjustly take. And now," she continued to

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those round her, "fight bravely, as men shows fight for their country, not as brutes, reader a prize out of each other's mouths. Forward haward!"

With that a discharge of arrows against the batille took place, and they were such as, being threat through small bags of combustibles, lighted with a slow match, might help to burn the wooden pass which formed part of the entrenchment of the part or outer enclosure, where the huts of some of the soldiery were pitched. The French followed directly upon their missiles. The contest was long and arduous. The governor of the fort being absent the command had still devolved upon an experienced and valiant soldier, who did all that Trooms Guerrart himself, then at Montereau, could have those for defence.

"This is no attack, such as they usually make," said Richard Waters; "when they strike hotly, and, if they are repulsed, as they ever have been, they retire and leave us for the day."

"That is the standard," observed to him an old soldier, "that I saw pass by into Orleans last Friday night, and that is the maiden who bears it; look you, sir, how she presses onward in the throng, putting all aside, and bearing right up to our catrenchments."

"Send one to the Lords of Shrewsbury and Suffolk," said Waters; "it is fit they know of this; quick! Ralph Poynings! you have speed and strength; tell them that we can and will hold out, but that the maiden is at our gates, with many to

help her, and, though we would fain have the honour of foiling her and them all, yet that I dore not take such responsibility upon myself as to leave them unadvised of it! Now, away, for thy life!"

"They pour on us amain!" cried Sir Philip Gargrave, coming to the battlement where the captain stood, "They were wont to run when a few had fallen; now the very wounded strike again, and those who fall are replaced, as if the new comers envied them their fate."

"What cheer is that?" asked Waters.

"Huzza! indeed," shouted the young knight.

"Our men have rallied and driven them back, sweeping away their ladders, like standing corn in the tempest. Farewell, I stay too long from the onect."

With that he rushed to the thickest of the fray,

at the gate of the outer park.

"Again that banner," cried Waters, "it had disappeared for a moment, and again a shower of fire upon the park! Ah, poor Gargrave, he is struck down already."

"But the banner is waved over him, and he is safe," observed the soldier, who followed his leader from place to place, as if to bear his immediate orders.

"The pales and huts are in a blaze; down with me, John Edwards," now shouted the leader; "we must put out that fire, or they will win the park."

And here the contest waxed broader and sterner, as the fire or the strength of the French, who had now gained an opening by the flame, three does more of the enclosure, and enabled the assulant to press up the bank of the ditch, and to join land to hand with the defenders.

Inch by inch, as the English were struck down their places, advanced the standard of the mades, one tremendous charge, headed by Waters hausef almost drove it from the disputed ground, but the vigorous arm and cool courage of D'Aulon were the guardians of his mistress's fortunes, and Water himself recled under his blow. The Bastard had with another party scaled the side of the park nearest the river, and brought fresh strength to those with had destroyed about a third of the front of the enclosure.

The English were bemmed in. "Back, back, to the bastille!" shouted Waters, as he recovered bireself, and, after a few minutes' fighting, the retrest was effected behind the stronger mounds of earth and stone. The defenders contented themselve with gazing on their burning huts below, which the assailants now threw in brands against every part of the building they judged to be combustible, and for a short time the more terrible carriage scened suspended.

"Saw you if Ralph passed them?" asked Waters of his wearied but still constant com-

"He fell into their hands, and they gave him so quarter," replied the soldier,

"They will not understand our need!" cried Waters, "or they would help us; they believe us

strong enough, at least to keep what we have, but I would not have it that we should be the first to suffer mischance at this siege."

"All is well, sir—look to the north!" exclaimed Edwards; "those of the bastille of St. Povair are coming out upon them into the open field."

"Open the gate, and upon them once more, then!" shouted Waters, and he was in the front of his men almost as he spoke.

Edwards called after him in vain. "The banner of Ste. Severe is coming from the town! they are throwing themselves between our friends and the French host!" The sally was already made, and a bold and hardy fight ensued amid the ruins of the still burning huts.

At length those who remained upon the walls beheld the English of St. Povair standing as it were at bay before the forces from Orleans under Ste. Severe, the Lord of Graville, and the Baron of Coulouces; they made, such of them as could be spared, one bold dash from the gate to bring in their comrades, and with some loss succeeded. Again the gate was closed, and the combatants were separated.

"They are our's, yet," cried Jeanne, as she waved her standard towards the gate; "do not let these huts burn usele-siy, there are still some of them untouched; make a pile before the arch, and we shall take the fort."

D'Aulon and her own immediate friends, for Novelompont and Poulengy were with her in the sally as they had been throughout, though their consideration was lost in the crowd of greater ms. aided in all that she commanded, and make minutes a fierce fire threatened the last defect the English in its most vulnerable part.

Showers of darts, the very stones of the building were thrown down upon the pile and those who fed it; the flaming brands were themselves huner back on the points of lances upon the French; in: Jeanne kept her standard still near, rushing up to the pile when it was needful to repair its flaming them taking her place as a rallying aga is those who should profit by the event. The gate gave way, and, as it crashed and crumbled, a part were ready by the orders of the Bastard to clear a way for the knights, and a close body of the best warriors pressed through the opening.

The rest was but a work of carriage. The lattille was won, and, though yet groups and made warriors fought hard for the life which their exaperated foes panted to take, no considerable boly could be collected to oppose the general assault. Some threw themselves into the church, and, casting aside their arms, habited themselves as priests, but when, in spite of the orders of the marden, the doors were thrown down, they, too, word dragged from the tower where they had taken refugu, and but that Jeanne affected to believe them what they pretended to be, they, too, would have perished.

"Are you the captain of the fort?" she asked of Waters, who lay bleeding on the ground broade her; "give me your sword, and live." The veteran clasped the weapon to his breast, smiled, and died

"Stand back!" she said to a soldier who approached to rifle the body; "stand back, or you shall lie beside him; I did not think men could be so brave in so bad a cause. He is dead — respect his remains!"

And now rushed in many a fugitive who had cast aside all means of defence, and who could find no pity in the massacre.

"I am your countryman!" cried one, as he threw

himself ut her feet.

"A false traitor!" shouted the citizen, who pursued him; "a knave of Talbot's, whom I have seen active in destroying our vineyards, leading the English to the spoil."

"I can ransom my life with what concerns you

to hear," screamed the fugitive.

"Its ransom is not needed," said Jeanne; "spare hun, friend, for my suke, and for your own."

"For you I give the robber his life," said the

"And you will guard it from others?"

"For you."

"Trust him, man, trust him, there is good faith between me and the men of Orleans," said Jeanne. "The bastille is our's, is there more to be done, John of Orleans? Do any fight yet?"

" All is won," replied the chief.

"Then be your's the task of destruction." she cried to him; "leave no stone standing on another to tell where the oppressors were. I have another task: D'Aulon, Novelompont, Poulengy, all who love

me, all who would do their duty as Christiaus, help me to guard these prisoners and within the town I will not lose sight of them, for blood is to swe to wolves, they hap it once, and they cannot lese the thirst. Keep them off, strike as lund as you did no battle, if any wrong them, for I would not have such helpers in another field, lest the vengeages of Heaven should turn their aid to a curse. Pierre, go you first, and let none stay you. I will take care that none follow."

It was a little after noon that the assault began, and the vesper bells had just ceased when Jeans re-entered Orleans; her first task was to dispose of her prisoners in safety, and, while the acclamation of the people sounded again and again, as though they could as little lack strength as will to renors, while the bells of the city rang peals that sounded the victory to the enemy's lines, those who looked on her saw that she was in tears.

"I went forth to endure, to fight, to deliver my countrymen," she said to Jean Pusquerel. "The victory is won, but how terrible is it! How many careless, heedless beings, happy an hour ago, he stiffening in their own blood! I knew not that the office of a deliverer was so near to that of an executioner."

"It is an office of wrath," observed Jenn Pasquerel, "but such even the angels themselves sometimes bear."

"Their nature is above our's," replied she, "und they know the future and see the end and purpose of the suffering. I am as weak as those who are wounded and die, and I tremble that I find myself their judge and destroyer."

"Do you then repeat of your office?" asked

Jean Pasquerel.

"I may not. It is for that I live," she replied; "and though methinks it would be easier to endure than to inflict, yet it is appointed to me, and it must be done."

"You have warned those English of your mission, the sin is on their own heads," said the chaplain.

"I have, I have," answered Jeanne; "but they will remain, and more, many more must perish. I must make the sharp trial a short one. I have prayed not only of them, but of Heaven, that they should go in safety, and leave our fields unstained. It is dreadful to look on faces of death signed with an evil spirit. It is dreadful to think that man should slay his fellow for a word, or that which is as empty as a word, when all might be so happy."

"The curse is on those who bring the evil, not

on those who repel it," said the priest.

"Alas! alas! on both!" exclaimed she; "the lust of vengeance consumes the souls of our own warriors. I saw them strike down the defenceless and yielding, kill the wounded pitilessly, murder their prisoners praying to them in bonds. I would save good and innocent men, not set one creature of prey upon another, and become myself a part of the butcherly baiting. I may not even love those for whom I would die. Our soldiers must be made

worthy of their cause. It shall be proclaimed that none presume again to go forth to battle till be les confessed his sins and been absolved, and be nue the heads of the confessors, if they exhart not that penitents to mercy! And then I will be prepared to suffer more days like this, to fix my eye upon the gaze of helpless pain, since France can only be ransomed by such misery. I did not think the batter bes so terrible, so sickening. I might have known it but with a thought, but perhaps it was mercialis hidden from me. One must see the dying, and her the shrick and the groan. Let me at once conferto you, and have absolution, that some rite my wipe away the wretchedness that oppresses me, that I must slav men for the sake of those who are m kinder or more merciful than themselves."

"Shall you go forth again to-morrow?" asked

Jean Pasquerel.

"No, it is the Ascension," she said; "Heaven itself gives me time and respite in my task, and it is only from Heaven that I can gain what I would have, deliverance without slaughter, or strength to look upon it in the trust and assurance that it must be. To-morrow must be spent with the solder; and citizens; preach to them humanity and charity; and to go forth as swords in the hand of Heaven, fearless must they be of their own harm, but dreading the sin of one needless blow. There is much yet to be done, and I dread lest I should become hardened and unmerciful too. I would they would silence these shoutings! What are they but fierce yells of vengeance?"

"They return to their wives, to their children, and they may tell them of the hope of safety," replied Pasquerel.

"So they will look upon those they love, and

learn to spare others," said the maiden.

By this time they had reached the house of Jacques Boucher, and in that alone, under the guard of her own immediate followers, would she trust her prisoners. Here, as one disposed to render such service, I was permitted to remain, and I talked with Edwards among the rest of the changed fortunes of the field.

For Jeanne, she retired to her chamber, to repair the omission of her haste, by confessing to Jean Pasquerel; and that over, she resorted with the thousands who waited for her to the Cathedral, to return thanks for the victory. Even there men's eyes were fixed upon her, as though she were their tutelar, a part of their religion and its service, and the priests themselves, at the conclusion, joined in the general congratulation, welcomed and blessed the heroine and prophetees.

Still sad, but more composed, she returned to the house. But Madame Boucher won her at last to smile; she spoke of Domremy, and with Charlotte, Marie, and Pierre, expatiated on the lives which perhaps were saved there, by the wounds inflicted before Orleans. This, and her exercises performed, and the thought of a peaceful morrow, cent her more placifly to rest, in spite of the terrible reality which had that day been substituted for her visions of glory and deliverance, in spite of that bitter dis-

appointment, the unworthiness of many for whom she had to contend, in spite of the new responsbility that weighed heaviest on all, the authority of life and death—death which she felt was but the casting open of the portals of existence.

The truce of the next day, for such it became a effect, gave time and opportunity to all to examine their own separate interests or duties, as they preferred the one or the other. D'Aulon had seen with admiration the presence of mind and outlineauty valour of the maiden, whom he was specially ap-

pointed to watch over.

"They thwart her foolishly," said he to Jean Pasquerel; "the soldiers follow her as though no evil could happen under her leading, and the chiefs should know that such a power wisely need is victory. I will neither embarrass her with advice, nor seek to rule her like a child by pretences and hes; her genius will burst all these firmsy webs. But experience can well second what it should not thwart. I shall best serve the king, who placed me about her person, and her own glory, to be ready with aid at need, when her foresight may fail, or her daring outstrip her power. There is one man of whom I will make a good friend, Mattre Jean, the gunner. His steady aim, constantly ready to succour her at need, shall well help the opinion that deems her invincible. I will give up the honour of the advance, and think only of a well-secured retreat in case of unforescen disaster. My glory in this war shall be fidelity and prudence."

"So shall you do your duty most honourably,"

replied the chaplain; "nor shall such deeds be hudden; the occasion comes to every one who is worthy of it, for though Providence is no mggard, it is no spendthrift of great qualities. And here comes one worthy to join with you in such efforts. Welcome, Brother Nicolas," he continued, addressing de Girême, "you come with news for the maiden; her short and clear account with Heaven is summed up, and she will be glad to see her friends."

"I come from the council which sits at the Chancellor's," replied de Girême, "which I do not join, for I will neither be suspected by those who are in it, nor prove untrue to her whom they speak of. It is hard to say, whether last night hath raised more surprise or envy in their breasts. I speak not of John of Orleans, or of Ste. Severe, or La Hire, or any of those who shared in last night's work, and beheld the inspired courage that achieved it. Many believe and admire, and others have the grace to be silent. But there are some who have no thought but of their own advantage or loss. The war has made men traders in success and defeat, and there are who would sell her with all her noble during and unselfish zeal for the government of a town, or even the praise of a day's fight."

"The curse of their own cunning, which they mistake for wisdom, be upon them!" cried Jean Pasquerel.

" And that shall confound them," echoed Nicole de Girème.

"I thank you, noble sir, for your honest favour to her," said D'Aulou, warmly embracing the Knight

of St. John. "I am not of the greatest of those who lead this war ; but if you will enter with act a one into a compact that may savour of too must honour for him, we will, indeed, be her true council, to watch and think for her, and is bet such service as she herself would have of w It should be enough that she is charged by the king with high trust; but I have watebed be jealously, dreading lest such confidence should be ill-advised; and I, her specially appointed comsellor, might share in the ignominy or richrule & failure. But she is true as she is simple, claiming less than her due for herself; she is brave an. prompt, and hath that eye which is needed in a battle-field for advantage or the repair of los Men believe in her too, and even die cheerfully or ber side. She hath the fortune of victory."

"Why not inspiration? why not the help of Heaven?" exclaimed Jean Pasquerol. "Seeing that I, who know every secret of her heart, would not fear, but for my outh, to declare to you every word she has said to me at the confessional, and to claim your faith by that. She is as much to

simple as she is too noble to lie."

"I neither deny nor assert," said D'Aulon; "I am ready to admit great wonders; and what is mure. I am ready to show my full trust in the future.

"And I to the death, and with the full confidence of belief," said Nicole de Girême, "It would be a wretched world indeed were there no such hearts in it; and such must be the receptacles of Heaven's favour and of its power." "Amen; for I would hope it," said D'Aulon.

"I shall busy myself now with what concerns her; and for this council I can leave her to none abler or more likely to be heard by her than yourself."

Soon after the departure of D'Aulon, Jeanne her-

self joined her two friends.

"They would have you know their will, yet take no part in their deliberations," said Nicole de Grême. "They affect a secrecy, in which I have refused to share: even now they are assembled at the Chancellor's of the city, and they know that I shall apprise you of their deliberations."

"It heeds but little, my resolution is fixed," replied Jeannette, with a fixed sternness, which contrasted strongly with the kind reception she had given to the knight; "but you are not of them."

"I am your's, vowed to your service, if you will

accept my poor efforts," replied Nicole.

"I do frankly accept them," said the maiden;

" what would you have me do?"

"Throw no show of disunion in the way of success that can by any means be avoided or concealed.

Even contend not with them for fame——"

"Let them do the work and take ail," interrupted she; "or let them allow me freely to do what remains to be done; and let them part the honour by lot, or wrangle for it like dogs till they worry each other. It is the task itself for which I contend, or rather which I will have done; for I have both the promise from Heaven and the power on earth which they cannot control. And have I not

bought both dearly? But enough; 1 will be patient with them; they may talk to-day, and I will listen; what else?"

"If they tell you of their resolves, be sure the you know them all," replied the knight. "Hemore that they place you not in the post of danger,

while they rush to that of casy victory."

"Ha! ha!" exclaimed she, with a second laugh; "be that as they may deviser and let thez beware lest the victory come where they exped defeat, and death where they look for trums But you would have me meet them. I have bue time for such miserable jests, for I have that to do must satisfy my own soul before the morrow; but I will not court discord, least of all, by prule Father," she added to Pasquerel, "let again a third copy be made of my letter to the English chiefs. I have not ceased to entreat for those ther lead; they may not be so hard and evil as yester. day; they must have felt pity for those who fell. At least I will act as if I had that hope, though such is not spoken to me. Now to the Chanceller's with you, noble sir; my pages wait me, and shad go with us; and as I hear he hath a noble judy to his wife, who will give me her society till their good pleasure may be known to me."

The council was long, secret, and cautious; but Nicole de Girème had well penetrated its results. De Rays, and the party who were well disposed to second him, had proposed a plun that seemed at once feasible and advantageous to the general

cause.

"The castern gate is delivered," he said : "all that we now need until the greater army, which is being collected, can arrive, is the free course of the river from the same side. The bastille of St. Jean le Blanc, which was the first obstacle to our convoy, once taken, we can hold Orleans for ever, with our present strength, and keep well supplied our now full stock of ammunition and provisions. An attack upon the great bastilles of St. Laurent and London would be an enterprize they would repel with all their force. The fears, which yesterday must have taught them, would make them draw from the southern side all their forces to repel the attack; then, at good advantage, we might pass the river, and the only fortress that we need would be our's."

"And who should lead the feint against Talbot in the St. Laurent?" asked Ste. Severe.

"The maiden, assuredly," replied De Rays.
"It must be her banner that will draw all the host
of the English to meet it."

"And there, too, would be my banner," said Ste.
Severe. "You will need no followers who go to
attack deserted forts."

But many claimed to be of this expedition; though John of Orleans, I.a. Hire, Xantrailles, and the bravest, assigned to themselves the attack of the great bastilles under the banner of the maiden.

"She must not believe that her attack is but a feint," said De Rays; "all depends upon its vigour."

"You will tell her what you please, as you always have done," replied Ste. Severe.

"And we," said La Hire, "tnny do our bette prove your words good this time. By my localization, which I love the better since I swore by a faher sake, we will do our best to mave you from he reproach!"

"You will say nothing then of our part of the

enterprize; lest she may disclose or mar it."

"Speak for yourself," replied John of Orbito.
"I shall say nothing needlessly; and as I washare her danger, I shall conceal nothing dehonourably."

"Then go you, Messire Ambrose de Lorc." said De Rays, "and let her, if it please you, know

that we await her."

She came; and De Rays delivered to her the plan of attack upon the bastille held by Taitot, as the result of their debate. She would hardly have wanted the warning of Nicole de Giréme to detect his insincerity. "You have not told me all," she said sternly, and paced the room with a quick and angry step. "When came it first into the brain of Messire de Rays to go right with our smaller force to the attack of Taibot? Are you, yourself, to be of this expedition, that you so newly believe in the success you have always doubted?"

" The leading will be your's," replied de Rays.

"My leading will be where I appoint," said she calmly and fixedly; "that, at least, is mine to choose. The people and the soldiers will follow where I direct them. Do you think to deceive me twice? Hear me, sirs, I am not what I have been. I am not even such as I was yesterday; not be-

cause of that triumph-not because men are ready to hail me, and to go with me to the opelaught : but because I have now indeed seen war, and know how fearful it is to wage it. The command which alone could tie me to it is on my soul, with which not one of you shall palter. If I dye my hand in human blood, it shall be as I may best answer it to God. I will obey nothing but the right, and the Voices that speak it to me. Of me you might make the poor tool of your own miserable ambition. were I one whom such ambition alone led. But I am safe from you, for that I seek nothing for myself. Tell me your plans if you will; that if they be such as I may follow, they may not be thwarted by me; conceal them, and be the peril on yourselves; for of this be assured that a second cheat will be powerless; your words are now of no account with me, save as your counsels follow mine ; for you yourselves have taught me not to trust

" If you have not yet heard all-" said John of Orleans.

"Bastard," interrupted she, "you are brave, and need not to build your name upon treachery and deceit; let them take their course without your excuse. You did not fight yesterday as one who would desert or betray."

"I should have been with you on the morrow," he answered, "while some of these would have been classwhere; they would divide our battles; is it so?"

"We would have taken the best advantage we might of the confusion or error of our enemies; if

The forced unanimity of the chiefs, and the enthusiasm of the citizens and the soldiery, who had now learned to live together as relations endeared to each other by common dangers and wants, had their full effect on the preparations of the morning. The barks were prepared on the northern side of the river, collected long before daybreak, at the point whence they were to pass over to an island at a small distance from St. Jean le Blane, and cannon were ready at the Burgundy Gate, to be drawn down and embarked under the inspection of D'Aulon and Maître Jean.

While the embarkation was taking place, Nicole de Girème conferred with Jeanne, whose devotions with Jean Pasquerel had long since been completed "Guard yourself well," she said to him, " for I shall need you. Let your help come when I ask it; to-day remain in the town for its surety, or take great heed if you come forth. Two days shall scarcely pass before all shall see that you are not idle; but if I lose you I shall find no other to trust and obey me, and by whom I can guide the people to that they must do."

" I will to-day be with D'Aulon, and those who

are to guard your retreat," replied he.

"Retreat! why talk of retreat! this is of their councils," exclaimed Jeanne; "but I have heard of no retreat from my Voices, and it shall not need. But remain you in safety. Let them speak no such word as retreat in the hearing of the people," she resumed, after a moment's pause. "It is onward! onward! onward! that we must go till

all is done. And so it shall be in spite of all they my, and all they know now to do "

When all was really for the dement, Jeanny placed her banner at the prow of the forement ressel, and, with many of the soldiery, made good ter landing on the isle, which formed an excellent rendezvous in the neighbourhood of the threatened fort. As soon as a sufficient number had tanded to maintain the position, two of the transports were brought round the island towards the southern store, so as to form a bridge from it to the Potersan bank.

The fort lay betwee them, but no sign of defence appeared on its walls. The leaders checked, doubtful of stratagein. "On, on!" cried Jeanne, imputiently; "be their plans what they may, there must be means found to encounter them; they can be but armed men behind their walls any more than they would be upon them! Forward!"

With her standard in her hand she rode straight to the gate, followed by La Hire, Poulengy, Novelompont, Nantranles, and soon after by John of Orleans himself. But the gate was open, the fortress was dismantled, the inner wans were hurled down in ruins, and only such an appearance of strength left, by palings feebly propped, and rocking hollow mounds, and walls that tottered to the foundation, as might for a moment of heattainin deceive a besieging force.

"Glasdale is determined to hold us to a desperate context," said John of Orleans.

" He has given us here an easy advantage," re-

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"One to be mistrusted:" said the Bastard. "I see no signs yet of treachery or stratagem."

"That may soon be proved," replied La Hire.
"I will myself make search, if all else choose to retire."

"I share that task with you," said the leader, and Jeanne and the others, without speaking, went through part of the extent of the fortress, while La Hire and the Bastard searched the rest. By this time De Rays, Ste. Severe, and the other chiefs, had come up with them.

"There is no sign of an enemy nearer than the bastille of the Augustine," said Ste. Severe. "I have well scoured the plain around; they have given us what we came to take."

"The town then is free on the south-eastern quarter," said De Rays, " and all that the king could hope from us is done."

Jeanne was, by this time, out of hearing; she had ascended a heap of ruins towards the Augustins and the Tourelles, which, as will be remembered, lay within a few feet of each other, the road only separating the bastille of the Augustins from the outer bulwark of the Tourelles, built in the suburb of Portereau.

"This is in no condition to be held against any attack," said Ste. Severe, looking around him.

"To raze it will be sufficient," observed the Bastard.

"And that done, we may return to the city," said De Rays.

" It would be but wisdom so to do, as I think,"

said John of Orleans. "Glasdale has put us in good condition to keep truce with him; and it is dangerous to rouse him in his lair. He knows what to defend, and what to yield, for want of means; and that he should give up this fort without the waste of a man, without one idle blow, tells us plainly that what he hath now he means to hold."

"It is clear, too, that the maiden's information was right," said Ste. Severe; "each leader will await us in his enterpolyments."

"Let them rest till we are well ready for them," said Ambrose de Lore. "Falstolf will move faster than Alençon, and he has no ransom to pay; it is fortunate that we are so well provided for a long game."

The next instant Jeanne was again among them. "I see them," she said; "we shall meet them at the Augustins: their helmets crowd the battlements like heaps of cannon-ball.—Ou! they wait our attack!"

"The city is saved by what is already done," said John of Orleans, "it we do not now endanger all. One gate is free to the land, and another to the river; we may now safely wait the succours which the king has promised by the Duke of Alencou!"

"The city free!" cried the heroine; "why look you there, the English hold the defences of its bridge. Have Talbot and Scales left the bastilles on the other side? Free! I know that you came to victual the place and lengthen the war; you told me not so, but so it was. I told you from the first,

and now again I tell you so, I come to deliver it, which is not done while that banner of St. George can be seen from the walls. And I will not trifle; I have but an appointed time. I have but a time to do what neither leaders nor kings have commanded. — It will be done. Act as you please: I go forward now with any that will follow me; refuse me your help, if you dare answer it to the king and to Heaven. If I die, it is in my duty. Live you, if you prefer life to your's. But we shall win. On, men! citizens! to victory. Follow my standard."

At the head of such horsemen as had devoted themselves to her, and of many of the citizens and soldiers, she advanced to the very foot of the bastilles; but, for once, fear seized upon her followers. A cry was raised that the English were crossing the river from the north to St. Privé on the southwest; and, as the bridge intercepted all view of the supposed movement, it was vain to contradict it. The foot saw themselves supported by but a very inadequate number of the knights and horsemen; and, in spite of every encouragement and entrenty, they gave ground.

"Now upon them!" shouted Glasdale from the walls, and instantly burst from the gates the lords of Pommiers and of Moulins, tollowed by the choice of the English chivalry. At their charge the hum-

bler foutmen reeled.

"Save her! save her!" cried La Hire; and with Florent d'Illiers and Xantrailles he struck into the thick crowd, which had gathered round the standard of the maiden, which she kept from the enemy's hands by quick and telling blows of a small

hatchet which hung at her girdle.

But even they might have failed to bring her off. for her own unheeding courage gave no ground, but that a discharge from the culverin of Maître Jean, posted at the temporary bridge formed by the barks, struck two or three who were pressing into the front line of the English to replace the disabled. As the shot was fired, D'Aulon and De Girême posted at full speed from the bridge which they had hitherto sacredly guarded, as the chance of safety, and, with John of Orleans, came up with her. She was thus borne from the fight rather by her friends than her foes, who yet pursued the French to the well defended access to the isle.

"See!" she cried, "more and more sally from the bastille: the bridge is choked: they will slay our people like sheep." Shouts of derision, and n volley of scornful names from the English, drowned her words. "They will despise and enslave us for ever if we fail now," she exclaimed: " I will not be withheld; are there none who care for the honour of their country, for the safety of Orleans, for France, for the Dauphin? Row me to the shore !"

She sprang from her horse and entered a small boat, by which two men were assisting the pursued to the island. They obeyed her: La Hire followed her example, each holding the horse's bridle in the hand, and the noble steeds wading after.

"It is vain to check her, and we must trust to

her fortune or her power, be it what it may," said John of Orleans; "but men must not give back when a woman shews them the path; keep good guard of this passage still, D'Aulon, for there may be who will need it. Come on with me, knights: you will not give ground till the maiden herself shews you the way."

The vigorous and unexpected onset of the French drove the English back to their entrenchments; and again the standard of Jeanne d'Arc braved the enemy on the walls above it; D'Aulon could hardly keep enough for the prudent defence of the bridge. The brave Arragonese, Alphonse de Partada, after reproaching a French knight, that he could not remain for so needful a service, ended by riding forth with him hand in hand, to try upon the foe whose valour best entitled him to the post of honour and danger.

The strife was terrible, and, for a time, seemed desperate: fire, to force entrance into the parks, scaling ladders for the well-defended walls - all seemed meless against the calm determined valour of the defenders. But, at length, as a gigantic Englishman had struck aside the two contemiers for fame, who struggled to reach the wall be defended, and, as they lay half stunned in the force, Jeanne herself tempted his powerful blow. Then Maître Jean's culverin poured in its sure and deadly fire, and the brave and strong combatant fell back upon his fellows. One man's fall decided the asquit; for ladders were instantly raised to the spot. left, for the moment, vacant,

De Rays stood by Ste. Severe, as the maiden's flag streamed from the wall of the bastille, waving to bring on the assailants, who, seeing it, poured in a reckless and irresistible tide to the vulnerable point.

"Her spirits serve her well," said De Rays, "hut there are other and stronger that may be found."

"Speak not of them to me," replied Ste. Severe:
"whatever she serves, or whatever may help her,
is at least innocent and hely."

"And, what is more, successful," rejoined his companion; " such glory and such power are worth a soul; and I would buy them if my own would purchase them. Pshaw! do not pretend to look aghast, Ste. Severe; you are neither priest nor dotard, that one may not jest with you."

"Beware of others with whom men say you do more than jest on such subjects," said Ste. Severe; "beware of that Italian priest who visits you sometimes. Is it your turn to look aghast? Come on! for there is yet much to be done within the walls."

"I will show you that I fear neither man nor devil there," exclaimed De Rays; and a moment after they had scaled the enclosure.

There, for a time, the bloody contest was renewed, but with decreasing hope on the part of the English. Whenever a party rallied and made a stand, the white standard of the maiden bore up against their rank, and thither turned the whole fury of the trusting and devoted Orleannois, while the strange success which they attributed to its mere presence changed the resistance of the hardiest English into a

dogged and hopeless defence, a sullen preference of death to defeat, rather than any expectation of a successful struggle.

Glasdale, with such as he could collect, retreated across the road, cutting his way through the assailants to the bulwark of the Tourelles; but soon the bastille of the Augustins itself was entered on all sides, and the French looked there in van for opponents. Curnage and pillage solely engrossed the attention of the victors.

"They will return to the fight," cried Jeanne, "and they will slay you in your base robbery—give me a torch!" And with that she put the flame to the buildings. "Fire! more fire!" she cried; and, obeyed by her own, the pillagers were soon glad to retreat from the blaze. "Now we invest the Tourelles," she exclaimed; "enough for the day, for it is well nigh spent. Oh, Glasdale! that thou mightest relent before the morrow!"

It was with difficulty that she yielded to the intreaties of John of Orleans to return into the city.

"Keep good guard for me, D'Aulon," she called to him as at length she retired, " and be ready for me in good time; yet, we have but begun."

CHAPTER XXIII.

No sooner had Jeanne d'Arc taken a little repose, and the slight refreshment which the faintness of hunger forced her to allow herself, in spite of the strict fast which she always observed on the Friday, than Ste. Severe arrived at the house.

She was already surrounded by her friends, Jean Pasquerel, Pierre d'Arc and Marie, Novelompont, Poulengy, Jacques Boucher and his family, and the personal adventures of the day were passing in low but animated talk, from those who had taken part in them to their interested hearers. The Kunght of St. John, too, was no longer absent than he needed to disarm and somewhat refresh himself, and joined the circle before Ste. Severe had opened his commission. He sought, indeed, for such a method as should least excite the impatience of Jeanne, who found in his attempts the purpose of his coming

"They are the cold pretences of safety and delay that you would urge," said she; "it is useless; my part is taken. Here are those whom I trust on earth, and they do not hesitate, nor should I, even if they were slain every one, or had deserted me

for my opposers."

"I do not come from your opposers," said Ste. Severe, "but from those who desire that you should count them your friends, who admire your courage, and rejoice in your fortune."

"Are De Rays and Jean de Gamache of the

number?" asked she.

"There is some change even in them," replied Ste. Severe. "De Rays no longer doubts of the contest, and puts his hope on rivalling your glory in it."

"Either men wrong him much, or he affects the society of such as must at last deceive him," said Jean Pasquerel. "Is he vain enough to beheve that talismans and charms and the evocation of fiends will invest him with strength and honour?"

"We should hardly speak of such things," said Ste. Severe; "being but a rumour against one of his trust and leading; but Jean de Gamache fairly repents of his anger against Jeanne d'Are, and he declares, too, in his way, that, though he was right in opposing her, he would rather have given his right hand than have done it so rudely. The worthy knight has brains enough to observe blows given and entreachments stormed, if not to reason coolly upon plans and stratagems."

"I would that all were but as sensible as that," said Jeanne, " for we have some, it appears, who

yet will not trust what they see."

"They have seen more done than any ventured to hope," replied Ste. Severe.

"To-morrow will increase their trust as I pray,"

"By their will nothing will be done to-morrow, Jeanne," said Ste. Severe calmly. "Nay, hear me patiently out, as I will you afterwards. They say, and truly, that what has been done is so strange that it should seem as if no mortal hand had done it."

"And who but will say and declare aloud that no mortal hand has done it?" cried Jeanne. "Is it mine—a woman's—or that of the poor people, who, till Heaven sent them its help, stayed fearfully within their walls, choosing only between famine and the English steel? But I will hear you out if I can—you will forgive my temper, and put it to as little trial as you can."

"To be plain, they declare, and I fully agree with them," argued Ste. Severe, with undisturbed serenity, "that but for accidents on which we could have no right to count, you yourself had been lost in the early part of the day, and the men had perished under the walls in the attack of the Augus-

tins."

"You call them accidents; I pray you let them be the deeds of Providence at least, for as such I render thanks for them," interrupted she.

"Or one or the other," replied Ste. Severe; "we

may not reckon on such again to-morrow."

"And why not?" asked Jeanne; "why should success to-day give us distrust of that? I declare to you that these things are done by high appointment. Are they little events which depended on

them? but if you choose to miscal them accidents, I will tell you this, that the balance even of chances is for those who go fearlessly on. They make way for what you call accidents to help them. Who ever put his sickle to the harvest busily as soon as it was ripe, but that the accidents of the weather were on his side instead of his slothful neighbour's? But I forget. Have you said? I will not interrupt you again."

"A wise man would reap in fine weather,

Jeanne."

"And carry before the foul came on," she an-

swered, smiled, and sate silently.

"I have no more to say than this," he continued, "that all is well now, that it would be tempting rather than trusting Providence to expect more with our still inferior forces. You sink again. Would you reply to that?"

"The difference of numbers was greater three days ago," she said, and then checked berself sadiy.

"One defeat, and we have been fearfully near it to day, and we are perhaps lost. Let us give a due chance to the King's plans; the praise of all men is already your's, yet one fatal day might reverse it."

"I pray you, do not speak of me. I am prothing," she said energetically; "nor does one thought of what you call glory, as some here know, warp my decision."

"In fine, the generals, satisfied with the part, and yielding you all its preise, will not have the

men go forth to-morrow," said Ste. Severe.

"Some are already before the Tourelles, and the citizens do not desert their friends," said Nicole de Girème; "all that can be carried from the city—provision, bedding, covering—I have seen the good people carrying over to them, as though they cared

not for emptying their own houses."

"They and such as so support them are enough for me," said Jeanne. "You have been in your council, and I have been in mine. I know not who are to fight to-morrow, but this I know, that we shall again win, fight who may. Your council is that of men; mine will not fail. Father," she continued to Jean Pasquerel, "you will be with me to-morrow earlier even than to-day. You are not afraid to stay with me, and so you must to-morrow, as near as you can, even in the danger. I shall need you perchance, for the Voices which never have deceived me have told me that to-morrow I shall be struck, here, above the bosom."

"To death, perhaps," said Ste. Severe, as in

the hope of intimidating her.

"Who knows when he shall die?" said she calmly; "ay, to death, perhaps, as who goes out any day in peace that can say he shall not? and we give wounds, are we to bear none? You, my friends, will be ready to go with me, for the arrow shall not search me out shamefully in Orienns, when even by it I may win the Tourelles. Right noble marshal," she said to Ste. Severe, laying her hand kindly on his arm, "owe me no grudge; to another I should have given no answer but what you have heard me say to them; to you,

I say that I dare not break the commands which are my comfort, my trust, my hope here and after this, which are spoken to me in the house and in the field, in this very room, amid you, in the charge of battle, when I hesitate and spare to strike. You are wise, all, very wise, if this strife were between men and men, abandoned to their own wills and their own passions: what then should I do here among you? I come not by myself, and that by which I come cannot mingle with your talk, and debate with you. It is the will by which you breathe."

"I shall bear your words, but you must not export that they will prevail," said Ste. Severe-

"That question I leave to the power that will surely answer it," she replied, and they bade each other farewell.

With a short and hearty pledge to each other for the morning's meeting, the warriors at Jacques Boucher's separated for their early rest, Peure lingering a little behind to re-assure Blarie as to the next day's enterprise, and Jacques Boucher heartly commending to his wife and daughter to assist, as much as they might with modesty and good opportunity, the will of the chiefs, and to keep Jeanne herself from needless exposure.

Even the night did not pass in quiet. The quick ear of Jeanne startied her before midnight from her light and interrupted sleep, and she saw the glare of a distant fire in her chamber. It was nearly in the direction of the Tourelles, and her first call was for her arms that she might fly to the

succour of those investing them to whom she augured dauger. But Pierre, who was roudy to supply D'Aulon's place about her person, led her to the top of the house.

"The very night gives us another and a bloodless victory!" she exclaimed; "the English are abandoning their western bastille on the south

bank, the bastille of St. Privé!"

"Sec, see!" cried Pierre; "the boats are crossing the river from Portereau, and bearing the men to the north side, to the bastilles of St. Laurent and London. Oh, that we were there now, they would

fall an easy prey to us !"

"Are they not leaving us free? what would you more?" said Jeanne. "Look, how the Tourelles rear their heads in the blaze! but they, with the bulwark before them, are now all that the English have on that side of the river. Do not the English see that Heaven is with us? but why should I expect it when those whom Heaven saves deny it? No, no, let them pass in peace," she said, after a time spent in gazing on the boats as they traversed the river to the west, at no great distance from the place where they were; "and may their lives be spared!"

She looked once more round with an eye of care upon the walls within her view. The tramp of the guard was heard, and arms flashed in the fire from every part: there was no fear of surprise; all were alert; she descended to her chamber, and for a few hours slept more soundly.

Jeanne could not even leave the house the next

morning without a slight token of the impediment

"Here is a fine shad just caught in the river," said Jacques Boucher, who was already up, when, with Jean Pasquerel and her companions in arms, she came to the porch of the house. "You have not eaten yet, stay, at least, and let us due together on it."

"Aha! Master Treasurer, are you set to tempt me?" said she to him good-naturedly. "I will bring you one who will care more about it, if you will keep it for supper. I intend to have a presoner to-day, and the English care for their exting."

"Have a care !" he began, with a fatherly look

of kindness.

"Ay, for your sake!" she replied; "and that I may have my share of the fish, look out for me in the evening, and look out for me at the Chatelet, for I do not intend to come back by the Burgundy Gate to-day; we will pass the bridge."

"Jeanne!" exclaimed the treasurer in astonish-

ment, " you promise too much."

"How know you what I saw when I looked last night on that bridge by the fire-light?" she answered; "but on! on, for the people wait us!" She took too or three sops of bread from Louis des Contes, and hastily swallowed the mouthfuls, then spurred her horse, and amid the greetings of the citizens and soldiery made for the Burgundy Gate.

From the crossing streets priests were seen bringing up their respective groups of penitents to the main body, and the highest enthusiasm shone on many a face, while others were lighted up only with the gaiety of expected triumph. But at the Burgundy Gate, still the only one from which they could sally with effect to cross the river and attack the Tourelles, the crowd became so thick as to be almost impassable.

"Why do you stop?" called Jeanne.

"The gate is closed against us!" cried a hundred

angry votees.

"By whom? open, I say!" shouted the maiden; but no voice answered. "Down with it!" she cried to her followers, and in an instant iron maces and leaden mallets rang, as many as could reach

it, upon its iron-studded frame.

It did not yield to such blows, but the noise brought from the towers which flanked it a body of well armed knights, who threw themselves before the entrance, and at the head of whom appeared no less a person than the master of the king's household, Jean de Gaucourt, to whom the immediate defence of the city from surprise, during the late sallies, had been confided.

Jeanne knew him well at Chinon, and though she pressed eagerly towards him, the crowd making instant way for her horse, she advanced as respectfully as hastily. "We would pass out to the camp

before the Tourelles!" said the maiden.

"It is forbidden!" replied Gaucourt, sternly.

"By whom!" asked Jeanne, the blood mantling in her cheeks, and her eyes flashing.

"By the council," shortly answered Gaucourt.

"And they would leave our men in the camp before the enemy?" she cried.

"All may return, and we will protect them; none may depart."

"Do you say this?"

"Yes, 1," replied Gaucourt, unmoved; "you know who and what I am."

"And you should know me too," she answered; "you at least should not forget that I am the chief of this war, appointed by the king, even had I no higher authority."

"We do what is fit for the king's service in preventing a rashness that would betray it," said Gaucourt; "it is fit that we wait till we hear at least his further will."

"It is not fit, sir," shouted Jeanne; "think you that I will suffer this war to linger when it may be ended? Think you that I will steep my hands day by day in the blood of these poor Engush, and see French blood, too, pouring around me for ever, or that I will endure the thought on my soul, that such things will be, when I can stay them now and for ever? By Heaven's mercy, I will to-day finish what is enjoined me here, even though my own blood scal it. Give way! give way, I say, as you respect the Dauphin's name, if you care for no other!"

"You shall not lose Orleans while we can prevent it. If we were to let you fight to-day with those at your heels, who should answer the discomfiture? You shall not go forth to death, as you most assuredly would." "It is mine to answer with life here, and with as much to the Dauphin if I escape," said Jeanne; "stand away from the gate, for through it this standard shall pass, strike at it who dare."

"Jeanne! would you make us spill French blood?"

cried Gaucourt.

"Answer for your own sins, I do not parley— On!" she cried, and dashed with her standard through the rank to the gate: the mass followed her like a compacted wedge. "You are wicked and traitorous, that seek to stay us," she called to Gaucourt, "and shall answer it before the Dauphin if you unbar not the gate!"

Each cavalier was now surrounded and isolated by the crowd, which had broken the line in following Jeanne; and all the attendants upon the maiden were ready to begin a contest in which the lances and even the steeds of the knights were of little use, being closely hemmed in by the numbers. Even Gaucourt was irresolute, for the lance of Nicole de Giréme was couched with those of her other friends, who had followed her on horseback against his party, and the mallets and maces of the people rang again upon the gate, which shook betteath their repeated and unceasing blows, until at length such fastenings as were not within their power to draw back were shivered by their instruments.

A tremendous shout proclaimed the bursting open of the gate, and they rushed on through the arch to the portcullis and drawbridge. "I cannot answer for civil strife in our streets," said Gaucourt

to his party; "it is plain they will not yield till our lives or their's are spent. Let them go, and their own deeds be on their heads. Let them go, and then shut and guard well the gate, that such as have sense may be secure."

But it was long before his orders could be obeyed, for scarcely a soldier would remain behind, and only such of the armed citizens as by Jeanne's command, through Nicole de Giréme, she had desired to remain in the town for the morning, that they might come fresh to her help at need. Gaucourt rode in anger and disappointment to the house of John of Orleans.

"And were we to leave them to themselves, so that they should perish," replied John of Orleans, to the hasty indignation of Gaucourt, "for all that has been done, the estate of France would be but a worse wreck than it was before. Take from the English the fear of her power before it has done its full work, no second device would appal them. and they have strength enough to avenge their losses. And what again should hearten our own people, who have found victory under her bunner alone for many years? No: I would that she had remained within the walls: I more than doubt the success of the day. I know Glusdale. The hurning of St. Privé is but another proof of his desperate resolution, but she must not be abandoned."

"You speak like a youth, though a brave one," said Gaucourt.

[&]quot; I am not insensible to what the world looks for

in a knight, nor should any be who bear the name," replied the Bastard; "but this is policy as well as honour. If we are to be defeated, it is wisest as well as noblest to fail, so that our enemies may respect us; and besides, we leave them to a tenfold chance of destruction if we withhold what is needful. I tell you, Messire de Gaucourt, I hardly expect that we can escape this day, but I will fight loyally."

With that he gave orders for the transport of cannon, and the assembling of the cavalry and chiefs, and, mounting his horse as soon as he was armed, rode down to the fort of St. Loup, where the people were assembling, as quickly as they were able under the guidance of the maiden, the vessels which should waft them across the Loire.

He rode straight to her. "Fair and honourable friendship!" he called to her as he approached; "I come to succour you, though you will not regard me. The great responsibility of this day be on you; I come to help what I may not prevent. Wait only till the men-at-arms can come up to second you, and till such cannon can be embarked as are necessary for the attack of such a fort as the Tourellea, which is not to be taken like a park, or a hastily-built bastille. Wait but till I can collect the means for you, for, by mine honour, you shall have them, and then I will go and fight by your side, until such events come as show of themselves whose will ought to be followed."

"Enough!" replied Jeanne frankly, giving her hand, "I will receive your advice with respect and thanks, in all but remaining idle; and for your help, brave Bastard, there is no greater assurance of victory on earth."

The default of the night was to be repaired by the diligence of the morning. Hours passed before the small army with its cumbrous material could be transported to the southern shore. Jeanne walked to and fro, or, springing again into her saddle, rode from the gate to the fort to expedite the preparations.

"Good morrow, Mattre Jean, I owe you more for yesterday than there is time to tell you. I would myself learn of your art, for such skill does more than valour itself at need."

"Be but my pupil," cried the delighted gunner.
"and you shall vanquish an army alone. If you take but aim with a culverin, as you do with lance and sword, you should carry a fort by your own single siege."

"I do not jest with you; we shall find leisure

when these English are driven away."

"I have brought out this fellow to see you drive them," added Mattre Jean, pointing to his son.

"Keep him safe, good friend!" said she, with

real concern.

"The rogue has a lucky hand and a good eye, as shall be well known one day, and thanks to you for it too, if you get rid of these Godons so that it may be spoken of, and he shall have a shot to-day for your sake, I have promised it to him."

"Let him fire like his father then:" and she

stooped to put the boy's head, and then rode to

"Mark you the time we have already lost?" said she to Nicole do Girême. "Every minute costs us a life; our delay re-assures our enemies, and wearies our own people. Speed! speed, my friends! or they will seek us. Ah! it is not our fault that we are not with them now; we shall be soon, and we will set up the fleur-de-lis yonder, where that red cross mocks us on our own Tourelles."

"Now! now!" she cried to her followers, almost before the first bark was ready to put forth, and in it she first gained the southern bank. D'Aulon and some others met her on the shore. "No harm has happened from our stay?" she asked anxiously.

"None but the delay itself," replied D'Aulon.

"Glasdale has sent us darts and arrows, whenever
a head could be seen for an aim; but he would

waste nothing more."

"He is wise," said the Bastard, "as we should have been to follow his example; now what is to be done?"

"There is no need of question," answered D'Aulon; "the outer bulwark lies before us, and that must be first won."

"And that carried, the Tourelles are not taken!"

"One blow may serve for both if it be a hard one," said the maiden. "Mattre Jean, there is your nim to day! the drawbridge and its supports that join this outer bulwark in Portereau to the Tourelles themselves on the bridge; if we destroy that passage, we shall vanquish all in the outwork, if they are so posted, or keep those within the fort fram helping their fellows when we attack them."

"We have taken other care for that during the night," said D'Aulon; "but Maître Jean shall, as you say, find good employment in that part, if he remain high enough up the bank to command it."

"I will pick the people off when they give me the chance," said the gunner; "and at leisure times I will hammer at the wood and stone. Ha! my boy!" he continued to his son, "now will we see what this east side of the Tourelles be made of."

" Find me where Glasdale is, father," said the boy.

"Hush! hush! we shall do as we may; here is our post whence we played yesterday on the Augustins; the two places are convenient neighbours."

With the aid of his fellows the culverin was disembarked, and Mattre Jean addressed himself to its level.

As the French moved on to the assault, Jennae had time to consider the strength of the fort. Its two high towers guarding the archway, bristled with the weapons of the English; arrows preping from every cresselated stage, and the tops covered with men ready to guide missiles from every species of engine. On the side of the bridge there was no approach, the two arches being broken down before the outwork which guarded the entrance there; and the outwork on the side of Portereau was in itself strong and manned with unsparing numbers,

its walls being strengthened with mounds of earth, and surrounded by a ditch, which, however, was not filled, for the waters of the Loire were but at a middle height.

It was ten o'clock when the French cannon began to play upon the fort, and the shots were answered by the English artillery, so that for a time both armies were almost hidden in the smoke; and the flash of the guns, and the rour, and sometimes the crash that followed, were the only notices of destruction. But Jeanne was little disposed to wait till the cannon should make breaches in mounds and walls calculated to resist for days such a fire.

"Bring up the ladders," she cried to her people; and, waiting only for the next discharge, which she ordered to be fired at once, she rushed with the knights in a mass to the very wall. The ladders in some places could scarcely find room to be planted, and there hand to hand were the com-

batants engaged.

None flinched or fought coldly. De Rays, though he seemed pale and wan when he came into the field, placed himself side by side with the maiden, and showed that he did not bear command without desert in courage. John of Orleans, La Hire, Xuntrailles, De Graville, De Guitry, De Coroaze, De Villars, Florent d'Illiers, Thibaut de Termes, the Admiral Louis de Culan, the Bourg of Mascaran, Nicole de Girême, each fought as though the day's honour should be his own; and many unnoted vied with them. Undannted amid the fire, Jean Pasquerel stood beside the maiden, or be-

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neath the ladder that she had mounted; and, though he struck no blow, he lifted high the cross, and called on the French to the attack; and in the midst of the war consoled the stricken and the dying.

Terrible was the storm which was poured upon the assailants; each trebuchet and sling on the towers had been well levelled for the defence of the walls; so that, even amid the smoke of the cannon, almost every stone and bolt told upon the French. The mallets and hatchets of the men on the walls struck strongly and unceasingly, and often by main force they seized on the ladders and hurled them backwards with their freight of warriors. The ditch was encumbered with the wounded, and at every fresh repulse the assault grew fainter and fainter.

"On! on!" still shouted Jeanne; "here I promise you victory. On! though it cost us the whole day, we must not turn back!" then, leaving for an instant the assault, she flew to the cannoncers, and bade them bend all their shot upon one point, so as to gain her an entrance to the bulwark.

Two such discharges were given, but they took time, and the mound only slightly crumbled at the top. Again her standard waved to the wall; but Glasdale himself stood to oppose her, right where the cannon had been directed, and which could not now be used against that point, lest friends as well as fore should perish by them.

Wearied and wounded, the French began to give way, and such as came to replace the stricken

paused on the brink of the ditch. In vain, for a time, Jeanne called to them, besought them: "The English shall gain nothing by their resistance," she exclaimed; "their hour is come!" For a moment she was left almost alone, De Rays and La Hire only fighting beside her, while the other leaders retired for fresh succours. Then, springing on her horse, which Louis des Contes held for her on the outer brink of the ditch, she rode round the three sides of the bulwark, to mark some place weaker than the rest.

"Come on here!" she shouted, as she thought she espied advantage, and, leaping from her saddle, she seized herself a ladder, and placed it once more against the wall.

At this moment an arrow cast by an engine, which had been pointed at her during her survey of the walls, but which the engineer had withheld until his aim could be made sure, struck her between the neck and the shoulder, its point passing through. She fell from the ladder, and lay for a moment insensible. A strange pause, almost of silence, first told the event; and then a shout from the English, loud, long, and full of triumph. Glasdaie himself rushed to that part of the wall and beheld her.

Then the English poured out in a body from their gate, and rushed to make sure of their scourge by imprisonment or death; but, as the first approached her, she recovered, and with her small hatchet struck him on his knee beside her. Itsing and leaning against the very wall of the bulwark, she struck upon those who surrounded her, fortunately guarded from the missiles above by the very number of those who attacked her. One knight hewed his way to her rescue, with strokes that each laid an enemy at his feet; and, at his example, others followed, surrounded, and drew her to the outside of the ditch.

He who came to her side was Jean de Gamache. "Take my horse," he cried, "noble maiden, and leave the field. I will be your guard, for in you rests our hope: forgive me that I ever thought otherwise."

"I have no malice now," she replied faintly, "nor ever could have against so brave and good a knight" With that she strove to rise, and avail herself of his proffered service, but she sank again upon his arm.

Again pealed a shout from the English on the walls, that told from battlement to battlement that they had won the day.

"Do not, do not take me from the fight," she cried faintly; "it will discourage the men; wave my standard over my head, and carry me on to the walls. Place my body but within them, and the good Orleannois will follow it and win."

"No! no! I will be obeyed now," said John of Orleans, who came to her side. "La Hire, hold the ground as well as you may firmly, that we may not be thrown into disorder. It has betailen as I feared; bring her away."

Gamache, who would not leave his charge, with Jean Pasquerel and Louis des Contes, bore her

back from the line into a field at a little distance to the south-east, the men looking on with such sorrow as they passed, as though they had lost their dearest relative, and some mourning aloud.

Laid upon the grass, her chaplain and her page disarmed her: D'Aulon approached for the same purpose. "Not you!" she called to him earnestly; "it is now that you must shew me that you love me; back, I charge you, in the name of Heaven, and speak from me to the soldiery, and keep them at their posts." He obeyed.

The extent of the wound was now visible to all; the arrow projected full half a foot at the back of the neck, and those who saw it, though skilless in surgery, looked wistfully at one another, as though there were little hope.

"I told you that I should need you," she said to Jean Pasquerel; "perhaps you must speak for me to those that may never hear my voice again."

Pierre d'Arc approached her, coming from another part of the battle-field; she held out her hand to him, and burst into tears. He knelt beside her, and raised her in his arms.

I too came up then, and forced my way nearest to the circle of the chiefs that surrounded her; in spite of all, I should have pressed to her side, and horne her blessing to those of Domreny, and mourned over her as even none there would have mourned; but her voice stayed me, and the look that accompanied it.

"Orleans shall not be lost, and the promises I have made you shall be kept," she said; "and see!

see! I am at peace: do not be troubled for me, for my trouble is past, whether I live or die. I will try what is to come;" and with that she broke the arrow with one effort at her back, and drew the remainder from the wound. The blood followed it, but her alarm appeared to be gone, and she looked on it with composure.

"Let us charm the wound," cried an old soldier from behind John of Orleans, and De Rays looked

cagerly for her reply.

"Such charms are sin!" cried the maiden; "learn this of me, to die rather than to resort to them."

"Expect you then death?" asked John of Orleans.

"As all do," she said; "it will come one day; but when, where, or how, is not revealed to me; bring me cure if you have it to offer innocently, for indeed I would live."

By this time some approached with such means of stanching the blood as haste and ignorance could devise. "Here is olive oil," cried one, tendering it as a specific, while another brought land spread on linen. She submitted to their applications, and then requested all but her confessor to leave her a little apart. All reverently retired out of hearing, forming still a circle at that distance, and glancing with an honester interest than that of curiosity towards her, as she knelt before Jean Pusquerel, and breathing the freer each time that they saw she was still alive, and able to remain in that posture.

I was too deeply moved to affect decorum; in spite of rebukes, I could bend my eyes no other way; and I beheld the tears streaming down her cheeks at his words of affectionate consolation, and sometimes as she herself spoke, and I could well guess of whom.

In one spot apart from the rest, John of Orleans held, with La Hire, De Rays; and the other leaders, brief conversation; then each of his companions repaired to his several quarter, he alone remaining near; and as Jeanne rose from her posture of penitence, the sound of retreat from a French trumpet struck upon her ear. She looked around, and, seeing the Bastard, enfeebled as she was, she rushed to his side.

"Silence that trumpet, in the name of Heaven!" she said; "what, because I have shared the fate of so many braver and abler, will you, brave as you are, the boast of France, will you go back from the

English ?"

"It is not you alone who are struck," said John of Orleans, mournfully; "this day has cost us many lives; one who survived Azincourt and Verneuil lies there before us, the castellan of Baddefol, Richard de Gontaut; show me a hope, and I will not yield it, but even those who trust you most will not keep the ladders. We must back, and thankfully, that we have yet enough to hold Orleans."

"I charge you to remain, at least to let such as will stay with me remain," cried the maiden; "look, John of Orleans, I pray it of you on my knees. You are too noble to reproach me now,

but I know what you think; you told me that the fate of this day lay upon my head. It does. I do not shrink from it now, but let it be tried still. Brave Bastard! if you had made such a promise as I have to you, and to the poor people, and knew and saw now that it would be kept, and you came to tell me as much on your very soul's safety as I speak to you, I would die by your side before I would abandon you. Even now my Voices have cheered and comforted me, and urged me on again. I swear to you that there is more than hope, there is certainty; you do not know how my blood thrills, and my heart bounds, and joy leaps in my brain, when I hear that sound. Look you, where is my wound now?"

"They will not even follow you," said John of Orleans.

"Give them breath, give them repose, let them retire for a moment; cat and drink, noble John of Orleans, and refresh yourself with the leaders but for a short half hour. Ah, Nicole de Giréme, now you can indeed save me," she cried to him, as he approached her; "heed not my wound or my health, all will be well. Away with you, back into Orleans, summon all that can bear arms without leaving the walls defenceless, and when you see from the Belle Croix that my standard touches the wall of the bulwark, come on across the bridge, and heap fire against the outwork of the Tourelles on that side, and strike hardly amid the flame, as for the last chance of Orleans, for all shall be well if we be but brave and do our duty."

At this time, D'Aulon with others of the chiefs came up as in order of retreat, "Hold you my standard!" she said to Louis des Contes; "friends, we must not go back, for I tell you of a surety that when it touches the wall of the bulwark, the day is our's, the Tourelles are won! La Hire—brave D'Illiers—all of you, ask with me of John of Orleans not yet to surrender the field. One blow more for honour! for France! I charge you in the King's power! I charge you by the truth of Heaven itself; one more assault!"

"Let all go back who will," exclaimed Jean de Gamache, "my bones shall be laid beside your's here, if none else will contest the honour!"

"One more assault, at least," cried La Hire.

"Refresh yourselves, and wait for me but half an hour! I will be with you well and ready," said she, in a calm and cheerful voice. As though unhurt, she sprang into the saddle of her horse, and waving her hand, as if to forbid attendance, rode into a vineyard at a little distance, and there for somewhat more than a quarter of an hour remained in carnest prayer.

Although the retreat was countermanded, the ominous trumpet sounds still haunted the ears of the soldiery, and the temporary absence of the maiden dispirited them. D'Aulon went from rank to rank, cheering them as well to be might, while the other leaders reposed and ate. He looked anxiously from time to time towards the vineyard, for he dreaded the coldness of further delay.

He had heard the words of Jeanne delivered in

the carnestness of prophecy, that, when the standard should touch the bulwark, the Tourellea should be won; many bul heard them with him He knew that the beloved standard itself carned forward would rally whatever of vigour and energy remained in the French runks.

First he made for the shore, where a boat, laden by his orders, awaited his commands for being loosed to the tide, so that it might drift down to the small arch on which lay the drawbridge which joined the Tourelles to the bulwark. "When the standard of the maiden touches the bulwark," said he to those appointed to guard it, "cast off the rope, and, as it comes to the arch, on which the current sets strongly, fire into it your burning arrows well and steadily." He then returned to Louis des Contes, taking with him a brave and veteran soldier, a Basque noted for his strength and presence of mind.

"Give me the standard, boy," said he to the page, "you are weary, as you well may be, and we

must do the work of men with it."

"It was given to me by Jeanne herself," and Louis, withholding it.

"Am I not the master of her household?" usked D'Aulon. "The standard, quick, boy! it is to save her the need of again exposing herself, weak and wounded as she is."

"That may be, but it is my trust!" replied Louis; "she will ask it of me."

"I will take it from thee by force," and D'Aulon; "yield, sirrali, at my word!" With that

he took it from his unwilling grasp and gave it to the Basque, "Now wilt thou follow me, step by step, Basque?" he said to him; "I will take my target to cover us from their weapons, and the standard shall touch the bulwark, and work at least such wonders as French valour can accomplish and the belief in the maiden's prophecy."

As the standard moved nearer to the entrenchment, those who had followed Jeanne sprung from their lusty meal upon their legs, and the bravest of the chiefs pressed onward to be ready for the ascoult. "Look you! look you!" cried Jean de Gamache to Guy de Cailly, the lord of Checy, who was watching with him in the immediate neighbourhood of the vineyard to guard Jeanne against either danger or interruption, "the standard moves to the bulwark, and hark, the people shout !"

" Away, away to the maiden!" cried Guy de

Cailly, and they rode right to the vineyard.

It was a strange contrast that they there beheld from the tumult on the other side, "See! see!" said Jean de Gamache, almost in a whisper, "what a brightness is on her face! should we now speak with her? As I live, she bath the Voices in her company of which she speaks!"

"That shout has awakened her; she rises from her knees," said Guy de Cailly. " Jeanne : Jeanne :

the standard moves towards the bulwark !"

"Then on! on! to its succour!" shouted Jeanne, with an animation even beyond her usual energy. "The Tourelles must be won now, or a "is lost!" Mounting her own horse, she rode at full speed to the ditch, passing even those who were near to it before.

"They have moved too soon," she murmured, almost in despair. "Ho! my standard! my standard!" she cried to the Basque, who was on the border of the ditch, and who at her voice paused and hesitated. D'Aulon had nearly guined the other side. "Basque! Basque! is it thus you keep your word? on! on!" Jeanne had seized the standard. "Not yet! not yet!" she cried; "there is no sign from the Belle Croix; all is not ready."

The English, amazed at the contention, gazed wonderingly on the disputants, asking each other whether she made the signal to them of truce or parley.

"She hesitates! she will not fight," cried Poinings to Glazdale; but at that instant the Basque made an effort to follow D'Aulon, and she suffered the standard to escape from her hold.

"On! on!" now she cried, "I see the white cross, Nicole de Giréme is ready. Ludders to the walls! On! on! Orleannois, on to victory!"

Two or three switt and terrible discharges came from the English cannon and engines, and then their shot slackened.

"It is plain that their ammunition was almost expended," said John of Orkans, "and well for us that it is. D'Aulon has been too hasty, he did not hear her word to Nicole de Girème, and the Knight of St. John is scarcely ready for us yet. Stand firm, men! knights, push on hardily! give

us but time, and the maiden's prophecy shall be accomplished."

The least believing trusted the word of the Bastard of Orleans, and followed him to the standard of Jeanne, which she now bore herself upon the wall, on which D'Aulon, Gamache. Novelompont, Pierre, and Poulengy, made good her stand, fighting in advance of her as well as they could against the desperate efforts of the English. Such of whom as had expended their missiles now pressed forward with their bills and mallets to the contest on the wall.

Mattre Jean and his son watched those advancing from the boulevard of the Belle Croix on the bridge. "They will not be able to pass the broken arches, boy!" said be, in despair.

"They have already passed the one near our own fort," said his son.

"Ay! ay! one arch, that is easy—but these two that the English have broken down near this end of the bridge, before their own outwork."

"Look, look, father! what is that they are laying across? the fire of the burning arrows will hardly let me see."

"It is an oak gutter from the houses, something they have torn down in haste," said Maitre Jean, "but it is too short!"

"Ha! ha! they are piecing it!" shouted the boy.
"It is a desperate bridge," said his father.

"Look at that man climbing down underneath! don't you know him? it is Maitre Huguel, the carpenter; they are handing him a long pole; look

what a capital prop he makes of it! Now they shoot again! and look! look! almost as fast as the darts fly, there comes that Knight of St. John after them, right up to the English bulwark on the bridge. What a blaze of torches! and look at the fagots they are bringing up! They'll roast the rascally Londons in their shell, if they won't turn out, like ovsters!"

"It is time to mind our own business, boy," said the gunner; "look how beautifully that boat of Messire D'Aulon's floats down the narrow channel, here between the Isle aux Tuiles and this shore, bearing right for the drawbridge between the Tourelles and the bulwark on this side. Now, my brave lad, for your shot; aim well, my dear fellow, for the glory shall be your's; you'll live longer to talk of it than your father, and so it will be of more use to you. They've fired those blazing arrows well into her; she's on fire now, burning away right under the drawbridge."

"Look what a fire they've made on the other side," cried the boy; "where is the maiden now, father?"

"Don't you see her standard between the red sky of the setting sun and ourselves?—she presses them in the outwork; you can see that she gains step by step towards the Tourelles themselves. Now on, on she goes! Glasdale must be retreating into the main fort, either to defend that as a last hope, or else to oppose Nicole de Girème and his people on the other side; look, they press on the bridge, boy—now ready!"

"Hold! hold! Glasdale! surrender!" called Jeanne in a piercing voice, as Glasdale and his followers returned to the now half-burning drawbridge. "I have great pity for your soul, for the souls of your people. I will spare you; you have called me strumpet, but I forgive you; you shall have quarter—surrender!"

"Ha! ha! come on, and take me if you can!" cried Glasdale, but a terrible explosion drowned his voice; several pounds of powder in the burning boat exploded, and a great part of the drawbridge was shivered into atoms, and those on it were hurled into the river below. On one tottering support of stone he and two others still stood; he looked round to spring into the gateway, which was opened to receive him, but on the instant a shot from the culverin struck his standing-place, and the last of those who had defended the bulwark were plunged with him amid the ruins.

A pause of a few seconds followed as still as death itself, and then came a shout from the French side, long and loud, ringing in the air, and against the walls of the Tourelles, so that you could feel the waves of the voice filling and trembling in your ears. One scarcely less eager answered from the other side, and, with the blaze that poured above and around the lofty towers, told the French that the other outwork was also won or destroyed.

At length the shouts ceased, and planks were brought to form anew the destroyed passage to the towers, covering from the view the ruins and the dead, on which Jeanne's eyes had been fixed, the tears pouring down from them upon her cheeks, while Jean Pasquerel by her side lifted the cross over the perishing. The infuriated soldiery rushed past her into the archway, and the English, panic-stricken by the loss of their leader, fell an easy prey.

"It can be but sorcery or something more terrible that could conquer Glasdale in this fort," cried a dying English soldier, and he spoke the mind of many of his fellows; the standard gleamed before the archway, and they looked on it in dismay

and despair.

But it was to many a safeguard and a refuge when no other availed. "Ha! they slay their defenceless foes!" cried the maiden, awaking from her grief at the cry of death within the fort; "quick, Jean Pasquerel, ascend you one tower, while I search through the other. Pardon! ransom! quarter! pity!" she called, as she ran from stage to stage of the lofty eastern tower, staying in every room some merciless act of death.

In this task she encountered Nicole de Girême; one press of the hand was all the time allowed of thanks or congratulation. He joined her at once in her task. John of Orleans and the other leaders seconded them when all was securely won. She gained the roof, and the people of Orleans saw in the last red streaks of the evening her standard floating above the Tourelles. She descended: sol-

diers, citizens, prisoners, assembled round her, and the people of Orleans poured out from the southern gate of the city, to meet the maiden as she passed across the bridge accomplishing the morning's promise.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GREAT as had been the triumph of the day, the citizens of Orleans abstained for the moment from rejoicing when they heard of the wound that Jeanne had received.

John of Orleans, Gamache, and many of the chiefs, accompanied the maiden to the treasurer's house, not to share in her honours, but to assure themselves of her safety. The surgeon, whose attendance D'Aulon had instantly required, admitted that the hurt was severe, but trusted that some days of weakness and repose would be its only consequence, and it was not till he was so assured that the gallant John of Orleans left her to the care of her more immediate friends.

The temperance of her habit, which, even after that day of fatigue, she could in no manner be brought to transgress, was another warrant for her recovery, and before she retired to her bed she herself dismissed the people, who anxiously crowded the street, though they awaited the news in respectful and considerate silence, with thanks and words of trust in her own safety.

Except the watch upon the walls, the city slept in profound tranquillity, save where the congratulations for honours won, or the lament over friends lost, made the evening late in mirth, or the night wakeful in despair. Strangely mingled were the wassail and the lament, and sudden were the changes which good feeling and sympathy wrought from the one to the other; but it is so ever when the great tide of life is swollen by a tempest-it bears, in its course of seeming blindness, riches and destruction together. From door to door walked the ministering priesthood, now more than ever the friends of those they taught, for the death around them had made men think, and the fathers were regarded too as the especial assistants of her who had delivered them, and whose name that night sounded in praise and gratitude from every tongue in Orleans.

Those who watched towards the north and west, the only quarters of the city now invested by the English, saw with interest, and sometimes almost with alarm, the movement in the English host, which the clear startight allowed them to trace. Small bodies as escorts hurried from one entrenchment to another, and sometimes the movement of lights denoted activity as well as watchfulness.

"Tut! we have nothing to expect from them," said Philippe the soldier in relieving guard to those who recommended to him great care. "I never sleep on my post, or shut my cars or my eyes; but Talbot is not the man to let us find him out easily by either if he meant to attack us by night. It

seems to me they must be as tired at least of the war as we are, so sleep in peace till the morning, and then perhaps we may make another day of it."

But the next morning was Sunday, and for that, not for pain of her wound or for fatigue, Jeanne rose unarmed.

"God's holy days," said she, "are great mercies to those who only toil; the poor have one day as free and happy as the rich, if they are wise enough to claim it; but when it is a respite from cruelty, when it stays death, pain, and weeping for those we love, I for one will use it in peace, and with earnest thanks."

Such tranquility appeared not to be permitted to her, for even John of Orleans came to seek her.

"The English," said he, "are pouring from their hastilles, and forming in order of battle; their lines reach to our very walls. I know not whether they mean to attempt a revenge for their losses, and to carry the city, as we have taken their forts, but it behaves us at least to be well prepared. I have no councils now apart from your's, Jeanne, for after what we have witnessed together, I say with you, that a higher hand than our's is in it, and I will do as you direct; give me but your thoughts quickly, for our soldiery will not be restrained, but pour in numbers from the gates, impatient of all control, and burning to engage in open field."

"Not to-day. D'Aulon! go at once to them from me! Stay! I cannot, perhaps, carry my armour; nor shall I need it, as I hope. Have you no light coat of mail that I may put on at once, and that will not fever my wound?"

"Go at once for that Italian hauberk which the king gave me; it came from Genoa, and is as light as a silken doublet," said John of Orleans to

one of his esquires.

"It is next in joy to me to the people's safety, and the Dauphin's weal, to hear you speak as you have spoken to me, noble Bastard! I thank you, but there are better thanks than mine. 'Take them yet, for you rejoice me, and there is some need of happiness in such bitter strife. We must do our duty; let us go forth ready and fit for battle, if battle be forced upon us; but let us go as Heaven's soldiers should, not offering or seeking it this day. If they dure to outrage the truce commanded to the whole world, doubt not He who made it is strong enough to keep or to avenge it. Let my horse be brought to the porch, Louis, and fear not for me to-day, for whoseever this day should fall, should die as a martyr happily."

The other chiefs, those who had disputed as well as those who had always owned her authority, crowded to her chamber. "The people wait you without," said La Hire, "though they shout not as they used, lest they should disturb you; for none but De Rays, and some hotheaded followers, will leave Orleans to-day, without your command; and if you bid them, Suffolk and Talhot will have use for their fine array; and a fine array it is, it must be owned. By my leading-staff, they stand as proudly on our fields as though they were their own, and

neither man, saint, nor devil, could disposees them."

"They shall see that we do not fear them; they shall see why we do not fear them; they shall see what we do fear," said Jeanne, with all her energy. She then approached the window, and threw it open; "Good morrow, friends!" said she to the thick crowd below. "The English threaten to disturb us, if we worship Heaven here; let us see what they will dare to do in the field."

A shout of gladness both welcomed and replied to her; and from that time mirth and joven pleasantry sounded from one end of the long line to the other. "She is safe!" "She is well!" "She will be with us!" passed from each to the other, and all prepared for the expected struggle as for a festival. The light armour was brought, and, as she put it on, she spoke to Jean Pasquerel calmly and humbly.

"Let us place our altar in the fields, and see if they will venture to shed blood upon it. I had given this day to peace and to prayer, and I will so dedicate it still. The bulwark we will build around us this day is one through which mortal will cannot break; come forth, and let us show that we can trust it."

Soon armed in the shirt of mail, the descended to the porch, mounted her horse, and then rode at once, her standard in her hand, to the Renard Gate; but she made a sign for a moment to keep it closed, and waved the standard as for silence.

" Let none strike or move but at my word," she

called aloud; "follow me orderly and calmly along the line of the walls to the north. Friends, pass the word along; obey your leaders, as if I could speak to all by them; if you are assailed, strike hardily; for I promise you, in the name of Heaven, that you shall not strike in vain; but if not, not a blow, not even a word of reproach. It is the Holy Sunday. Yesterday we vanquished them in war; to-day we will brave them in peace. Blood, sin, and discomfiture shall be upon them, if they break it."

By this time, Jean Pasquerel and his attendant ministers approached with such hasty preparations for the service she had commanded as they could make; and they were not niggardly provided; for all, ecclesiastic and lay, were proud to devote whatever they would accept. The solemn chant, the banner of Jean Pasquerel, which had led the succour to Orleans, headed the march from its walls.

The gate was thrown open; and the English were amazed and awe-struck at the unwonted sally, and the fatal remembrance that it brought. They kept their ranks in dogged or in martial silence, glaring with rage that was only withheld by discipline, and, perhaps, by a thrill of supernatural terror, on the line of priests and warriors that passed in equal but more joyful silence almost beside them. They moved not an inch of ground; but Jeanne, with her banner, followed by her own companions, the leaders with their several corps, Ste. Severe, De Coulouces, De Coroaze, La Hire, Xantrailles, and many whose names are consecrated in the affections of France, passed slowly and orderly by them,

till they came to a more open space. Here De Rays too joined them, for he, though he had ventured to observe had not struck a blow, but awaited her arrival, withheld from any personal adventure

by the numbers and mien of the enemy.

Jeanne indicated to Pasquerel a place for the altar, and then glanced quickly round upon the disposition of the English, and upon her own position. A few words with Ste. Severe and La Hire served to explain her thoughts; a square phalanx of foot was posted in the centre, where Jeanue herself, with some of the bravest chivalry, were ready to support them; the wings of archers, with the rest of the cavalry, took their places on each side under the walls, commanded by Ste. Severe and De Rays, and extended the whole way between the Renard Gate and that of Paris, on the north of the town, so as to be apt for succour from within, or ready, if needful, for retreat.

Suffolk, Talbot, and Scales, were seen passing from line to line, and each army expected the combat, which appeared to be inevitable; the machines and cannon on the walls were charged ready to play over the heads of the French upon the enemy; and it seemed as if the couching of a single lance, the sound of one culverin, the waving of one leader's hand, would unchain all the fury and might of the opposing hosts.

"Remember my words, and sound them agned from one to another," cried Jeanne from the centre, where, seen by all the army, she stood with her standard by the altar. "This day we are balden to worship; we will do so fearlessly. Let those who think they are strong enough to strive with Heaven strike if they may. Let them do so, and they shall fall as helplessly as withered leaves. But let us pray that this day we may be unstained with their blood as with our own. Peace, love, mercy to all?"

A murmur repeated her words as nearly as it might along the ranks; the chant pealed out aloud, and, in a moment, all the French were prostrate before the alter.

Many a hardy Englishman quaited, as the sacred elements were twice lifted above the heads of the adoring multitude, and the orders of their chiefs were given in a reverent low voice. Talbot knew well that the army that did not fear thus to kneel in the face of its foe, would accept death as a greater boon than earthly triumph; and that the best he could hope would be the slaughter of man for man; and in that the annihilation of his own army with their's. The French heard the sound of the English clarions, the tramp of their march, without a movement; they awaited firmly one voice ready faithfully to obey it. That voice spoke not till the second mass was concluded.

"Are their faces towards us now?" cried

Jeanne, raising herself from the ground.

"They retreat," was the reply from many voices.
"May we not pursue?" asked nearly as many, whom even the rites of religion could not teach forgiveness of their oppressors.

"No! no!" cried the maiden, "they depart! let them go in peace! If you attack them, I vol. III.

bear back my standard; I am not with you; for Heaven is against you; let them depart. Were you, as I was yesterday, on the brink of death, would you not spare them to-day?"

The people were abashed and silent. "Come," she said to them, "let us return into the city, and render thanks that it is freed; we can do so now, without fear, without hindrance!" By all but a very few she was obeyed; for though La Hire and others of the chiefs afterwards hung upon the rear of those who retreated to watch their motions, and give an account of their destination, yet they showed no example of insuborduation now, but accompanied the slow, calm murch of the soldiers and citizens to the gates of the town.

A strange sight was it to behold the two divisions of the English army: that under Talbot taking the road by the west to Meun, and that under Suffolk the eastern one to Jergeau, marching with little interruption, and with none that they deigned to resent, or even remark, in the prosence of their hitherto victorious foes; pursuing, with equal tranquility, their return to the delivered city; and it was stranger still to feel that all this peace appeared but as the will of one young maiden, or rather as the exercise of the wondrous power intrusted to her.

The great and solemn rejoicings of the morning had neither loss nor woe to blend with them: fit triumph of the Sabbath! But their duties zerolously paid, the good people gave themselves up to mirthful festivity. They took sportive possession of the forts erected to oppress them; and finding

in them much to alleviate the still unsupplied wants of the poorer townsmen, some made gay processions with the spoil, bringing it into the town; while others wreaked a harmless vengeance on the hitherto terrible forts, levelling, amid unceasing shouts of delight, the formidable entrenchments with the ground.

While we were merrily employed in this harmless muchief, a shout of laughter was heard, from the road of Meun, and, turning towards it, we saw a man riding on the brawny shoulders of a priest, whom, much against his will, he guided towards us. "It is the Bourg de Bar! Vive the noble Bourg de Bar!" cried one who knew him, and the shout was directly answered by many others.

"Give me hammer and file, or use them for me," said the rider; " for, till I get rid of this chain to my lega, I must still trouble this reverend father to carry me. Let him not escape though, for the worthy Augustin is confessor to the English Talbot, and had, indeed, the care of me as his prisoner; but, when I found that the siege was raised, and the English were worsted, I thought it useless to follow such losing gamesters; so, being by ourselves, as I could not well walk the road without assistance, and then too slowly to keep up with the English, I thought we might do as well to change places, for I had played prisoner long enough; and the worthy father, seeing he could do no better, with the help of an admonishing cuff or two, took me on his back; and, by my carefully keeping him in the right road, has brought me back to Orleans;

where I will strive to take as good care of him, as he hath of me."

The Augustin was not the only prisoner taken from the English; but if they were not captured so mirthfully, they were now treated as kindly; and brought rather as hostages than as enemies into the city.

As soon as Jeanne had visited the Ste. Croix, and in some degree satisfied the people, whose congratulations and thanks greeted her to the relief of their own hearts, and almost to the pain of her's, she found assembled at Jacques Boucher's the few whom she had admitted to her confidence and friendship. There, resting on a couch, to relieve the stiffness of her wound, which else she little regarded, she drew the circle round her, and, perhaps, for the first time for years, tasted of unmingled joy, in feeling that she had some power to bestow it on the worthy. All stood affectionately silent, watching rather than addressing her, save such attentions as Machane Boucher, and her daughter, and Marie, could shew.

They seemed to wait her words almost with as much reverence as interest.

"To you, noble Knight," she said to Nicole de Girème, "I have no thanks to offer that are worth your accepting; you have fought for a nobler purpose than to save a silly girl, who, but for the authority which is none of her own, should willingly as properly have been but as your vassal, but I have the right at least, by the Dauphin's commission, to speak his thanks; and I tell you, even in a greater name, that you have done well for France; which knowledge, doubtless, it in your

heart as well as in mine, for you bear not that hely sign upon your breast in vain. Live and prosper in your worthy honours, and remember me, if it so please you, as one that gratefully prays for you."

"It shall be the noblest remembrance of my life," said the knight, "that I have fought by your side to the end, and trusted you from the beginning."

Why dwell on the many kindnesses which filled the rest of the day, and which were felt so much more deeply than they were told in words. Jean de Gamache, though he determined to rejoin her whenever she should resume command, did not attempt to conceal how much he was affected at quitting her now.

To Novelompont and Poulengy she was more kind than ever, speaking to them a thousand expressions of gratitude, and taking blame to herself that she had so little thanked them before. "But mark you," said she, " how many good and kind friends I have now, and this is a gift of your's, who led me from Vaucouleurs to the Dauphin; our venture has been one. Your praise, noble D'Aulon," she addressed him, " must come from him who placed me under your wise and honourable guidance. Father Jean Pasquerel, you shall have much more good to do for me, which is all that you ocek from any. Pierre shall tell me what he wishes when we are alone; my services are not things sold; that, he well knows, would be a sacrilege; but he has done worthily, and of that I may speak, And how shall I leave you, my kind host and hostess? And you, Charlotte! I have nothing to give you for all

your kindness; not even a remembrance, but my arms, and those I must not purt with yet. What will you have of me that you may not quite forget me?"

"That we shall never do," exclaimed Madame Boucher. "What do not this girl and I owe to you? what does not every mother and daughter in Orleans?

"And every father, too," said Jacques Boucher very earnestly and affectionately; "I joined with them somewhat ignorantly, not to thwart but to amuse you yesterday morning; it was on my conscience, and now I have told you of it."

"Did I not know it then?" said Jeanne with a smile; "but I should forgive you, even if you had been armed against me, like the lord of Gaucourt; but what am I to give you?—Charlotte, reach me that hat and feathers." And the girl gave her the blue satin cap, plumed richly, which Jeanne usually wore when she did not need her helmet.

"It has been too roughly worn for a woman to be vain of it," said Jeanne, putting it on Charlotte's head; "but your good fellow-citizenslove it: perhaps it is not fit for your other woman's gear; but put it on now and then, and think of your friend who wore it; not because she liked to play the man, but hecause the time called for men, and men's deeds. Ha! ha! if I look no bolder than thou dost in such a tire, I marvel that the English run away from me. You must have my armour, too, for that, Charlotte." And she pulled the blushing girl to

her breast, abashed as she was at the smiles of the noble and warlike party.

**And now let me repose," said Jeanne, "since there is no more to do — thank Heaven, no more to do here! And may the rest be a work as peaceful as this day's! and the surgeon says that I need rest, though I fiel no such need now — none, none — that the English are gone, and that my word has been kept for me; but I will obey him; Marie, will you give me your arm? nay, I do not need you, Charlotte, or any one else; come to me presently."

Marie led her from the room towards her chamber. "Methinks I have but very little need of your help," said Jeanne, springing guily from her companion, as soon as the door was closed; "but I do wish to apeak with you. Come on into the room, for I do not know whether you ought to hear what I say; and I am sure no other should."

They entered the chamber, and Jeanne, still half smiling, laid herself down as to rest. "Draw the curtains," she said, in the same manner, "for the light may offend either my eyes or your's; we can talk in the dusk. I could not," she continued very tenderly, "part from you without a moment's speech, for I think you looked to me for a word you did not choose to ask for. There is one who loves you in this house, Marie; you know it, I suppose: I only let you know that I know it too; but he is beneath you, much beneath you in birth; and such things make strange differences in alliance. Do not start or tremble. It is not for me to play the grave matron. Ah, dear girl! but for these

miseries that make us think of nothing else, and the task which is put upon me, which is my very life, why should not I have looked for joy where others do? My heart is no harder than your own, Marie. Pierre loves you, and perhaps he is prosumptuous for so doing — well, then, he is not, if you choose, but you must think one or the other; and, perhaps, you will tell me which; not for his sake! I can keep secrets, Marie, though some of the leaders would not believe it; but find some way to let me know for your own. You have shewn us that you would not marry this La Jaille."

"Oh, no, no! never, never!" exclaimed Marie.

"Aha! that is plain enough," replied Jeanne;
"yet Orleans is delivered, and the Dauphin's, and
even La Tremouille's authority, may prevail there
now."

"I would fly further, further," said Marie," unless you--"

"Ah! I know not what I am," replied Jeanne, "and I say again to you what I said to Pierre: what I have done, or may do, is not mine to traffic with—it is a free service, a mission that looks but for one reward, and that, Marie, is not here: what Pierre may do to raise his low estate must be your hope; and, perhaps, this, that I dare say to the Dauphin, that it is not well done to force you to wed one whom you love not, and that, perhaps, he will believe me when I say so; and, if he be in one of his noble moods—for such he has—he may check La Tremouille, and save you. But it must be his deed, of his own justice, as due from a

sovereign to a subject. To ask it for Pierre's sake would be a bribe to myself, which neither you nor he would have me sell my appointed work for. But shall I strive in that I may, lawfully and justly, to help my brother in the ambition which has you for its object; or shall I check it betimes? I do not know what I ought to say to you about your rank, and your birth, your estates."

"Ah! I have none now - none, or but so little that I am scarcely above him in that," exclaimed

Marie.

"And I will take that for my answer, without pressing you further, dear Marie; and if, at last, noble, honest, prudent people should say that you would do yourself no wrong to accept the hand of Pierre d'Arc, why then, I will say too, 'Take it,' and till then I will try to do my duty to both of you, to all of us, and as kindly, too, as I can."

"May I call you sister?" said Marie with en-

thusiaem.

"If you will, and with much joy to me too," said Jeanne, "and call me so now and always, for I know not what is in store for me. I have been accustomed, Marie, to see the future as clearly as the present time; to know what will happen, even for years before; and now my sight shortens as with my work: I only know that I must lead the Dauphin to Rheims, to be crowned, and what shall come after that is dark to me. I do not grieve at it. I am only then like my fellow-creatures; but it is that I have been used to know more, and sometimes I think — but no matter: what have I usked,

or sought, or prayed for, but that which ends all? Yet call me sister, Marie, henceforth, when we are alone, if not in Pierre's presence; for it seems to assure me of something for him and you; whether I am to tread our valleys again or not, or whether I may ever sit beside my mother, and talk with my father and my sister, and my other dear brothers, and let them see that I am still their Jeannette: oh, more! more than ever, for I should be their's only then I"

Her voice faltered, and she paused. "There, dear sister," she resumed, bending her head down to her own and kissing her. "I understand all now — you may leave me, for I think I shall rest, or other visitants shall take all this foolish sadness from me."

Feeling no inconvenience from her wound, sufficient to delay the journey she was impatient to make, Jeanne rose on the morning of Monday (it was now the 9th of May) with her accustomed alacrity, and the preparations were soon made for her departure. John of Orleans and all the chiefs came to bid her farewell, and joined with her heartily in the hope that she might be enabled to rouse the king, and enforce upon his ministers plans of energy and action. No longer fearful of the boldness of her enterprizes, each was ambitious to share in her glory, and trusted to her leading for the advancement of his fame.

De Rays was chosen to accompany her at his own earnest desire. It was not alone that he wished to prevent any unfavourable impression

which the relation of his conduct might make upon the king, but he had conceived strange notions of her power, and wished to observe its cause, that he might gain some means of participating in it. "None but fools," said he, "doubt that there are means to control the spirits that wait around us: she hath the secret, and she uses it bravely — let it be mine, and I should no more fear than she does; but I should better serve myself; such might should not be second, even to the king's." She frankly accepted his company, for she had no deceit or stratagem to fear; and she meant only to speak of the past, so far as to prevent disaster for the future.

But all the adherence of the leaders was little to the affectionate gratitude of the people. They hung around her, and stayed her horse when she had mounted. The way was short to the Renard Gate, through which she departed for Blois, but it was long before she could pass it. "You have saved our lives, our honour!" cried many voices; "all that we have is your's," " Our children bless you for their safety," cried others. " Remain with us, and take part in our fortunes." " Share our joy, as you have shared our dangers." Every exclamation that their devoted love could devise was poured unceasingly in her cars. They presed to kiss her hands, and her very garments, and many grieved at her departure as at that of a dear sister. They accompanied her on the road, so that with difficulty she could dismiss them, but at length she put spurs to her horse.

"I go," she said, "to rejoice the Dauphin's heart with the story of what has been done, and to tell him what true subjects he has in Orleans; farewell, good friends, and pay all honour to God alone; I merit none. All that I have done for you has been to obey commands I should have been most wicked to resist. Remember me but as a poor maiden who wished you well."

"Our's, the Maid of Orleans!" shouted one, and all the voices re-echoed it. "Farewell to the Maid of Orleans!" they repeated again and aguin, and

with this true title of honour she departed.

CHAPTER XXV.

In three days afterwards, Jennne stood before her sovereign on the terrace of Loches.

The news of her triumphs had preceded her, and she was ushered to the king amid the homage of her enemies. La Tremouille himself led her through the apartments of the palace to that small but beautiful walk, where, inaccessible to all, yet viewing his rich domain for many miles, Charles was wont to take his familiar recreation.

Jeanne threw herself at his feet, but Charles

promptly and affectionately raised her.

"You have made me, indeed, a king," said he.
"I feel now that this broad and beautiful expanse
is, indeed, my dominion, secure from the assaults
of my foes, a happy asylum for my subjects."

"And all France shall soon be so, noble Dauphin!" was her reply; "if you will, indeed, believe

in my promises."

"I shall doubt them no more, Jeanne," answered the king; "nor, indeed, have I ever doubted them; but my power, such as it is, a wreck, a ruin of the mighty dominion of France, is scarcely yet

my own. You have done much to place it within my grasp, and, when it is there, you shall see how a king can thank you. Now I have little more than promises even for you."

"Promise me then at once to go to Rheims, sire," cried the maiden. "Take your crown and wear it, not for my sake, but for that of your

people."

"I will be a parent to them when I am indeed their lord," said the king; "it is strange that the first gleam of fortune serves most to show me what I have been - the sport of all who pretended a power to serve, but, indeed, used it to enslave me. I have been made the unwilling spectator of a murder that lost me half my followers, and men have called me an accomplice in it. I have seen my own servants, true or false, still kinder to me than those who hated them, slain before my face. I have been pursued and besieged by my own avowed vassals; even their successes, few and more as they have been, have only enchained me the more surely. Jeanne, you have fought for France and for me; let me but escape from my needs, and my first use of wealth and power shall be to give both where they are due."

"I have nothing to desire, noble Dauphin," replied the maden, in a tone of consolation that quite forgot the dignity of him whom she addressed, for she saw that he was moved; "live and reign happily, and we shall know of it, and your glory will be our's, and we shall be happy in our poace, and the ancient rule of our own kings, and, for all else, pay you the honour where you know it to be due, for if it be not Heaven's, and Heaven's alone, I am but a cheat and a blasphemer."

This is no tale of feasts and banquetings, such as Jeanne herself might witness in duty, but could hardly be said to join. I pass the revels of the court, though they had more truth of joy in them than such shows ordinarily can boast, and though all paid homage, spontaneous or unwilling, to the Maiden of Orleans.

Such luxuries, or even the honourable repose that tempted her at Loches, were no pitfalls in the way of her career; she saw its promised duration, she counted the minutes of her appointed service for the needs of her sovereign and her country. In halls of gaiety she was abstracted and sad, roused in a moment to kindness, or to pleasant courtesy, yet relapsing again into thought—the one thought of what was yet to be done.

"Rheims! Rheims! Rheims!" was the word she spoke and echoed to the Dauphin, and all his counsellors. "Rheims! and let the feasting come when the Dauphin sits a crowned king on the throne of his fathers."

Even Charles became sad and stern, too, in purpose, when he listened to her; but need and expedience, the will of others, and the habit of yielding to it, surrounded him; he wished, and sometimes urged, but his energy was soon spent against its mean and irritating obstacles.

Days passed, and the constant promises of decision were repeated, and evaded again and again.

John of Orleans had arrived at the court with most of the leaders, after an unsuccessful attempt upon Jergeau; they were eager for action, but Jenne pursued Charles and his advisers with unrelenting energy. Every circumstance, even the enthusiastic attachment of the people, and the honours they rendered her, stimulated instead of lulling her.

"I have done nothing for you yet," was her constant reply, "and even when I have, attribute it not to me."

"It is painful," she observed to D'Aufon, who rode with her to the palace, "that they will pay me a homage which I know is not mine; but can I drive them unkindly away from me? May I not even receive their love? Nay, dear friends, I wish I had hands for all of you to press, for you must not kiss my garments—see, D'Aulon, my very horse's hoofs! It is idolatry and folly, good people, so saith Mattre Pierre de Versailles; he reproved me the other day on your account; but I told him I knew not how to prevent it, unless Heaven itself would do so for me, for I could not repel your love; yet for my sake, for your own souls' sake, pay not to me a reverence which is due only to the blesseed who have run their race."

"It is, indeed, a wondrous honour that they pay you," said D'Aulon.

"It is unsightly, and unfit," replied the maiden; "venerable women, whom it would better become me to kneel to, and men who remind me of my own dear father, only richer and better apparelled than he, and the noblest, send to me for some slight

token of remembrance, and, indeed, I have few such to give them, yet have I sent them all but these two rings, and this one I would not give for the world. It came with the blessing which next to Heaven's has speeded me; in peril and in pain, it has been my comfort since; this is its charm, and the good people press to touch it with their own, as though it possessed some mysterious virtue. It is the gift of my parents, and such virtue as is in it might be the gift of every one to his child."

They had dismounted within the court of the palace, and the gates were closed against the people.

"I would speak with the noble Dauphin," said

Jeanne, to one of the attendants.

"He is in his closet with his confessor, the Bishop of Castres, and the old Lord of Trèves, who was chancellor; it is not in our office to disturb him," replied the gentleman.

"It must be mine then," answered she.

"Indeed, the king would perhaps not blame us for suffering you to pass to him," said the attendant, "but I will pray you to excuse us to his highness."

"My wilfulness must bear much, and I will add that to its account," said Jeanne smiling; and she passed on through the reception-room to the king's

private apartments.

She knocked at the door before the groom of the chambers could prevent her; and Charles, who knew the impatient sound, started, sighed, smiled at himself, and bade her enter.

"What would you now, Jeanne?" said the king

good-naturedly; "I hope it is something that you need for yourself, for that, if there be a few crowns in the treasury, I may perhaps be able to give you; but if it be somewhat for my own good, you know it cannot always be so readily speeded."

"I know I am something like the clock that strikes the hours so regularly, day by day, that at last people only heed it when they list," replied

Jeanne.

"And not always when they need or ought,"

said Charles, with a smile of confession.

"Not always when I wish they would," answered she; "yet I must tell your highness every day, that the time passes. My mission and my power will, as far as I am told, last but for about a year; they are your treasure, gentle Dauphin, and a great one, seeing from whom they come; I am but the steward, whose duty it is to tell you, day by day, of the ex-

penditure of your substance."

"You at least are not idle, Jeanne," said the king, trying a little to turn the subject; "I have seen you every morning with your lance in the fields, exercising as though the whole fate of the war rested on your single prowess; and I spoke with Mattre Jean the gunner, who came hither with Messire John of Orleans, and he tells me that he has learned as much of you as you have of him; to be sure, he still insists that he has the best aim, and says, that it would be pity, indeed, if a woman could do as much in a week as a man in his whole life; but he says you talk of artillery like a general,

and ask questions, and devise plans that do his heart good to hear."

"I would know the terrible trade thoroughly," said Jeanne, very seriously, "that I may the sooner be able to leave it. Where blood must be spilt, the most merciful stroke is the quickest, and I would have your highness's enemies know at once, that they must leave your kingdom in peace, and that their obstinacy is but surer loss. Besides, the chiefs praise and obey me, when some great aid is given, that they cannot deny; and I would have them see that I am right, if I can so shew it to them. But I come," she continued, after a moment's pause, " to entreat and require you, noble Dauphin, to undertake this journey to Rheims, there to be anointed and crowned King of France. from which time, day by day, shall the English power melt away, and your own be confirmed and set sure. You have said that you believe my promises; if this be so, and your worst enemies doubt not your royal word, shew to the world your trust in them, and win your own prosperity from Heaven."

Many other princes and nobles, who had been summoned by the king, entered the room at this time; among them were the Duke of Aleuçon, the Count of Clermont, John of Orleans, La Tremouille, and D'Aulon. The king spoke with them apart, and briefly of Jeanne's urgent suit, and then took his seat, bowing and waving his hand, to permit others to do so if they pleased.

" Jeanne," said the Bishop of Castres, her ad-

vocate of old, who, with now and then a whisper to the Lord of Tréves, had been attending to the former conversation, "do you declare to us that what you have just said is of the inspiration of your counsel?"

"My Voices have but now bidden me to declare it to you," replied she, composedly, "and I come

but to obey their command."

"And will you not tell us here, in the presence of the king, the words and manner of your errand as you yourself receive it?" asked the prelate.

Jeanne's face slightly coloured.

"I know what you would have; you would see how far you may trust me," she answered. "I know no reason for concealing anything from you, and will tell you willingly; but methinks to understand me, you should be able to see and feel yourselves, for the words are few; but their power is strange and mighty."

"Is it with your own free consent that you speak them?" interposed the king, "and to all in this

presence?"

"Yes," she replied. "When I am grieved that the words I speak on the part of Him who bade me speak them are not believed at once, I kneel alone, praying and making my complaint, and asking why I am not easily believed, and when I have prayed long, I hear a voice which says to me: 'Daughter of Heaven! go! go! I will be thy help! go!' and when I hear that voice, such is my joy, that I would have it never leave me.'

As she spoke these words, all who were present,

watching her animated countenance, which told her ecstacy better than all speech, seemed to see the joy she told, and with one voice avowed their belief.

"Yet," said the Count de Clermont, "is it not plain to us all, that our enterprise shall be much more likely to succeed, if we lead our forces towards Normandy, and clear the ground in a compact circle, so that each town we take may support his fellow. It lies right before us, and the discontented people are cager to join us. If we make for Rheims, we traverse part of the dominions of Philip of Burgundy, who is well beloved in them; we pass through Champagne, in which we have scarcely a town or a friend; Rheims itself is in the English power; one reverse will destroy us, we are cut off without retreat, far from our own assured strength here: that, if we fail, we shall merit derision as madmen, rather than respectful compassion for our losses."

"We do not go to fail, when we are bidden as I have told you," exclaimed Jeanne, to whom all looked for answer.

"We have won hitherto against all calculation of mere military chances," said John of Orleans; "and it behaves me well to say, that it has been by the aid which she alone has brought. Methinks, had she been with us before Jergeau, we should not have turned back for all the English power and valour."

"I thank you, noble John of Orleans," said the king, " for your truth, as for your bravery. Your courage will do whatever man's may; the power she bears is not for man to mate with; I thank you for the testimony you bear from the battle-field, where you have seen these deeds, to us, who, without any tokens but such as arise in our own hearts at her words, endeavour to trust and to obey."

Jeanne had been thinking, and now resumed her speech. "I answer you now but of my own poor wisdom," she said; " but shall it be nothing that in defiance of their strong possession, we should bring the noble Dauphin to the very place which they would most keep from him? See you vonder dog?" she continued pointing to La Tremouille's upon the terrace; " if I would prevent harm from his rage, would I not seize him by the foot, when his own pain should so torment him, that he should not think of assailing me? If you should strike at the heart of your foe, shall the dead members rise up against you? Is it not well to do as you would do in peace, to go in the assured might which is given you to the ordinary place where kings are anointed; and there, as of his own will and right, and Heaven's protection, that he should be crowned? When I was in Poitiers, I was asked for signs. I hade them go with me to Orleans, and there is my sign of the past; let it speak for the future. I now offer you a greater sign; I am commissioned to lead the Dauphin through his enemies to Rheims; a greater wonder, doubtless; and so meant to be seen, as a sign of his right, and of the strength that supports it, to all France. I do not ask you to believe me now, though you did,

at least some did, believe me, when I had no sign to shew; but ask now of those who have seen. I do not boast of myself; but it is my bounden duty to proclaim the great power I hold, and which all know that I have exercised."

"May not that be used in Normandy, if it should so seem good to direct it?" asked La Tremouille.

"To direct it!" echoed the maiden; "you! we! the noble Dauphin himself! to direct it! It hath its own purpose, and its own act to accomplish it; its command is might!"

"There needs much caution," observed La Tremouille, discerning the kindling enthusiasm in

Charles's countenance.

"Be that taken in the means!" replied Jeanno;

"I will honour those who observe it."

"Your first promise is hardly accomplished yet," said the Count de Clermont; "nay! are not the English still in possession of Beaugency and Meun on the one side of Orleans, and of Jergeau on the other? Are they not masters of the Loire, above and below the city; they have abandoned it for the time; but who shall say when we may have departed on this appointed errand, that they may not return?"

"Give me Orleans, with but a thousand men besides the citizens, and I will hold it against any English force now," said the Bastard, "while you take ample time to go to Rheims, and return."

"You should be at Rheims!" said Jeanne to the Bastard; "but I will answer them more fully.

These towns taken from the English, such forces as they may bring against us discomfited, and driven back, have you more to ask?"

All were silent. "Will you then march to Rheims? Will you, noble Dauphin, promise me, and bid them follow you, when Jergeau, Meun, and Beaugency are our's, and the English are driven far from the neighbourhood of Orleans?"

" Let those speak who would," said the king.

"I would say, then, sire," observed La Tremouille, " that we should first see the deed done, and then resolve on the future which arises from it. I know well the skill and zeal that would undertake it; but the task is a long one, and a thousand events may cause us to change the advice we might tender now, when these deeds have been done."

" Will the advice hold good for a month, noble sir?" asked Jeanne, smilingly: "for in that time, if we are readily furnished, will we endeavour to be ready for the next deed. I tell you that after that my path must be to Rheims, and thither must all who would accompany it. While one can say, or choose to say, that my first promise is not fulfilled, I do not spend my time out of my enjoined service in its proof. Every tongue in France shall say Orleans is delivered, and none shall gainsay it: though those who now speak so have more fears for it than its citizens themselves. Noble Dauphin. if within a month these towns are your's securely. will you not trust me? will you not go to Rheims. and take that which no one can then say is not offered you by Heaven?"

"I will not refuse the gift," said Charles; "I give you the promise you ask; do as you have said; let this frontier be so secured, and, though none else should accompany us, I will trust to your escort to be crowned at Rheims."

"And thither, sire," said La Tremouille, "shall you have the escort of every true l'renchman who only doubts and debates for your safety; but when you so decide, trusts freely his fortunes with your's."

"On! on! noble Bastard," cried Jeanne. "I did not think again to draw my sword; but I will not think of myself. On! all who would join us in this enterprise! all who would share the triumph which shall come before the eyes of all France, ay, and of all England, in king Charles's city of Rheims!"

"May it be so!" said the king; and the assembled warriors and courtiers responded with a hearty acclumation.

La Tremouille approached Jeanne. "Owe me no ill-will," he said, "that I have not always entered blindly into your plans: now they have the king's ranction, I shall not be one to thwart or delay them; but we have news to-day that will need your obedience to his highness's orders, strictly and zealously performed, if you are to lead this expedition."

"It is my petition to his highness that I may not lead it," replied the maiden; "will not he, himself, go with us, hearten his soldiers, and see his subjects strive for his service?"

"It is not thought wise so to peril the only life vol. III.

that can ensure safety to France," replied La Tremouille.

"We must then obey the necessity," answered Jeanne, unwilling to press upon the king an unwelcome duty; " but let some other leader be named. whom all may be ready frankly to obey. I go to serve with counsel, and with exertion; but it spreads needless dissension that I should take place of so many nobler and better skilled."

" Your's must be the device and the leading that win for us," said Charles.

"Let men have a leader worthy of them, and whom they will readily follow," persisted the maiden, " in whose name acts may be done and commands given which it can shame none to consent to and obey. I would not speak of the past; but, for your own sake, noble Dauphin, I would care for the future. Let their service be made easy and acceptable under one of your own blood."

Clermont stepped forward, but even La Tremou-

ille prevented his speech.

"The Duke of Alencon, sire," said the minister, " has paid his ransom and received the acquittance; he is at liberty to take up arms for your highness in the field, and is a leader whom none may question. And it is well put of the maiden to speak of it, for he should bear a commission as your highness's lieutenant, so that none may question his nower."

"You will undertake this, cousin?" said the

king.

"I desire no better," replied the prince, "and thank your highness for the trust."

"And you will be willing to follow our cousin,

Jeanne?" asked the king.

"As your own person, sire," replied the maiden.

"He will know well his trust, and not act without

your counsel," said Charles.

"Jeanne, take my pledge," said the duke, "and I give it to your highness, too, that I will well regard her advice, and trust her as myself. I undertake this charge to further her will, not to cross it."

"This is well, very well, cousin!" said the king: "and now hear us further as to what the Lord de la Tremouille began to speak of. We hear that Arthur, Count of Richemont, now that we are safe und prosperous without his service, levies men, to come, as he says, to our aid. He would reap the honour which others have sown, he would prevent the freedom which they will soon give to their sovereign. I will not accept his help. What he doth, he may do on his own part, not on mine. If he do the duty of a true subject, well! but he hath no command over those who serve me, no companionship with them in my thanks. Alençon, you are our heutenant. Jeanne d'Arc, you will yield no authority to Richemont."

"If such is, indeed, your pleasure, noble Dauphin," said the maiden; "but were it not wise now to forego all thoughts but those of our common need and safety, and to take, without too nice an indulgence of our wills, whatever lawful help Heaven sends us to expel the English from the land!"

"For that, Jeanne, I will trust to you and to your promise," replied Charles. "Let Richemont, if he will, earn honour by his better allegiance. Let him strike against the English as fiercely as he has done against his sovereign, but to him neither place nor leading shall be accorded in my armies, nor will I receive him at my council-board. His help is unwelcome, as I believe it selfish. I bid you not to stand between him and the common enemy, that if he prosper I may have to bid you stand between his trouson and my own person, or that of the very friends he has placed by my side."

"I know fully your highness's mind, and promise you obedience," replied Alençon.

"And you, Jeanne?" asked Charles.

"I come to deliver your highness from traitors, not to abet them," said she; "I will yield no leading to him that is confided to me; if he, indeed, serve you in the field, it is well; if he seek to constrain your person or your will, I am ready to die to defend either."

"Enough!" said the king. "Let us, as far as we have means, set this great business forward. Alençon, the command is worthily your's, for the diligence you have already shown; do as you have done; this," he continued with a gracious smile, "is the word I may say to all here. D'Aulon, you will still accompany your charge, the seneschalship you have asked for shall be your's, and the commission

I will myself see expedited. Jeanne, will you ask nothing of me?"

"You permit me to serve you as I desire, noble Dauphin, and I have no other wish," answered the maiden.

"She hath, sire," said John of Orleans, "a gallant brother, and many worthy followers, who have done bravely in the war; Jeanne, it is the part of a leader to commend his followers to his sovereign's care."

"Do you that for her, my good friend," said Charles; "visit her household; we are poor yet, are we not, La Tromouille? but we will keep what promises you make as sacrodly as you can desire farewell, friends."

With this he turned to his confessor. They were passing out when La Tremouille caught Jeanne by the arm:—" We are friends?" he asked; "keep your word as to Richemont, I will take care that the king keeps his for Rheims."

"I do not mistrust the king's word," answered she, "and be assured that I will not break my own."

"I can well trust to that," said the minister; "and," muttered he as she was gone, "if we are not friends, so I can make you serve me, it is all the better, I shall need less the trouble of a mask, which, to say truth, seems to hide little from her."

D'Aulon accompanied Jeanne to the house in which she was lodged. For once even he appeared abstracted, and Jeanne, who seldom began conver-

sations unless from motives of kindness or courtesy, asked him with some surprise the reason of his

musing.

"Is it impossible," said he abruptly, "that I should hear those Voices of which you speak? Do not think that I mistrust you, it is because your looks when you speak of them have forced me to believe you, that I ask. Jeanne, I would pay any price for that independent power which enables you to control kings, and more, to make their parasites serve you

against their own will !"

"All but the price which is needed," replied the maiden. "D'Aulon, you are a good and a brave man, and you have served me as a friend; but I know you too thoroughly. It is not ill of you to desire seneschalahips from the king; they are the reward of his brave warriors, but it is not by auch power as mine that you could gain them. would control Charles, and thwart La Fremouille. for your own good pleasure. I may not do those ven where my pleasure would be the right. You would be their master, my power is that of a servant. Can you for years entertain but one thought, to help and to save your countrymen, praying for that end, though you win it through means which are hourly torment? I thought that I need shed no more blood. I hoped, I was full of the belief, that our journey to Rheims should be peaceful, and again I am bidden to spill it, though my flesh creeps, and my eyes grow dim, and my breast heaves wickly. even when I suffer myself to think of such deeds. D'Aulon, you should know me, though others do

not. You should see that mine is a sharp trial, not a privilege, and a glory. It has separated me from almost all I love, putting in great danger him who is with me. For years I have borne the anger of one parent, and the sorrow of another. And am I always believed? Will even the noble Dauphin let me do all I would to help him? With the constable's aid, his kingdom should be the more speedily, ay, and the more bloodlessly won, yet for his minister's feud he rejects such strength. What is my life but one contest against those who will not let Heaven serve them? Do you envy this? Will you devote yourself so for many weary, weary, months, with no hope on earth but to return to the state you have sadly left, trusting to your recompense in Heaven alone, and happy in nothing but in striving not to lose that? Will you do this? Then you may see and hear perchance what I have seen and heard, to do their bidding as I strive to do it. For no less purpose could the Voices visit you."

"I do not pretend to such devotion," replied D'Aulon.

"It is the task of few, and I thank Heaven for the many that it is so!" exclaimed Jeanne; "but do not think that I complain. May all win their way to eternal peace in case and content! I am willing to strive for it with pain, so I may win it at last; dear friend, I know that it is, I have humble trust that it shall be mine if I do not falter now: so that I may bear the present as a poor true heir who shall succeed to an usurper, praying that the day of right may come, tho ugh that day be a day of sore battle."

"My desires were idle," said D'Aulon, with a grave smile, "yet you have almost given me a new one, to be as single-hearted as yourself."

"Let us both do our duty," replied she, "and

for name, pray for its speedy end."

"Jeanne! dear Jeanne!" cried a voice that she knew well, and in another moment Petit Jean held her in his arms, while Pierre stood beside them.

"Are my father and mother well," cried the maiden, "and Jacquemin and Catharine? They

are not with you?"

"No, no, but well, quite well, and they have heard of your successes at Domremy, and none disbelieve you now; I could not stay from you, so I prayed my father that I too might come and fight by your side, and guard you as well as Pierre, and he has been telling me of all that you have done. Why, men bless me and honour me when they hear but that I am your brother. Ah! Jeanne I you will come back and be a queen on the banks of the Meuse, and you will make knights and nobles of all your kin!"

"See you," said she to D'Aulon, "how I am tempted! it is not easy to be quite unselfish! I must find some other time, dear Jean, to talk with you of that; to-day you must tell me of my home

and all that are in it."

"And enough, too," replied Jean, "but it must be about yourself also, for every body there talks of nothing else. Maitre Aubery, the mayor, says he was sure from the time he prevented your marriage with Jacques Alain, that he knew you would come to something better."

"The mayor kept his wisdom to himself then, as he does his truth now," said Jeanne, smiling.

"The mayor should be well beaten for his false-hoods," exclaimed Pierre.

"And you are somebody already!" said Jean; "it is something to talk of beating a mayor, and

you look as though you would do it,"

Jeanne and Pierre laughed, and D'Aulon joined them. "Let me say a word to Pierre before I am interrupted," said Jeanne; " for I see the Duke of Alencon yonder, and the Duchess with him, and perhaps they seek me." Jean stared with much wonder at his sister, and then looked very curiously after the Duke and Duchess, a rare sight for one who had never before been many leagues from Domremy. "Pierre!" said Jeanne to him apart, " Messire John of Orleans will be with you by the Dauphin's command to know how he best may do you pleasure. He is poor, ask not for money, and honours will but make you envied, and, perhaps, mocked, where all are ready to remember who we are. I do not ask of you to share with me; you have done well, and deserve recompense; bethink you, what would you have that you may ask with honour?"

Pierre coloured and hesitated. "If you may not serve yourself, you might do great service to another," resumed Jeanne. "Marie de la Meilleraye hath been persecuted by a suitor whom she will not accept; if you should send Messire the Bastard to me to ask what you would have, I should say to him that Marie may be left unmolested till the Dauphin has time himself to examine the justice of her cause; nay, perhaps that she may be allowed to choose for herself of such as are worthy of her."

"I will desire Messire John of Orleans to speak with you, dear Jeanne," said Pierre, and at that moment the Duke and Duckess entered the room

by the open door.

"Jeanne, you must speak again with the king." said the Duchess, as Jeanne reverently saluted her "Alençon must not be your leader; he hath already endured long captivity; his runsom just paid leaves us worse than poor, and his life hath been already exposed in this cause. Jeanne, you can, both with honour and with ease, bring the king to decide anew. Alençon cannot refuse, but I may pray you to save him from a peril which I tremble at, and which will make me wretched as long as the war lasts, and perhaps for ever."

"Let not the noble prince yield the honour he shall win; he shall return to you in better estate than he now is, and I will be his gund, ay, and

the pledge of his safety," answered Jeanne.

"You will bring him back to me in safety " asked the Duchess.

"Fear not," replied the maiden. "I am told of nothing but honour and success now. It is the harvest; would you have your noble husband absent from the gathering?"

The Duchess appeared to believe, and, after more

conversation, yielded. Jean, trusting, simple-hearted, loving, and beloved, as he was, stood almost aghast at his own relationship with her whom he saw courted by the king's own house, for her power over him; he rejoiced when the Duke and Duchess departed; and so did Jeanne, for she longed to cast aside the heroine and the states-woman, and to be the sister, the child, the play-fellow with her own. She reverently followed the princes to her door, and then rushed back to her brothers. "I have but the half hour of our meal," she said; "then my work must begin again; but for that time, talk, talk to me of Domremy."

CHAPTER XXVI.

It was at Selles in Berry that Charles and his court awaited the event of the maiden's enterprise, whence she had departed in company with Alençon, John of Orleans, Florent d'Illiers, and many of the other leaders who had before won honour with her. Here, watched by La Tremouille, who dreaded every hour the decline, perhaps the sudden destruction of his power, Charles received the homage of the many who returned to him with his better fortunes, and, as far as his means would permit, furnished forth the preparations for the still more daring expedition in which he had promised to embark.

"Money have we none, wherewith to entertain your followers," said he to the young Lord of Laval; "but, if our thanks be worth your acceptance, take them heartily, till we can pay you in richer coin."

"There is none more valued by a true Frenchman, sire," said the young nobleman; "and that your gince need not to care on my account, I have already written to my friends to furnish me."

He had bidden them to sell his land, and sent his

seal for the purpose, that he might be able to serve his king without burthening his exhausted treasury. And he was not alone in such sacrifices.

"You will need to be provided for two or three months here," said the king; "but we must do

what we can to ease you in your charge."

"Methinks your highness need take little heed of that," replied Laval; "the maiden has promised us speedy news of her."

"She has scarcely been gone yet six days," said the king; "we must not expect continual

wonders."

"But your highness may find them without expectation," said La Tremouille, entering the king's apartment; "Jergeau has already fallen to your power."

" Jergeau !" exclaimed Charles; " and Suffolk,

and the English?"

"Suffolk, sire, is your prisoner," replied La Tremouille, "as are some of his followers; the most are dead."

"Merciful Heaven!" cried Charles; "and the maiden is safe?"

"Safe, and in Orleans, sire," replied Pierre d'Arc, whom she had sent on this message to the king.

"Ah! her brother! welcome!" cried the monarch. "Tell me, and of her, and speak out, man, for thou mayst boast of thy sister, and I shall love to hear it."

"Suffolk sallied, sire, as we approached the town, and drove us back in confusion; he even

shouted 'Victory!' to his soldiers; but Jeanne souzed her standard from him who bore it, and the English were driven back to their walls with loss. We then invested it; our soldiers kept but heedless guard, but they made no further trial of us; though those of Sully marched to their aid, the false French fought under the English bunners."

"Those of Sully! of your town of Sully, La Tremouille!" said the king, with cornextness and

surprise.

"Such of them, sire, as Pierre d'Arc justly calls the false French," replied the minister; "but they have well paid for their treason; they have fallen with the English they served; and my town of Sully, now restored to me, its rightful owner, will be proud to receive its king within its walls, if he will accept such poor hospitality as I can show him there, in my ancestral dwelling."

"I thank you, La Tremouille," replied Charles, all suspicion banished from his mind and countenance; "but you invested the town, Messire

Pierre ?"

"And our artillery did good work upon its walls," replied he; "especially our cannon from Orleans, which Mattre Jean has named the Shepherdess in answer to their English taunts, and which well deserves her name; and they shot again at us with good heart and skilful aim, so that the Duke of Alençon himself ran great risk of his death, being marked by their gunners for their shot."

"He is not hurt, my good cousin?" asked Charles

kindly.

"Jeanne caw the aim, and drew him aside," replied Pierre; "and a gentleman of Anjou, who rushed unadvisedly into his place, fell dead the instant after."

"Well has she kept her word to Maric d'Armagnac," said the king; "and his wife would not have mourned him alone; he is a brave and loyal gentleman, and a kind kinsman: but go on."

"Then," replied Pierre, "came a rumour that the English, under Fustolf, approached to raise the siege, and the leaders would have quitted it, as I believe, but for her entreaties."

"Do they again thwart her?" interrupted Charles angrily; "but what power have I?" he continued, "if the time of order and right rule might ever come! It may be, and by her!"

"The Duke of Alençon obeyed your highness's wishes, and charged them by their honour to remain, and before daybreak the next morning the 'shepherdess' had laid the greatest tower on the ground, a heap of useless, cumbersome ruin,"

" And then-" said Charles.

"Still, sire, we had disunion to contend with: on the Thursday, three days afterwards, Suffolk offered to capitulate in fifteen days, if they received no succour, and La Hire and others would have accepted his terms. Jeanne again interposed: 'Let their persons and what they have about them be safe if they depart at once,' said she, 'else let them abide the assault, for our time is limited by the very power that gives us victory.'"

"And they abode the trial?" said Charles.

"They did, and stoutly and soldierly," replied Pierre. "Jeanne wished much to spare them, but she thought it false mercy to protract the war, and give them time for a more bloody struggle."

"Her policy was right," said La Tremouille. "It was, for it was, what she herself called it,

merciful," said the king.

Pierre continued: "That very morning did she urge the Duke to the enterprise. 'On, noble Duke, to the assault,' was her cry.'—' Is it not yet too soon?' quoth the prince.—' Doubt not' she returned;—'the hour is come, whenever it pleases Henven that we should act, and when itself acts for us!'—'Nay!'—interrupted he.—'Ah, gentle duke, do you fear!' cried Jeanne. 'Do you not remember that I have promised your wife to bring you back safe and sound?''

"Alençon would rather stand the enemy's fire, than that raillery of his courage," said the

king.

"The ussault began on the instant," continued Pierre; "a marvellous and terrible fight, as older warriors than I declared, for it lasted four hours, and five hundred of our enemies perished in it."

"And of our own?" asked Charles.

"We did not look at our losses, sire," replied Pierre; "they say that Suffolk then ordered a purley to be sounded from the walls, but none heard it. Still they held out desperately against us. Jeanne rushed to the thickest part of the fight, and bore her banner very near to the top of their walls, when a large stone was hurled right on her, and struck her to the very foot of the rampart."

"You said she was safe?" exclaimed Charles.

"The great stone glanced from her helmet," replied Pierre, "which else must have slain her, and her fall hurt her little. 'Friends! friends! up! up!' she cried, 'know you not the English are condemned?—this very hour they are our's.' The wall was gained, and more than eleven hundred English paid their lives for the maiden's danger."

"What did Suffolk?" asked the king.

"He with his two brothers rushed to the bridge across the Loire," replied Pierre, "and there one fell; seeing all hopeless, the earl wished to stop further blood-shedding. 'Are you a gentleman?' he cried to the brave Guillaume Regnault, who pressed upon him hand to hand.—'I am,' replied Regnault.—'A knight?' asked Suffolk.—'Not yot,' replied Regnault.—'I may yield to no less, but thou art brave. Kneel, and become one!' answered Suffolk, 'and then accept the sword that dubs thee in token of surrender.'"

"It was nobly done of both," said Charles, "and the captive Englishman teaches me a duty.

My lord of Trêves!"

The venerable lord approached. "I am not yet a knight," continued the king, "but your sword will not be disgraced if it confer bonour there." The old nobleman acquiesced with an honest smile, Pierre knelt. "Thou art now enrolled in the chivalry of France," said the monarch as he arose, "and it

befitted that one of no less degree should bring us the tidings of such deeds." Pierre bowed the lower for his elated heart. Charles paused for a moment, and then asked the rest of the day's deeds.

"Then, in spite of all efforts," replied Pierre, "pillage even to sacrilege was the eager work of the soldiery, and, in the cruelty of revenge, many English were slain, and even some noble prisoners, in dispute for their possession, that the prince and Jeanne left not the brave Suffolk till they had placed him safe within a large boat, with other of like rank, and sent them down the stream to Orleans, whither all the army repaired, and where am I bidden to declare, sire, your loyal subjects anxiously await your royal presence, cruxing the reward of seeing you enjoy the fruits of their sufferings and their victories."

"That is surely little enough to ask; it is natural to love to see the joy we give, it is generous in the good citizens of Orleans, and 1

"Before your highness makes any promise it might be impossible to fulfil, I know I shall be heard, however I forget respect in my interruption," said La Tremouille; "your highness, who never break your word, will excuse my cautioning you in giving it; we have other news: Richemont has set out from Loudun in despute of your highness's orders, and is already at Amborse ready to join and command your forces."

"Where is the Seigneur de la Jadie?" asked

the king ; "how spake he our errand?"

"Much as a coward stutters out big words, sire," replied La Tremouille; "shall be approach your highness?"

Pierre had coloured at the name, and his blood tingled when the man whom he knew from Marie de la Meilleraye to be the suitor for her hand was introduced. La Jaille gave a confused account of his demeanour before the constable, Richement.

"You spoke at least my words, that he should retire to his estates?" asked Charles.

" Assuredly I did, sire," replied La Jaille.

"And he understood them to be my words?" continued the king.

"Most distinctly, sire, for he asked the question, declaring that if they were my own, he would have me cast into the Vienne."

"You then spoke as became the bearer of a royal mission?" said the king.

"I said very emphatically that the words were

your highness's, sire," replied La Jaille.

"The fiery little constable has not lost his old humour," interposed La Tremouille; "and La Jaille, I suppose, thought he would do better to bring your highness back an account of his embassy, than to suffer another to do it for him, with the addition of his own catastrophe."

"And what then said Richemont?" asked Charles, little moved by La Tremonille's attempt

at mirth.

"That he would march on, sire," answered La Jaille, shoepishly.

Charles turned his back on the speaker, and

La Tremouille motioned him to retire. "And this is the man to whom you give an honourable mission," said Charles, "whom you would reward as a suitor!"

Pierre rejoiced in the contempt which he saw on the king's countenance.

"I would keep furth even with him, but I would now grant him no needless favour," replied La Tremouille, with a glance at Pierre; "but indeed if a man have ever excuse for trembling, it may be before the constable, whose temper your highness has not always been able to restrain."

"Enough, enough," cried Charles, "I do not wish to have his murders, legal and illegal, necessary and patriotic as he calls them, ever before my eyes—the Camus of Beaulieu, your wife's first husband, Giac."

"Her second husband has at least no wish to share the fate of the first," said La Tremouille, "I would die in the field for your highness's service, but it is a poor death to be assassinated, or wrongfully executed."

"We should scarcely brook such coercion now," said Charles, haughtily, "scarcely endure that the blood of our friends should be shed in our own name by a rebellious subject."

"Yet the constable is sudden as well as determined, sire," said La Tremouille. "My town of Sully will afford your highness a more secure sojourn than Orleans, and your own security and free-will I may at least without imputation watch over and guard." "I would fain see my brave Orleannois," said Charles; "but we will think of what is needed."

The king left the room with La Tremouille. The

next day saw them on the road to Sully.

Pierre made good speed for Orleans. "I am not proud," said he to himself, "when I think of Marie, but a true knight is acknowledged to be the worthy servant of any lady in France, and as for that La Jaille—"

Scarcely had the king and his minister arrived at their new sojourn, where every demonstration of loyal hospitality was anxiously made by La Tremouille, when fresh news arrived from the army: the bridge of Moun had been taken by the French. and Beaugenci was invested, but with this came the unwelcome certainty that Richemont had joined the royal army, as he had announced he would. It is true that the same messenger brought letters from the constable to the minister, offering, for the sake of the common cause, submissions which could hardly be expected from one so haughty and wilful. "Let me but freely participate in the good work," said these missives, "and retain what influence you desire, or rather let us have but one interest. I claim the power due to my rank, my name and reputation, in the army; be your's the civil direction of the state, and in that union we may resist and overwhelm all competitors,"

La Tremouille did not even pause. "He entreats now," suid the minister to La Jaille; "but give him the uncontrolled power of the sword, and his language to me would be much as it hath

been to you, and his deeds such as they were to Grac and the Camus de Boileau; the civil direction! who ever heard of that withstanding a successful soldier, and one as overbearing as Richemont? Orders must be sent him again to return to his domain of Parthenay, though not by thee, La Jaille."

But, while these were being expedited, came the intelligence of the decisive battle of Pataye, in which Talbot and Fastolf were defeated, partly through their own disagreements, and partly through the increasing panic of the English soldiery, with the loss of twenty-five hundred men dead on the field, besides many prisoners, among whom Talbot himself was one, having surrendered to Poton de Xantrailles.

"Jeanne herself will soon be with us," said La Tremouille, "and I know now enough of the circumstances to make her my firm ally, if she have but one access to her heart, either of pride, interest, revenge, my, or even of sisterly affection."

Jeanne came as he expected, and, welcomed as she was by the cheers of the people, he had contrived so to engage the king, that he had no immediate notice of her arrival.

"So, Jeanne," said he, on encountering her, "you have broken your word with me and with the king."

"The northern part of the Loire is clear of the English," replied the maiden.

"But you have joined with the constable; do you mean to rank yourself with our enemies, and assist Richemont to coerce your sovereign?"

"I would have fought the constable," indignantly replied Jeanne, "rather than accept his leading; but the English were at hand, many of our own leaders were his friends and partisans; we might have slaughtered one another, and left Meun and Beaugenei to the English, with the hope of Orleans to boot."

"You did not admit him to command; that was indeed somewhat, if you could do no better," observed La Tremouille.

"Our terms were frank and plain enough," replied she; "he said to me, Leanne, they tell me you would fight with me; I know not whether you be sent to us from Heaven or from Hell; if from Heaven, I fear you not, for Heaven knows my conscience, and if from the Devil himself, I fear you still less; and I replied, Constable, you come not on my word; but if you come to serve the noble Dauphin, strike in Heaven's name by our side, and welcome.' Then did the constable proffer unconditional obedience to the king, and sealed his offer with an oath, recorded under the hands and seals of the Duke of Alencon and many of the nobles; on that condition only, we engaged to plead to the noble Dauphin on his behalf, and on that condition only did we then permit his presence, rather than his fellowship, lest we should then incur mischance that all here might bitterly regret when they could not amend it."

"I am willing to acquit you of blame," replied the minister, "and you have ample opportunity for proving the past by the future. Richemont merits little consideration from you; he crossed you at Pataye, as to the leading of the advanced guard, which all know you love, and claim of good right."

"It was given to La Hire, who made good use of his advantage, and I have no reason to complain that I was left idle, though the English that day gave us but little trouble."

"In whose name think you were they beaten?" asked La Tremouille.

"In Heaven and the king's," replied she.

"Not in Richemont's as in your's," rejoined the minister; "it was your banner, not his, that seared them; even when you descried them first by the shout they raised, when the stag was driven from your lines to their's, it was your name that made the brave Fastolf retreat from the field without a blow, and abandon Talbot to Xantrailles."

"Not my name, but that in which I fight," answered Jeanne, "and in which all true Frenchmen shall fight and win."

"I give you but the honour that a true servant may accept," said La Tremouille; "did not your prophecy animate all the hearts of leaders and men when they were told by you that all they should need would be good spurs, not for their own flight, but the pursuit of the enemy? Did you not bid them to ride boldly forward and strike fearlessly, and that, though the enemy could catch at the clouds for retreat, they should be delivered into our hands? Nay, believe me, we know well your words, and the acts that follow them, and well it is that the king

should, that he may distinguish between his true subjects, and such false traitors as the constable."

"He fought not that day like a traitor," answered Jeanne, "and methinks it would be well for the king that such a servant should be ever in the field on his behalf."

"It is generous in you to say it." observed the minister; "now that you have restored the glory of France, he would fain wear it for his holiday habit. Is he the man to whom you would submit your plans, and suffer him to amend them at his caprice, bearing the blame of his failures, without the honour of your own advice and deeds?"

"I have but to go to Rheims, which expedition the king is to command in person," answered the maiden; "that done, command who will, all I seek is peace."

"Would you have suffered and done so much, but to leave your king under the same control he endured before?" asked La Tremoudle.

"The king must rule of his own royal mind," replied Jeanne, "and though that could be no gift of mine, yet the events themselves shall bestow strength, for he is noble in heart, and fitted for good purposes."

"He has offered to unite with me to exclude all others from the government," urged La Tremoulle; "he at the head of the army, I at that of the council; there is one with whom I would so unite, but not Richemont."

"Unite with him, with any, with all, for the safety of France," she answered; "exclude, if you

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choose, all traitors. all disobedient to the king's authority; but make one sacrifice, though it be of your vengeance or your apprehensions, for France, and for your kind and friendly monarch."

"And you will say this to Churles?" asked La Tremouille; "the hand of Marie de la Meilleraye is in my gift; La Jaille, who was to have had it, deserves it not—if Pierre——."

"If La Jaille deserves it not, you will do your duty, doubtless." interrupted Jeanne; "as to Pierre, I love him as much as sister can love a brother, more than such love can ordinarily be, for we have shared strange fortunes; but if he love Mario, he would give her up, rather than wrong the noble Dauphin, that has made him what he is, and must not I do so for him?"

"We are avowed enemies then?" asked La Tremouille.

"We differ in our counsel to the Dauphin, whom we both would serve," was her reply; "but let us not he enemies, where there is so much need for his sake, that we should all be fast friends. I claim nothing, I look for nothing, why then should we differ? Take all that restored France can give you, or the generous Dauphin heap on you; I shall rejoice in your good fortune, if you only do no wrong to gain it."

La Tremouille was about to reply, but an attendant announced "the King," and he was too politic to interrupt the congratulations which succeeded, or even to neglect joining in them warmly.

"You have nobly kept your word," concluded

Charles; "it now remains with me to keep mine; with all diligence we march for Rheims, an expedition of which I know both the danger and the ridicule if we ful; but my promise has been your's, and it shall be as sacredly performed as your own."

Nor did Charles depart from this resolution; La Tremouille and others urged upon him the necessity of taking more frontier towns-St. Pierre le Moutier, and La Charité, on the southern part of the Loire, by Berry; but the king had given his word. And the influence of the maiden appeared to increase with him, some part of her own enthusiasm seemed imparted to his councils; and though La Tremouille persuaded him to return from Chateauneuf on the Loire, whither she had drawn him towards Orleans, yet, at no great distance of time, were the preparations completed for the march to Rheims, and the Queen herself waited at Gien for its commencement. There Charles met her with the respect due to her noble and unselfish character; and six, expecting none of the attentions of love, received and returned tenfold the cordial confidence of friendship. Yet she was eager to accompany the king upon this expedition.

"I do not claim it as your wife," said she to him, as they snatched a few moments of uninterrupted intercourse, in the small garden of the castle; "but as the Queen of France—as the mother of your heir—as shewing to the English your entire and placid confidence in your deed. Is it not of old and venerated custom that the queens of France have thus shared the honours of

their lords? Will it not strike the imaginations and the hearts of men, as you yourself desire, that it should be so now? Is it not in the intent of her genius, that happily prevails for this brave and decisive step?"

"Doubtless you know well of her intents," said Charles, smiling; "for you give much time to

lier."

"Rather say she gives much to me, out of her many labours," said the Queen; "but is not this a just part of her purposes. Is it not almost necessary to that majestic spirit of peaceful action, that will not suffer war or danger to interrupt it, in

which this great enterprise is conceived?"

"Remember its lazards," observed Charles; " wise I grant the attempt to be; but it is the wisdom of desperation. We march many, many leagues into an enemy's country, where we possees not a single town, not even that which is the end of our journey; and where every heart is still, I fear, Burgundian or English. One reverse, and we are lost, unless her strange skill may save us; one check, and our enterprise cannot go forward; but we must clutch at the safety and the shame of retreat, if that itself do not prove utter ruin. When I think carefully on what is to be done, I wonder at the temerity that can lead grey-headed councillors and warriors of tried wisdom forth to so wild a rick; it is only when I hear her speak and see the lightning of her eye, her voice and look painting to us the visions she describes, till they seem to speak and shine around us, that I mure reflect on what appears so near to madness. You smile, and you are right; for her fine enthusiasm is as skilful as madness is wayward and disproportioned; and those who look upon her toils may be well assured that if she looks to Heaven for aid, she neglects no earthly means to merit and to gain it."

"She bears up strangely under her unremitting labour," said Mary of Anjou, in a tone of pity.

"She is moved only by such a voice of kindness as that," replied Charles. "It was but the other day at St. Benoit, when she had been many hours hastening the march of the men, and the transport of the artillery hither, that I found her seated on a stone by the wayside, drooping with fatigue, pale, and exhausted; I urged her in vain to take repose; bade her for my sake—for the love a king should bear to his best subject. She hurst into tears; 'Fear nothing for me,' she said to me; 'I shall live to do my appointed work; you will obtain your king lom, noble Dauphin; you shall be quickly crowned, and then——' Some thought seemed to tranquillize her; she smiled; left me, and cheerfully directed the last of that day's labour."

"We should cherish her, as though she were of our own blood," said Mary, "and that is but to love her, as she seems to love all the world. Heard you how she struck down the soldier, whose brutal blow slew his English prisoner, at Pataye; and herself administered, as well as she might, the last rites to the expiring enemy?—Ah! you may trust her words; her arm strikes rather to chasten than to destroy; it can only be invigorated by one spirit."

At this moment Jeanne appeared at the end of the walk; for the king, with great wisdom, had never suffered her to adopt the cold forms of enquette in his household, even when she had discovered them for herself; her access, therefore, was at her own pleasure, or rather, as she thought fit, for his service. When she saw the royal pair thus conversing, she would have turned, not only out of respect to their privacy, but because she saw, by their glances, that she was the object of their conversation; but the king called to her: "Puccle, ma mic," and she, half-timidly, approached the queen, who hung her arm affectionately on the maiden's shoulder.

"So, Jeanne," said the king, "you prove the mostdangerous conspirator in the realm; not only do you league with Alençon to make me pardou the constable, but you incite my wife to insist on accompanying me to Rheims."

"Do not look grave, Jeanne," interposed the queen, "I shall bear one half the blame with you; for if you would urge the king, as well as me, that I should accompany you to Rheims, I take fully my part in urging that the constable shall also be a part of the escort."

"A plot before my face, even to the very terms of it!" cried Charles; "but," continued he, changing his tone, "such advise is of deep responsibility Let what may happen to me, I leave a son to succeed me; and in you, Mary, a regent, who, we-

man as she is, will show a wiser and more determined spirit than her husband has done. They say well, when they say such a prop must not be lost to the tottering kingdom. Jeanne, you would not urgethat."

"To put her highness in peril, sire!" replied the muiden; "not for my soul's sake, would I urge the queen's going, if I thought there was danger; it is to help in assuring the kingdom that I think

the queen should be with your highness."

"It shall be thought of, considered again," said Charles; "but I confess that I should care less on my own part, that Mary should be left behind me to watch over her son; and you, Jeanne, to serve and guard them both." Jeanne replied only by the heightened colour of her face, and the queen only by pressing the hand of each.

"But for one of more import; for the constable," said Mary; "do not let the fends of interested men lose you one of the bravest and most successful warriors of your kingdom. In the conduct of the war, at least, you will listen to the maiden, and she, as 1, would implore you now to bind close to you

every friend that offers a hand to help you."

"You say this, Jeanne?" asked the king.
"That the war may be a short one, sire—that
you may rule over an united and peaceful dominion, and find time enough in a long and
happy reign to restore your people's prosperity—
that your time may not be like that of your father,
one scene of dissension among the great ones, and
cruel misery to all below them—that your subjects

may not become savages! alas! too many are so now, from want and despair—that you may, leng, long before you lay your head on its last pillow, reign king of all France, without one Englishman in it to disturb the course of your justice—that you may seat your power at once in Paris, which, without the aid of all, it would be hopeless to attempt.—Oh, noble Dauphin, take every means to shorten the years of evil and strife, and bring on those of joy, content, and plenty. Let France be happy France again, while you are still young to see and love it."

" I would have the help of all my subjects for that," answered the king; " and I would suffer no feeling of my own to bar it; though I have feelings deep and terrible, Jeanne, in the memory of what Richemont has done. War is cruel enough: but the blood is hot, and each stands ready to give and receive the blow; but murder !- The massucre in Paris, from which Tanneguy du Chatel snatched me, a youth-the assassination of John of Burgundy, which the same du Chatel made me witness on the bridge of Montereau-faut-Yonne-Merciful God! pardon that I did not in-tantly punish the crime !- that gasp, that paling of death, the blood, the helplessness! He was himself n murderer, but my mme, my presence, should not have sanctioned such a retribution! And Richemont banishing some for the good of my state, as he called it, when I knew it was but a bollow pretence, a name for his own ambition; yet that I forgave in my heart; but Ginc and the Camus

Beaulieu! how could I look upon him now, but as the bearer of the dagger, or the equally murderous warrant to snatch from my very side whomever his wrath or his interest might doom? Jeanne, there is no being on the earth so helpless, so miserable, so despicably remorseful, as a monarch, who is obliged to bend to his subject's bloody tyranny, and smile while his gorge rises at the assassin standing before him, with his very hands unwiped, to mock him with defence and apology."

"May I speak, noble Dauphin?" asked Jeanne,

" speak all?"

"Freely," replied the king.

"You are now a man," answered the maiden, firmly; "and you must act the part of a man and of a king; admit the service of all; it is your due to claim it, but it is your duty to your country to rule all alike. If any would tyrannize over their monarch, whom they should obey, strike fearlessly; another will not follow their example."

"And where, then, am I to find friends?" asked

Charles.

"In your true people, sire," replied she, "who look to you for protection, and will defend you from all who oppress them by scorning you, and choose for yourself noble and true friends, such as are worthy of your defence: do as your heart bids you — the right, noble Dauphin, and all France is your vassal and your shield."

"I shall not live ever to be despised," said Charles, but the times are difficult now, as they are unsettled. Jeanne, I wish that I could act surely,

and alone, or by the advice only of such as I know to be true."

At this moment La Tremouille entered the avenue in which they were still walking, and after level though respectful salutation to the queen, which he extended with almost equal honour to Jeanne, he spoke a few words apart to Charles.

Unwillingly did the king appear to allow him to draw him aside to a conference, but he submitted; Jeanne stood still by the queen, watching them depart.

"Methinks I read all your thoughts, Jeanne," said Mary of Anjou; "the king is a reluctant prisoner; but though he feels the weight of his chains, he does not yet make an effort to break them."

"Even I," replied Jeanne, " see that such bonds are not easily broken. A few months ago and I thought that I had only to prove my power, and that all would gladly accept my service; that at the rallying cry of 'France!' all would east aside the debate of their little interests, till, at least, they were safe to struggle for them. We are wound round with fine spiders' threads that we can scarcely see; we might shap them by hundreds without knowing it, but the thousands hold us fast. Why should not the constable, who offers all pledge that can be asked of him, go with us to Rheims? Let but the war but be ended, and his misrule must end too. The king has the power of justice in peace. And I would, too, that your highness had been with us; the English did not hurt the hair of a priest's head at Orleans, when the fathers stood before their assembled host. The face of security is security

"Do still the best you may, dear girl," answered Mary, "and do it zealously, for the king's sake and mine. I know Charles, and I think that he will not always submit to the rule of craft or of violence. He hath a good and brave heart, an understanding of the right, and wisdom is treasuring in his brain to pursue it. I hope in my husband, not as a wifelet his fancy have its sway - but as his queen, and the partner of his kingdom's weal and glory. And for yourself, doubt not his gratitude; that is, I know, but an offensive theme to you; commissioned as you are, perhaps, it should be; but doubt not this; I say it as an older sister, who has watched the world, and suffered in it longer than you have; it is the most glorious triumph our poor nature can achieve, to do good against the will or estimation of those who receive it from us, to trust to time even for their knowing of it; to trust to the cheering of the few who would do their duty with us; such, if you will accept it from me, will always be your's, and for the reward-"

"Ah, dear lady," said Jeanne, clasping the queen's hand, "I do wish that they would accept the great boon I bring to them, freely and gratefully, because I know from whom I bear it: and I am impatient sometimes, at the impious selfish folly that dares to mock it, but you shall see how humble and patient I will be."

" Not with them; they need your energy," re-

plied the queen; "but by yourself and to spare yourself."

"So would they say to me," answered Jeanne, almost to herself; "and for the reward, your life, noble lady, your forbearance, and your goodness; tell me that we need not talk of that—we both look for the same."

CHAPTER XXVII.

I man followed the fortunes of Jeanne, step by step, though I had found no means of aiding them, but by a share in the general energy. I was content to watch their growth, though every day they seemed to bear her more and more above the rank in which I could hope to move; and to lessen that final chance which was still the day-dream of my life.

It was plain to me on many occasions, that she knew me ever since my attempted declaration at Blois; but, though she cared not to hide this from me, her constant and perfect self-possession forbade all use of acquaintance. One word had been spoken to me by Jean Pasquerel, which, though not avowed as her's, I traced to her kindness. "The muiden loves and values all her friends, but it is best service to her to forbear all personal claims, till the work to which she is devoted is done." I treasured this, and made it another incentive to the keeping of my vow: and though I looked on the commander of armies, the successful rival of great leaders, the chosen counsellor of the king, the elect, as it seemed to all, of a greater power, with a respect that grew nearer and nearer to awe, I remembered that

she herself looked to the completion of her task, and I believed that she could then be again Jeannette d'Arc.

I had seen the muster at Blois, but the splendid assemblage, of which every one now felt proud of forming part, contrasted with that scene, without effacing it from my mind. Then all wore the enthusiasm of a desperate hope, now the talk was of assured success. Each was beautiful in military pomp; but this added royal and courtly magnificance to the shine of arms.

"Mark you how the butterflies come out with the fine weather," observed to me my old friend, Thierry, my companion of the inn of Chinon, who rode by my side; "there is not a noble of the king's party in France who does not now put on his best coat of mail on a ride to the coronation a merry ride be it! They say that the maiden promises it shall be an easy one; and if so, so will it be; but if there should come a black cloud or two, it will be curious to see how they'll look out for shelter."

"Nay, there are many brave and gallant gentlemen whom the king has kept near him — no fault of their's," observed Maître Jean, the gunner, who rode on a strong easy-pacing horse, on the other side, having his son astride before him; "such as the young lord of Laval; not but there are two people away that most folks expected to see, and many wished to see — the queen and the constable."

"Ho! ho!" eried the soldier, "they here with the chamberlain, La Tremouille! Why, man, the musters came in such numbers that he was frightened, even at the king's power, they say, and would fain have sent many away, as not having means to entertain them; but, thank Heaven, the most entertain themselves, or, to be sure, the poor three francs apiece we have received would do little for us."

"There were pickings at Orleans," observed

Carasco, who rode behind.

"And you are looking out for some more, no

doubt," replied his comrade.

"I can scarcely follow such a saint as our's without being the better for it," said Carasco with a meer.

"Or the worse, as it may be, if she discover thy tricks," answered Thierry. Carasco only shrugged his shoulders.

In the heat of midsummer weather, the splendid train pushed on towards Auxerre. Even the toil of the march was no light labour to encounter; though Jeanne seemed as if she would remove half his burden from every soldier, speeding from one part to another of the line, speaking words of comfort and promise, and hastening succour to the overweuried. Yet the spirits which were so universal at our setting out, gradually subeided in the length of the journey; and Thierry observed, that "the soldiers who knew what they were about, began quietly and steadily; and the jackdaws had left off their chatter by this time."

We welcomed the towers of Auxerre as the mark of our first halt, though we knew not the reception we might meet with. "We have the maiden, and the artitlery will soon be up," said Maltra Jean, "and receive us they must one way or the other."

But for the time the gates were closed; and though we rested, it was in the fields, not within the walls; and the second pain of war, hunger, began to be felt throughout the host, for the exhausted country yielded but little food for twelve thousand men.

"Never foar!" said Maitre Jean, "an empty stomach is good practice for a soldier, now und then; and we shall find enough within. I heard the maiden herself declare, that the town might ensily be taken by assault, if they continued in their wilfulness; and that it was needful that it should be so to prevent the resistance of others."

"You heard what she said, no doubt," said our constant companion, Thierry; "but you judge amiss of what will follow; they are sending us provisions from the town by composition; and folks say they are to wait and follow the example of the other towns, Troyes, and Chalons, and Rheims: so that if we find an enemy in the front, we may be sure to have one in the rear; it is easy to see who is general now—the minister, La Tremouille; the maiden would have left no such rub in our path; and, methinks, they might see, when the very wind was changed, to serve her at Orleans, that such walls as these would resist her no longer than she would suffer them.

I was silent; but my friend, Robert Thibault, who again ventured to talk with me, had already told me that some said that two thousand crowns

had been paid by the citizens of Auxerre to La Tremouille to purchase a neutrality, which left them at liberty to side at last with the strongest.

With the next morning, however, the banner which we all loved to follow, led on the road to St. Florentin, where we were to cross the Yonne, keeping somewhat away from Paris, and the main strength of the English, as not now seeking to provoke a battle, and left by them and their allies to pursue our route through a country, in which, if its people were not with us, they could find no power to oppose us. St. Florentin opened its gates to the king, and again we rested longer, they said, than the maiden wished, but even some of the soldiery found the stay acceptable, and many declared that we ought to be fresh for the work we were entering upon. At length, Jeanne was again permitted to unfold the ensign of our advance, and in two days we saw the walls of Trayes.

Neither welcome nor fear appeared to await us; a body of five hundred lances daringly attacked our advance as we approached; superior numbers and a valour equal to their own soon made them seek the security of their walls, but with those between the opposing forces, we had, as it seemed, little chance of further advantage.

Now came the trial of that faith which the menso generally reposed in the maiden. Five days passed almost without the sign of battle, of advance, or even of preparation.

"The next thing she will do will be to invent some better transport for artillery," said Maître Jean; "we must wait some days yet before we shall be able to knock these towers about their ears; they say yonder cathedral was where Henry of England married our princess Catharine, and laid the train of all this war; it shall go hard but I'll do nway with some part of the memorial. Now all the saints send that she may not think to forbid me before I've rattled the roof off,"

"Think you that we shall stay here till your cannon come up?" asked Thierry coldly.

" Marry, and why not?" said the gunner,

"Simply because men cannot last out without eating," said the veteran.

"Why, did you not find fields upon fields of beans in the neighbourhood, two days ago?" asked Maître Jean.

"The last are gone this morning," said Thierry;
"we began with a few unripe cars of wheat rubbed in the hand, and then we made a great prize of a few beans, and that has been the provision of five days."

"Well! well! wait; I've had no more; Jeanne has had no more; she scorns to feast when her people fast."

"You say right," said the Italian, Carasco; "a party of us went some distunce for provision a day or two since, and by great luck we found a calf!"

" Found !" cried Maltre Jean.

"Now a Scotchman was one of the party, and as he can't speak French, it is lucky we understand one another, but he has a wonderfully quick understanding for such matters. Some of it was cooking when she came by our quarters, and the fool must needs make signs to her to eat. It is lucky for us he can't betray us, for I should not like my share of her anger."

"She has herself been one of the very labouring folk that you rob, Master Carasco," said Mattre Jean. "It is no wonder that she cares for them,

and punishes those who oppress them."

"Hang or starve! what matters it, except that hanging is the quickest?" said Carasco; "besides, he must want brains that can't fill his belly pretty safely at the worst of times. I wish I were as safe in every thing else as in that. Are we not more than thirty leagues from any place in King Charles's obedience, except that poor little fort of St. Florentin? If we are kept here but a few days longer, weak as we shall be, will not Bedford and the English close round us, and make easy speed with us? The people in this town of Troyes have been long on the other side, they say. If they should hold out as our Orleans did, and their defences seem just as good, it won't be a calf, more or less, that will make any difference in our fortunes."

The anxieties of the soldiery were shared by the chiefs. Regnant de Chartres was appointed by the king to key before a full assemblage of them a picture of the straits to which the army was reduced, and of the perils still more fearful which threatened. The famine, the little chance of supply, the absolute poverty even of the noblest, for few had money left for their most urgent wants, the strength of the fortifications before them, the town well garrisoned and amply provided, the disposition of its

citizens, the want of artillery on the king's part, were arguments which, as the Chancellor Archbishon said, "they might behold."

Nor was their distance from the king's loyal territory a less cogent or visible fear. La Tremouille was ready; he read in the faces of the many his own expected triumph, for the shame of France would have been the triumph of his spleen.

"What, it is plain, that we attempted in madness," said he, "it becomes us, in the wisdom which the event has enforced upon us, at once to abandon. We shall suffer loss, disgrace, and bitter reproach, but it will be by what we have done already, not by what we may do to repair it. It grieves me, noble and knightly men, that I should speak the word retreat, but if I have not wanted my appointed time, it is because as one not the least notuble in this presence. I might with the less fear speak so distasteful a word, and hear its unhappy weight by the strength of my authority."

These words let loose the tide. Many were ready to shelter their own apprehensions under the avowal of the minister's. Fear became prudence.

"Onward, still onward!" cried La Hire. "What if we leave this town of Troyes, as we have already left Auxerre? If it were prudence in the one case, is it madness in the next?"

"Auxerre," replied La Tremouille, "is the Duke of Burgundy's, whose friendship may some day be our's; besides, did not the inhabitants sue to us?"

"Successfully," replied La Hire, with a retort in his look far beyond his word.

"They were no warriors, at least, to assail us," said the munster.

"Better merchants, I should say," observed La

"The example of Troyes determines them," interposed the king. "I am still ready to advance, if you, my brave and faithful friends, so counsel me; take heed as for the kingdom, not for me."

"Your highness is now the kingdom," replied La Tremoulle, "which, if we can but bring back to Bourges in safety, it will be content though not

glory to us."

"It is pity!" urged La Hire, "that we have not the Constable here, whom we might leave with his forces to besiege the town, while we pass onwards."

" It is not so, De Vignolles," said the king; "we must speak and advise of the means we have."

"True, xire," said the warrior; "without the Constable, a leader might be found, the noble Alençon, many here; it is not for me to tell of them, who, with two thousand men, might at least prevent all harm to your highness's march and return."

"Belford would wish no better than that we should be thus divided," said La Tremouitle; "that the mess, which is too much for him at once, might be nicely served up to him by mouthfuls. I know, friends, that it requires courage to take the wise part, which smacks not of high renown, and which fools may sneer at; I, for one, have that courage, and let those who care for the person of

the king, and the last hopes of France, rather than the wild fancies of a girl, and their own wilder hopes in her success, help me to save the precious time, which is security to us."

La Hire looked round, and he saw that his appeal would be useless; the members murmured applause of La Tremouille's speech, and doggedly awaited the giving of their voices in single works. "Let us at least know," he said, "on whom we may depend to go through with another expedition, should we after this ever dare to project one." Xantrailles, De Tilloy, the young Laval, De Lohese, Thibaut d'Armagnac, even the prudent D'Aulon, were among those prepared to respond to his attempt; but before he could urge the example of the bravest on those whose shame might move them to emulation, the venerable lord of Trèves spoke, and to him all listened.

"Should we not," said he, "speak directly to her by whose counsel this journey has been undertaken? Know you what means she may have provided for that she has herself devised? Surely it was not our power, inferior still to the English, or our poor exhausted treasury, that could embolden the king to this enterprise; or that our attempt itself wore the ordinary face of probability. It was in obedience to the will of the maiden, it was in the accomplishment of her words—"Forward! forward! to the coronation at Rheims; the obstacles shall be but small and few, for such is the will of Heaven." If she give no advice, possess no power to do what she has said, it would, indeed, be

madness to go on, and I should share the great and

In thus speaking, he seemed to have anticipated the sentiments of Alencon, John of Orleans, and others of high rank, who awaited in a disappointed silence for the time when they should be called

on to declare their thought.

La Tromouille saw his advantage; the honoured name of the old knight was a sufficient shield against every scoff; it alenced La Hure himself; he thought but for the instant how he might prevent the condition that Jeanne should herself be consulted. Three rapid blows on the door disconcerted all his schemes, for he knew that it was Jeanne herself who struck them. Another moment, and she stood before the assembly, not as one questioned, but with a quick and angry eye, ready to single out an opponent.

After an instant's pause, the Chancellor briefly addressed her. "Jeanne," said he, "you come in the midst of great perplexity; this journey, undertaken at your desire, has placed the king in a danger, and the realm in a strait, from which the council shall be wise and fortunate if it may rescue

them."

The maiden turned from him to Charles; his look avoided her's, as though he would not reproach her. "Shall I be believed?" asked she of him, in a voice that trembled with deep feeling."

"I know not," answered the king, still avoiding her glance; " if you tell us of things reasonable and profitable, I would willingly believe you." It was in a firmer and bolder tone that she reechoed the question.

"Shall I be believed?"

"Yes," answered Charles, hesitatingly, "be-

lieved by what you say."

"Then away with these long councils! noble Dauphin!" exclaimed she in a voice of command; "let the people approach and lay siege to this city of Troyes; by their effection, or by our arms, will we in three days be masters of it, and strike a blow that shall stun the false Burgundy in its fall."

"If it were certain in six days," said the Chancellor Archbishop; "but can we be assured that

you speak the truth?"

Jeanne smiled.

"To wait is but fresh infatuation," murmured La Tremouille.

Jeanne looked full upon him. "You would not depart to-night?" asked she with a scornful calmness.

"Nay, that might be impossible," replied the minister.

"I will ask your patience no further," she said; then turning to the assembly, she spoke again as in command:—"Doubt nothing!" and to the king. "to-morrow you shall be master of the city."

She waited for no reply; it seemed as if her passion were incapable of other speech, it found its vent in action. She rode forth, her leading-staff in her hand, and soon the trumpet-call assembled us around her. "Up with your tents," she cried, "at the very borders of the ditch! they must see that we mean not to pass them as we did those of

Auxerre. Give me my standard!" called she to Louis dex Contes, and, taking it from him, bore it before the half astonished, half-affrighted warders on the walls right to the edge of their fortifications. The soldiers followed with a shout; they knew not in what they trusted; but she commanded, and that was hope. Soon were the tents pitched, as in defiance, and the men swarmed near like bees angry to sting.

"Now all that would do loyal service, to work!" she cried again; "we must be ready to fill this disch by the morning, and make one straight and easy path for the Dauphin to ascend their walls, and enter his city of Troyes!"

Again rang the shout in the ears of the defenders, and it reached some almost as unwelcomely in the French camp; they knew she was at work, and some had seen and all had heard of such desperate and terrible deeds as that which must follow.

It was strange to see the collection of materials which the zeal and industry of the soldiery amassed. La Hire had no sooner heard her words, than he with his company rode in search of branches for tagots, and with his own hands set the example of binding them. Of the true warriors not one but lent his own aid to the task; even Alençon, and John of Orleans, and the Count of Vendome, making it their honour not to shrink from such mean toil. Jeanne herself rode from post to post, theered the weary, exhorted the idle, praised the zealous, and accompanied every heap to the place at which she appointed it to be laid. It was a

beautiful summer's night, delightful in its breeze, after the hot and anxious day, and we looked towards the town, which we could see in the clear though mixed light of the moon and of the scarcely departed day, expecting, as we had watched it before, that its hum would cease, and such lights as we could see in its highest buildings be extinguished, and all assume the security and the repose of peace.

But it was not so. The watch was strengthened towards our encampment; we could see hundreds of armed men on the walls. Not an arrow or a shot was fired on either side, though Maître Jean was busily employed, under the direction he most confided in, in placing a battering cannon of no great power, and some smaller artillery, which had been brought up so as to flank the intended road.

Presently the bells of the different churches were heard, and we saw the blaze of light through the windows of the cathedral, showing dimly the rich colours against the pearly sky. Jeanne bade some of the overwrought to rest. "You have harder work for the morrow," said she to those who unwillingly obeyed her; "why should we build a bridge to our enemy, but that we mean to conquer."

But she closed not her eyes, and in the cheerful morning sun she stood before the large and numerous heaps, wearied, indeed, and pale and thinner than she had ever seemed before, but with a glance still full of alacrity, and with limbs that seemed new strung, whenever a momentary occasion called her to action. By her stood John of Orleans. "And when mean you to snatch an hour's rest, Jeanne?" he said to her kindly; "you have done this night the work of two or three experienced and active leaders, yet, without you at the assault, we shall not prosper."

"I am ready for it now," answered she alertly; "a tired horse will speed when he sees his home.

Rheims is won if we take Troves."

Still in the full happy morning light did the two hosts eye each other. That of the besiegers were completing their great task, and disposing the fugots, the piles of rubbish, tables, the ruins and frames of abandoned houses, so as to form, by the work of an hour, a path from the outside of the ditch to the top of the curtain or straight wall. From this wall, on each side, a formidable tower projected at some distance, commanding fully the approach, but which parties were ready to scale with ladders, so as to distract the attention of the defenders.

Full five thousand men were ready, each by his respective pile, to do the work of pioneers, and soon an array of as many more was drawn up

ready to charge upon the path they made.

All this time no actual hostility took place. Eager and anxious currosity had brought the citizens, old men, women, children, priests to the walls, to gaze for a moment in terror on the preparation which threatened them, and then they hurried back to the churches, which they knew would be spared if the maiden were obeyed.

It was in a firmer and bolder tone that alle reechoed the question.

" Shall I be believed?"

"Yes," answered Charles, hesitatingly, " le-

lieved by what you say."

"Then away with these long councils! noble Dauphin!" exclaimed she in a voice of command; "let the people approach and lay siege to this city of Troyes; by their effection, or by our arms, will we in three days be masters of it, and strike a blow that shall stun the false Burgundy in its fall."

"If it were certain in six days," said the Chancellor Archbishop; "but can we be assured that

you speak the truth?"

Jeanne smiled.

"To wait is but fresh infatuation," murmured La Tremouille.

Jeanne looked full upon him. "You would not depart to-night?" asked she with a scornful calmness.

"Nay, that might be impossible," replied the

minister.

"I will ask your patience no further." she said; then turning to the assembly, she spoke again as in command:—"Doubt nothing!" and to the king. "to-morrow you shall be master of the city."

She waited for no reply; it seemed as if her passion were incapable of other speech, it found its vent in action. She rode forth, her leading-staff in her hand, and soon the trumpet-call assembled us around her. "Up with your tents," she cried, "at the very borders of the ditch! they must see that we mean not to pass them as we did those of

Auxerre. Give me my standard!" called she to Louis des Contes, and, taking it from him, bore it before the half-astonished, half-affrighted warders on the walls right to the edge of their fortifications. The soldiers followed with a shout; they knew not in what they trusted; but she commanded, and that was hope. Soon were the tents pitched, as in defiance, and the men awarmed near like bees angry to sting.

"Now all that would do loyal service, to work!" she cried again; "we must be ready to fill this ditch by the morning, and make one straight and easy path for the Dauphin to ascend their walls,

and enter his city of Troyes!"

Again rang the shout in the ears of the defenders, and it reached some almost as unwelcomely in the French camp; they knew she was at work, and some had seen and all had heard of such desperate and terrible deeds as that which must follow.

It was strange to see the collection of materials which the zeal and industry of the soldiery anassed. La Hire had no sooner heard her words, than he with his company rode in search of branches for fagots, and with his own hands set the example of binding them. Of the true warriors not one but lent his own aid to the task; even Alengon, and John of Orleans, and the Count of Vendome, making it their honour not to shrink from such mean toil. Jeanne herself rode from post to post, cheered the weary, exherted the idle, praised the zealous, and accompanied every heap to the place at which she appointed it to be laid. It was a

beautiful summer's night, delightful in its breeze, after the hot and anxious day, and we looked towards the town, which we could see in the clear though mixed light of the moon and of the scarrely departed day, expecting, as we had watched it before, that its hum would cease, and such lights as we could see in its highest buildings be extinguished, and all assume the security and the repose of peace.

But it was not so. The watch was strengthened towards our encampment; we could see hundresh of armed men on the walls. Not an arrow or a shot was fired on either side, though Maître Jean was busily employed, under the direction he most confided in, in placing a battering cannon of no great power, and some smaller artillery, which had been brought up so as to flank the intended road.

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each strove for the mastery, the contention proceeded.

But armed men contending with those they hat can, with difficulty, torbear the use of their wanpons, and the leaders of the English cried rather to slay than to deliver their captives. "Slay one, and you shall hang on the highest tower in Troyes, cried the maden, and she advanced between the threatened man, and him who threatened him.

At this moment, Charles himself approached, and each party instantly referred the quarrel to his justice. "They are our's, and we take them with us by the convention," bluntly stated the English chief

"They are your true subsets, noble Dauphin," said the maden, " and when we spare these vanquished men of our mercy, are we to suffer them to remain the tyrants of our own brethren?" With that she looked round upon the wretched group, trembling on the brink of captivity or death, and, stifling an exclamation of terror and surprise, remained without mother word, standing, as it were, unconscious of the further deliberation, but grasping firmly the small battle-axe she carried, as it that should be the arbiter of the dispute, if the words she had spoken might fail.

The king, never lacking compassion for his true-subjects, spoke to the English. "What has been covenanted," said he, "must be duly kept; if these poor people are accounted by you as a part of your treasure, treasure shall you have for their ransom, but they must not be led away in the signific of their joyful and victorious countrymen. The

King of France is, as yet, but a poor prince, through those who keep him from his right; thank yourselves that he cannot be liberal, but he will strive to be just. His true subjects shall not pine in bondage, if his poor purse can deliver them."

So ended the dispute, for commissioners were appointed, and, though it drained his little store, Charles did not grudge the ransom of his people The prisoners were soon effectually freed, and the shouls and congratulations of the French; but to one Jeanne berself approached, and fell upon his neck, bathing his face with her tears.

This was Durand Laxart, who, with my uncle Conrardin and Maitre Aubery, had stood in trembling wonder and delight at their own strange deliverance; one of them at least equally rejoiced

that it should have been by her.

Jeanne soon composed herself to hear their brief story.

"All your friends," said Durand Laxart, " bad heard of the journey that you were taking, leading the king to Rheims to be crowned; and every body in our neighbourhood knew that you would keep that promise as you did the one about Orlean. so one and all that could at all manage it made up their minds to the holyday; we got the hay cut and carried home, and we knew we could be back in time for the corn harvest, and, come what would, we could n't help it, so we journeyed forth by sixes. and sevens, or by twos and threes as might be, and some made for Rheims straight, or to lodge thereabouts till you might come up, and some, Jean

Morel, and some more, made for Chalons, and we did we, intending to keep a little on this side of it, but, by some means or other, under the mayor's direction, we lost our way, and fell in with some Burgundians a week ago, who, with much ado, were persuaded to bring us to Troyes. Mattre Aubery, because he was a mayor, was worth keeping alive, and they said the same of me, because I was your uncle, and, as to Conrardia, we told them that he could find some crowns by the help of friends, and selling what he had; so, in a good-matured mood, they even spared him, too, and brought us all into Troyes."

"Where, for people they came to make money by, they have kept us poorly enough ever since," said the mayor; "but we have saved our throats and our ransom, and so I suppose we must even be content with such reward or office as the king may think proper to bestow on his loyal subjects who have suffered in his service."

Jeanne smiled, and turned to Laxart. "Come with me to my tent, and take such fare as I have, dem uncle," she said, "scarcely so good as in your own cottage at Petit Burey; but if you meet me in the camp, you must share with me as a soldier. Come, for Pierre and Jean are there, and will be happy, indeed, to embrace their uncle; you can tell me of my father and mother, and of Jacquemin as we walk; Conrardin, you will be with us; Master Mayor——"and for a moment she appeared puzzled, for the mayor was an incumbrance, but he had suffered in the wish to see her, interested, or

not, as the wish might be. At the instant John of Novelomport approached, who held an honourable post in her now numerous household, and to his care she delivered the magistrate.

" But my father and mother?" she then con-

tinued to Laxart, moving as if to her tent.

"Your pardon, dear Jeanne; stay! and I will tell you," said Durand; "they have set forth to Rheims, that is, your father and mother; Jacque-

min and Catharine keep house."

"Will they be safe in such a journey, may they not share your fate? mereiful Heaven, if they should be imprisoned or slain! But, why believe that? and I must not soften my mind with conjectures, who have so much real danger to strive with; for them will I pray more fervently, for others I must act."

Still, Durand and Conrardin hung back. "I pray you, dear mece," said Laxart, "place me with some of my own degree; you spoke just now, even before the King of France, almost as if you were a princess at the least, and at your tent may be others who would despise me, and think none the better of you that I should belong to you. I have seen you, you are well, that is, you look in fair health, and I am glad, indeed, to have seen you, and you will at your leisure come and talk with me a few words, not to take up your time, but to show that you do not forget me; but I love not to be placed above my birth and breeding; there is the mayor would have thanked you, for he came on purpose,

but I and Conrardin only came because we loved

"A little, a very little while, if it be in the mercy of Heaven," replied Jeanne, "and I will be all your's, as I used to be, living sometimes at Domremy and sometimes coming to Petit Burey to visit you and my aunt-is she well? Oh how much one ought to think of in one's dear home! and for the present it shall be as you will. There is one in the camp who knows you, and who shall tend you for me till I may tend you myself; my chaplain shall lead you to him, and provide for all that you may want, and Pierre and Jean shall come to you; but there are hours even now that you must talk with me of what we have done together, for the king himself knows the aid you have given me. and some time or other will thank you for it. Conrardin, you will find your nephew. Jacques Alam, he is safe and well, and has shared honour, too."

She beckened to Jean Pasquerel, and he immediately undertook her commission, and they parted for the time after many more expressions of kindness and delight, and thankfulness for the event which reunited them. Gadly, indeed, did I welcome them for their own sakes, and even more for ber's who had committed them to my trust. Our friend, Jean Pasquerel, provided for us as well as he might, and we, in the joy of our meeting, should have been content with much less means of celebrating it than he could find tor us.

Though the entry into Troyes, which was to take place the next morning, was entirely placed

under the marshalling of the maiden, and, notwithstanding the fatigues of the past night, she found a few minutes again to converse with Laxart, and to welcome him, and talk of what was to be done, and then he found lessure to admire her new fortunes, and her own assured and noble bearing, and to wonder at the dangers she had passed, and to fear for such as might come to her.

"I fear nothing but treachery," said she; "but it is no time to tell you of a world that would be as new to you as it was to me; to-morrow is a pageant, and it is almost a temptation to me to be proud that you should witness it."

I'nder her care the next morning the archers had the streets to the cathedral; and, though she alone of the principal leaders was yet in the town, it was needful that their guard should keep off the press of citizens, whose currosity could not be satisfied with gazing on her. So latery turned from the faction they had long tollowed, they had yet many of its prejudices, and the slanders of her enemies had made Jeanne an object of superstitious terror to many.

"Yet it is strange," cried those who gazed on her, "that the devir should wear so sweet a face; she looks, indeed, as though neither man nor spirit could daunt her, but when she similes, it would be just as difficult as to escape the snares of the enemy himself to distrust her."

"We shall see I" quoth another. "Father Richard hath his doubts of her strange power, and well is it

that the Bailli and the Eschevins have commissioned

"See! see! he comes to her," said a third, as the friar advanced to her at the head of the authorities, sprinkling holy water before him, at which she smiled with a lighter heart than at the exorcism at Vaucouleurs.

"Come on, for I shall not fly away, or change into air, or into a demon," said she, laughingly, to the priest; then, suddenly changing to a graver style, she made the sign of the cross reverently, and approached him. "We should know each other better than this," she said to him, "and two who would serve Heaven must serve it on the same side at least. Hear the truth of me from those who know me; if you then doubt, question myself, and I will answer you; and then, once convinced that I have indeed a hely work enjoined me, I call on you by that you serve to aid it."

From that time Friar Richard was the adherent of Charles, and willingly, when he had heard and examined, did he lend his influence with his brotherhood and with the people to the maiden, to induce the citizens of other towns to open their gates to their rightful sovereign.

The distant sound of trumpets recalled Jeanne to the gates, and there, taking her banner from her page, she met her sovereign, and bore it before him and his nobles to the cathedral. The superb structure, in which the marriage of Henry Plantagenet and Catharine had paved the way for Charles's misfortunes, now rang with the acclamations of his subjects, and, before the altar at which those fatal vows had been spoken, and the traitorous or compelled oaths of fealty to the foreigner had been rendered, a hearty and natural homage was sworn by the citizens of Troyes to their native king.

One success was the creator rather than the omen of fresh advantages. Jeanne had still to urge celerity, but it was to those whom faith or fear, or both, prepared to obey her. The allegiance renewed, Charles marched onward with his army for Chalons, Jeanne leading the advance with the allsubduing standard in her hand. The march was long: the weather added to the toil by extreme heat, and the white dust of that part of Champagne covered the army with a thick and perpetual cloud; but none murmured now, except the little mayor, who had not counted on this share of an expedition, and who, strangely at a loss for want of his necustomed consequence, was, probably, with the exception of her disappointed enemies, the only person in the army who did not share in the general enthusiasm. Our spirits, indeed, almost outwent our strength, and, on the evening of the second day, which found us before Chalons, we were little prepared for the hostile greetings we might expect; but the news of Troyes had reached the city before us, and the principal inhabitants came forth to greet us with open arms, and led the king and most of his followers to a welcome hospitality for the night.

Here another was added to my charge in the person of Jean Morel, the godfather of the maiden,

who shared with Conractin and Laxart in accommodations which were modestly but sufficiently provided. And others from the country, far and near, flocked in to swell our train; such as were accustomed to arms bearing them for the king's cause, and others bringing offerings of what they might spare, and all good wishes, and wonder, and praise, for the heroine of Orleans.

Another march, another halt by the castle of Lepsaulx, and we were within four leagues of our destination. Here the Archbishop Chancellor played the bost to the king, finding himself at Lepsaulx for the first time, in the castle which is an appendage of his see; and here, rather in the wonder that success so marvellous should continue, than in any meaner doubt, Charles for the last time questioned the maiden of his hopes, and shewed her the strength of the town they had yet to conquer, and his own belief that his enemies knew the value of the stake, and would defend it to the last.

"Fear not! doubt not!" was still her answer; "the people of Rheims shall meet you. Before they see you, the citizens shall render the city. Onward fearlesdy, and let nothing disquiet you Act but manfully, and your whole kingdom is your's."

And soon was she enabled to add human intelligence to the words of her prophetic genius; that indicated came a messenger of his own order to Frint Richard at Lepsaulx, and was led by him to the maiden.

"The lord of Chatillon-sur-Marne," said the emissary, " who holds the city for the English, had been reinforced by the lord of Saveuses with a Burgundian power, and they would willingly have kept the place for the king's enemies, but that, to make a sure defence against such an army, they must be able to depend fully on the affection of the citizens. But murmurs surrounded them on every side; the prophecy of the coronation at Rheims, led so near to accomplishment by wonderful deeds, could not, as the people declared, fail at the last step; so, when they were asked whether they would themselves hold the town for six weeks, till an army capable of contending with the king's could be assembled, as the garrison was not in itself sufficient, the inhabitants replied only by suffering the soldiers to depart; and the council which they immediately held bus, by one acclamation, decreed to send envoys to the king for pardon, and to tender him submission."

The morning accomplished the promise of the night. Charles gladly received the allegiance of his repentant people. The Archbishop instantly proceeded to the city, which he had not yet visited, and took possession of his palace, and paced, with stately and exulting steps, the aisles of his vist and superb cathedral, in which, to the full assembly of the people, he celebrated mass, and bade the thunders of the organ and the voice of all the choirs in the city peal forth the "Te Deum." Then, with the people crowding after him, he repaired to the gate near the Abbey of St. Remy, whose venerable

walls enclosed the sacred oil for the consecration of kings, and there, with the whole assembled city, waited the approach of the monarch.

Those who had been despatched returned, speaking of the king's grace and goodness when the keys of the sacred city were laid at his feet; and soon the white banner was seen floating before the king. and borne by her who had led him to his triumph. Murmurs of admiration and wonder, shouts of congratulation, greeted her on every sale, as she wound through the long street to the archiepiscopal paince, the feeling of great deeds accomplished, of promise marvellously kept, filled her own heart with thankful amaze—the poor maiden of Domremy had, by Heaven's appointment, brought the Dauphin to the throned seat of his ancestors; praise, the hunghty which compares the unworthiness of the means with the deed done, filled her heart almost to bursting; but there was a joy yet sweeter and nobler in store for her: in the square of the cathedral, near to the palace, stood two, for whom all made way-a peasant and his wife. Jeanne leapt from her home. letting even her beloved standard fall at her feet, and knelt before Jacques d'Arc and Isabel, while the royal party entered the gates, a secondary sight. even in the appreciation of the multitude, to the maiden receiving the blessing of her parents.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BEFORE laying down the authority with which she felt herself to be invested, Jeanne, in despite of the natural delights which now made her best feelings a luxury unalloyed, thought anxiously and diligently on the perfect completion of her task, and of the hopes that resulted from her achievements. Habitually rising with the sun, on the very day on which the coronation was to take place, she caused a letter to be written to the Duke of Burgundy, urging the first vassal of the crown to return to his altegiance by every consideration she could devise, not finding to use that of prophecy of his discornfiture should be still oppose the rightful heir of France. A brief hour with her father, her mother, and her uncle, whom both now praised from their heart as much as they had once been inclined to blame him; they overjoyed to see that, amid all her state, her most treasured ornament was the ring she bore from them at Vaucouleurs, and Jacques, showing the paper which I had written for him, and which he could find voice now to repeat in part, till the earnestness of his joy clocked has atterance almost as effectually as his former grief had done.

The king's officers sought her to be present at the great ceremony which was to seal her giory in his acknowledged title. Already, the evening before, had the proclamation been made on the dare hastily erected in the cathedral, that the press of France offered Charles to the people as their sovereign, and one burst of honest pleusure had responded to it.

"What matters it what we were?" said one to the other of the people; "the king is a noble and a merciful prince, and the maden bath done wondrous deeds, and the morrow will be a day of trumph, such as we or our children may not again

see; why should we not rejuce in it?"

Great haste was made in the preparations, for the presence of so great an army could not but be a burden to the good people of Rheims, however cheerfully they might bear it, and the number stolincreased. René, duke of Bar and of Lorrame, brother to the king of Sicily, brought that and from the domains of his father-in-law, Charles, then hastening fast to his death, which Jeanne had one so vamly solicited; and the Damoiseau de Commercy brought with him another train of nobles, and of their armed followers, to serve under the banners of his sovereign, and to guard and grace his inauguration.

In the cathedral, as was accustomed, was Charles anointed with the sacred oil, used from the time of Clovis, and contained in the vial, which, from that time, had been deposited in the Abbey of St. Reiny. With all due and accustomed ceremony was the Heaven-directed gift received by the Archbishop from the four peers sent to claim it; and Regnaut de Chartres, the metropolitan entitled to the honour by old custom, placed the crown on Charles's head.

All else was solemnly ordered, though partaking of the baste and urgency of the time. The six lay and the six ecclesiastical peers of France, though the archbishop of Rheims and the bishop of Chalons were the only ones present, were, in other instances, worthily represented by princes of the blood, such as Alençon and Vendôme, or nobles of great rank and power, like the young Laval, and by the bishops of the loyal sees. Normandy was the patrimony of the king of England, and Burgundy was his ally; and when the heralds cited them, proclaiming their names aloud in the church, mingled grief and execuation noted their ambitious or traitorous absence.

Even the crown prepared had not yet arrived, but another was discovered in the archiepiscopal treasury; but the deep sentiment of patriotism, of loyalty to the king as the representative of his native subjects, the fond hope of peaceful times, the shame of the English dominion, the honour due to the brave, whom all were proud to call countrymen, the holy enthusiasm with which they looked on the delegated heroine, made the want of long preparation but an additional glory, and the absence of some of the usual pageantry a triumph.

Yet it was a glorious sight. Perhaps I cannot separate it from my feelings—the crowd of nobles,

not moving as awkward assistants in a show, but full of energy in every act of bomage, giving a meaning and truth to the old ceremonials, whose intents might be forgotten but for the illustration of such a time; the solemn anthems that all he tened to with the silence of devotion, or the deep full murmur of universal chorus, the shout, when the crown was placed upon the monarch's head, ringing and echoing again and again, and again in the high roof. And there, near to the king, she stood, bearing the banner of his fortunes, the standard which had been the constant sign of victory Charles was crowned king of France. Jeanne wept She placed the standard in the hands of an attendant, she cast herself on her knees, and embraced those of her anointed sovereign.

The breathless silence of sympathy was broken by the audible sobs of those who looked on. They had seen the greatest event of many ages—they were witnesses as between man and Heaven.

"It is done," she said, in a clear, subdued voice, singularly audible; "my Voices have spoken the truth, and I have finished all that they have enjoined. King!" she cried, addressing him in a tone so emphatic that all responded with one acclaim, and then hushed, to lose no syllable, as by a sudden full in a mighty storm. "The will of Heaven is done which bade me raise the siege of Orleans, and lead you to this city of Rheims, to receive your holy anointing, shewing that you are the true king, and him to whom alone the realm of France belongs."

A second shout succeeded the fervent proclamation. It sub-ided, and she continued: " And now let me cast off the unhappy apparel of war, and live in mercy and in love with all, as becomes a poor girl : let me leave to those to whom it of old nght and good cause belongs to command and to lead: oh! let me be now once more and for ever while I live the contented servant of my own dear parents. Let us, in our humble cottage, and at our accustomed church, pray for the king that rules over us, and for the realm he governs; let the rest of the life which I have vowed to Henven be indeed fit for the offering, innocent, and atoning, and penitent, for all misery and bloodshed, and praying for the souls of friends and of enemies dead, till I may be at rest as they are."

Charles spoke no word; I am sure that he could not speak, though others say he hesitated for excuse; but he raised her, placed again her standard in her hands, and motioned to her to precede him by the southern door which leads to the archbishop's palace. The peers took their rightful stations in the procession amid the sound of trumpets and the pealing of the organ, money was thrown among the people, and, as they saw the glittering train depart, they and the soldiery rushed, with tumultuous shouts, to their dwellings, to pass the remainder of the day in mirth, carouse, and pledges to the happy future.

Some were admitted to see the king feast in the noble hall of the palace, where, though by rigid custom none but the archbishop might dine at his own table, Jeanne was still obliged to occupy a distinguished place at the second table, and the princes and nobles of the land. It was a penance to her, for, among the admitted few to witness the dinner, were Jacques and Isabel, and Dunink Laxart, and she would rather have shared then simpler meal at the Ane Rayé, nearly opposite to the portal of the cathedral, where their expense were frugally but honourably defrayed by the town-council, and where their hostess Alice, the widow of Rolin Moriau, bonoured, served, and wondered at them for the sake of their daughter, and where they were almost exhausted by their own joy, hearing her praises, and recounting the story of her childhood from morning to might to people of both sexes and all ages and degrees that repaired eagerly to them.

Even Maitre Aubery, here, but for a pompouprolixity, would have been an object of interest, from his previous intimacy with the maiden, and those who could make no approach to her parentcondescended to listen to the husband of her godmother. He almost began himself to forget that he was a mayor, so entirely was that part of his identity swallowed up in the more popular capacity. And the servant of Baudricourt, who had treated her with disdain, had come to Ruems among some of his fellows, and gamed consideration from his assertion, that he was her first introducer to his captain.

After the appointment of a governor of Rheims, in the person of the archbishop's uephew, Autome

de Hollande, and the despatch of pressing affairs, the first person for whom Charles sent, on the day after his coronation, was Durind Laxart, and from him he delighted to receive all the particulars which Jeanne had partly related to him, and in which the honest praise of the countryman might supply the wants which her own simple modest recital had left.

"You were the first friend that gave her help on my behalf; you have done the part of a brave man and a true subject, and she must teach me how to pay my debt to you," said the king, in parting with him.

Durand lost all heed of reward in the pride of the acknowledgment, and declared to his niece, who was delighted at his pleasure, "that the king was the best mannered man he had ever seen of a gentleman, and as kind as though he were no better than himself."

And then, though with less speech and with more solemnity, Charles received Jacques d'Are and his wite, not overburtnening them with the time, so us to make the honour more painful than it needed to the simple folk, but bidding them be happy in the honours of their daughter and in his gratitude, and so suffering them to depart, so that he was left mone with Jeanne herself, who had to-lowed her parents to the audience with the Lord of Trèves and her zealous advocate, his confessor, Gerard Machet, Bishop of Castres.

"Yesterday, Jeanne," said the king, "I raised old dignities, and created new ones; it now becomes

me to acknowledge my greatest debt. Some three, which are, I know, near to your heart, you will already find provided for; you trouble us to seek when you will not speak your wishes; but now speak to me as to your true friend. I hough all now acknowledge your worth, and some, many, have now learned to love your person who were not of that mind before; you see I have only your own old, and trusted and honoured friends with me, that you may speak as you would to me, or as you think in your own heart. Your king, though he be ever your debtor, must be your acknowledged debtor before the world, and must, for his own fame, show to the world that he is not an unfaithful one. Serve and obey him in naming what he may do for you."

" Noble king ! let me be known at least to you," answered Jeanne; " for me to desire anything from you beyond what you thought needful to your own service, would be for me to call myself a trickstormuch worse than that, a blasphemer, so presumptuous that I do not like even to think of the sin Say that my task is over, and with that, my acquittauce to Heaven, let me leave you. I cannot take reward for acts which are not my own, but the counsels and the deeds freely given to you by the power that hade me seek you. And I am not in need, or those whom I love. We can live as we always have lived, happily, very happily, now that there can be no cause of mistrust or contention among us. Pay your thanks to God for what he hath done for you, and praise him by loving and ruling well your people. Suffer none to oppress

them; suffer none to take your own office from your hands, of judging and protecting them. Love all alike, or as they may merit your bounty, so shall you build up a strength which no foreign power dare threaten; you will be the joy of your subjects all your lite, and you will die in the grace of Heaven. Pardon what I say, the list advice I would trouble you with, and my counsels have sometimes been rude and impatient, yet regard them as from whom they were spoken. When you will tell me that I may go, I will have letters written to the gracious queen to thank her for her guodness to me, and to assure her that I will pray for her; she disdains no service. You will leave Rheims shortly, sire, and you will let me bid you farewell."

The lord of Trèves advanced to her. "Jeanne," said the venerable nobleman, with a voice which something more than age made infirm, "the king would not have you leave him, and no true subject could desire it more than he."

Jeanne turned pale, and trembled, and looked at Charles. "Have I not done all that I promised?" she asked, in a tone of apprehension.

"Nobly! truly, marvellously," said the king; "but—"

"I have no further commission, no further skill, no further power!" she exclaimed despairingly. "I pray you let me go, great king;" and she threw herself at his feet. "This has been my hope, my trust in toil and danger; I would not pass all my life in this terrible, unchristian trade of blood. You have other captains, who have envied and hated me, even to the betrayal of your service. I would not every hour be thinking of their strife, and the malice they bear me, but that my Voices bade me. It was not for such as I to leave a father and mother that love me, and that I love. And it is not fit that a poor maiden should dwell in camps, with the ribald life the chiefs will not let me quite restrain. She paused, and then resumed more calmly: "My place is now in the cottage at Domreiny, by my mother's side; gentle king, you will not keep me from it!"

Charles was embarrassed; his good mature was touched, and in that moment he would have given what he believed to be the hope of his cause to his justice and her desire, but the Bishop of Cas-

tres interposed.

"We all know that you have done well, Jeanne." said he, as he raised her; "but you owe still the duty of a subject to your king; no common duty do we all owe to him in these times of great energency. We prosper well; the submission of car after city reaches us here; the seed is well sown. but the full harvest is yet to be gathered; you are become one of the great pillars of his fortunes; the solutery believe in the assured success of your leading; and such is the terror with which your very name has struck the enemy, that the Protector of England needs to issue proclamations in London. and in the scaports where his forces are assembled. forbidding taem, on pain of death, to hold back through fear of what he calls your sourcemen. Men's minds, the great justicers appointed by God finally

to judge the right on earth, and judging, at last to enforce it, decide for us. Yet even this may waver and change in this imperfect world, which is but like the first half of a curiously involved romaunt, the solution of all the mysteries of which is to be found in the yet unopened volume. Will you delay the great justice by abandoning its execution? Will you not fight as you have fought in the hope of mercy, and for the speeding of peace? I ambut one of the humblest and meanest of Heaven's ordinarily appointed ministers, and I well see that what hath spoken in your heart may supercede my weak injunctions; but for my age, and for my love of you, and for my office, you will hear me.

" War is, indeed, a curse which nothing short of the madness of sin, the practical atheism of man, could hurl upon his fellow; but it is we who suffer, not provoke it. You strike to save, not even to avenge. You are all that we have of merciful and good in the rough camp, and men learn from you lessons of mercy and forbearance; methinks if you should even perish so doing, you should die happily. And this may I urge with a clear and certain conscience, for were we ourselves to submit to the loss of all our goods, the oppression and torture of our persons, without resistance or remonstrance, would it be holy, having the strength to prevent it, to see robbery, murder, and outrage wreaked upon our defenceless, helpless fellow-people? Are you sure that, upon any reverse, Domremy could be safe, from which, at any hazard, you would ward the evils and cruelties of the foreigner, and the ruffian

traitors in his service? And if that were usured to you by revelation itself, could you sit in your own safety, and enjoy your own peace, and nestless the fondness of your own domestic love, while, from one end to the other of this unfortunate realm, decord and tyrunny made one desolation?

"And it is as if the very souls of men werstaked in this boly resistance, for what must the children of this race be but hardened and obdurste savages, brought up in blood and plunder, and in no craft, but that of rapine and destruction? For their religion, sacrilege itself must become their sport, and the ancient glories of our church, when yet they remain, only a rich prey. My daughter, it does not believe you to leave us in this danger Your courage, your skill, your name, are our best defences. Your king, who might require, begyour help. We, your country, implore it of you. On the part of the church, I enjoin it as your duty. Your inspired commission is fulfilled. Without its glory, and the might, and the assurance that have been your's from the source that cannot err or ful; your energy, your honesty, your genius, your valour, may do much. If you sadden, tremble, and recoil at descending from such a height to use the means common in various degrees to all; it will be the noblest as the most acceptable sacrifice you have yet made. Your own nature, chastened and glorified by the high converse it has held, must had you do your duty unselfishly, devotedly. I feel with you the struggle, the bitterness, and the low, Yet nothing can make this world for us an assured Paradise; in that you hoped to gain might be disappointments as bitter and more lingering than the trials you may yet encounter here. The best and happiest are not sent hither to enjoy, but to do; and the only delight which fortune cannot take from us is the remembrance that we have ever unflinchingly done our duty, heightened in enjoyment by every peril we have dared, by every sucrifice we have made, by every temptation we have disregarded, by every obstacle we have conquered. For yourself, then, judge between yourself, and your king, and France."

Jeanne was still and; but the harangue, if it did not improve her, at least gave her time to break her bitter disappointment. Yet she quailed and sickened under the interminable task.

"If when I had such aid they would not obey, they would not beheve me!" she said. "If I did not too well know the hearts of those who are with us, I would pray again to Heaven, and entreat that my Voices, which have not left me yet, for counsel to some new enterprise that might indeed satisfy you. But that, methinks, will not be. Console yourself in this, noble king, that they still speak to me of increasing prosperity, of the discomfiture of your foes, of the full restoration of the French kingdom in your person. But what can I now?"

"All, by remaining with us!" replied Charles for himself; "you are the sign by which these prophecies are believed; you are our safeguard, and the English terror; go, and it shall seem to all that our success departs with you. Behaving in the sure accomplishment of your own propheres, you never have neglected the means. But I we not reason with you, for I can add nothing to my dear lord of Castres. I will ask you, not as you king, but as your friend, not to desert me now, but to witness with me, and to help the great events which are to come."

Jeanne turned aside her head for a few minutes in silence, and wiped her brow and the tears from her eyes, then, looking again on Charles with cainness, and an attempted smile, she said, "My part

is only to obey."

Charles held her by the hand. "Whether won speak the words of your holy council or your own, they shall over be listened to with reverence and regard," said the king. " For my sake, and that men may see how we prize you, not to gratify wishes which I know you have not, your state and household shall be that of a Count. On our return, your command shall be independent and alone, if so you desire it, or assisted by such as yourself may choose. Nobility shall not be your's alone, but extended to every member of your house. your father, and your brothers, nay, even all descendants in the female line, shall possess and confer it upon their's; the name you bear shall be changed to one, a memorial of the gratitude of France; and as to your brothers, we grant armortal bearings, near to and part of our own, so shall they and their's bear the name of Du Lys. More, that all the companions of your youth, the sharers of your early love, may have part in your

successes, and he rewarded, as you will not suffer me to reward you; your native village shall be exempt from all tax for ever, that its people may find

in you their blessing as their glory."

Jeanne's suppressed tears now fell fast. "I did not mean to oppress you by a pompous recital of intents, which, as the time comes, shall be duly expedited," said Charles, preventing her reply; "but I wished to shew you that I had somewhat studied the generosity of your own wishes, and striven to act as you would have suggested your own pleasures to yourself. So the valley of Domremy shall smile, even without its heroine, and all remember and rejoice in you, though they do not yet again behold you." With that he left her.

Jeanne returned to her father and mother and Durand Laxart. By the king's care they were already provided for their return, laden with such gifts as to them seemed wealth, and were rich in their content, and charged by D'Aulon, who, by the king's express command, had undertaken this mission, to effer no obstacle to their daughter's remaining where her services were needed. This was will done in part, for it spared her the pain of imparting what more and more affected her, and what, to the little circle which she had caused to be drawn round her at her parents' lodging in so different a hope, even her constancy might have found it difficult to declare.

Not only were Pierre and Jean there, but Jean Morel, her godfather, who had joined us at Chalons, and the mayor Aubery, my uncle Conrardin de Spinal, and even myself. Pierre had chosen still to tollow his sister's fortunes, and Jean was rejoicing aloud in the promise he had received, and which the promise, in this march, had justified, that he should now become the pupit of Robert de Baudricourt, at Vaucouleurs, that, when that benoured officer should be placed in a higher post, Jean might be fit to succeed him, and enjoy the highest honour in his native place.

Isabel wept tenderly, and embraced her daughter again and again. "God only knows when we shall meet, my child! I had sweet dreams, but we are born to submit; be you happy wherever you are, and we will be content in that."

Jacques interposed: "She is very dear to me," he said; "the more so that I once did her some wrong; but do we not leave her to honour, such as no woman in France ever gained? is not her very name now an honour to us? It was folly; and the misery which comes of it, that I feared for her the separation for a time—we must bear; the king himself asks it of us. It is but that, but that, and then how will we all welcome her again to Domremy." Jeanne sighed.

"So it must be! so it must be!" said Durand Laxart, "but it is strange. I helped her to depart when there was great danger, and when all seemed impossible, if one but checked at it for a moment; and now I would have her, as she herself would be at home and with us, and guard her, and love her there." Jeanne threw herself upon his neck.

But she soon regained her self-command. The

decision was taken; she had only to abide it. Such little remembrances as she had to give, she freely bestowed on all; having, so simple was her store, nothing to give to Jean Morel but the red clothes which she had worn on her journey, and which were now, by the king's command, changed for satin and cloth of gold.

And then she came to me. "We are strangers now no longer," she said; "you shall, if you will be so, be to me the remembrance of my home. If it be not fit to appoint you of my household, you shall have honourable charge in my company, such as your actions have well won. Will you accept this in singleness of purpose as it is given, and in the honour and trust due from friend to friend?"

My heart leaped into my mouth. I stammered forth uncouth thanks, but they were true ones. I fully understood the pledge she required; I unequivocally gave it.

A few days afterwards we left Rheims: I and Pierre, in Jeanne's immediate following, marching with the king to Soissons, the rest returning, full of a thousand conflicting thoughts of joy and sorrow, to the valley of the Meuse.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The king had performed the pilgrimage which we believe to impart to our monarchs the privilege of healing the "king's evil," and we were on our road to take possession of Soissons, Compiègne, and the many towns which instantly declared for his cause on receiving the news of his coronation.

Among the many others, the citizens of Benuvaishad invited his presence in spite of the persuasions of their Count and Bishop, Pierre Cauchon, a man who owed his past fortunes to the English, and expected from them still greater advancement from his present see, however, his fellow-citizens chased him with ignominy, and the loss of his go-sh and revenues, which submission to his hege-lord, and an appeal to his never-failing clemency, would have saved. As it was, with the cry of the Manden of Orleans in their mouths, his people houted him from his territory.

But the deeds of Charles and his army are part of the History of France, and probably I have al ready burthened my narrative with such public matters as the old among us remember, and the young have diligently inquired of, not ungratefully enjoying their results at this day. It is only for me to allude to those events, which affected the feelings and fortunes of Jeanne and her immediate friends, and prevented or assisted my own means

of narrating them.

Thus I pass the day at Mont Piloer, when Bedford led forth the English and Burgundian forces, and the two armies kept in sight of one another, at the distance of half a league, for an entire day; the English, however, in a well entrenched as well as an ably chosen position, from which no challenge of the king's, or even the hot and continued skirmish, almost in itself a battle, could draw them.

Among the skirmishers, Jeanne fought with all her accustomed bravery and strength, doing, as her rivals still declared, the work of three valiant and well-skilled knights; and La Tremouille made his final essay as a soldier, being quickly unhorsed, and brought, bruised and discomfited, back to his tent.

The war resembled a mighty sea, on which the wind sometimes veered, and fell calm, but of which the steady and constant current bore on with rewatless advantage on the side of the French, winning daily by palpable advantages, or by the silent conviction of men which prepared them.

Jeanne had not only regained her former spirits, but even seemed more calm and resigned than before, after a few days, principally of conference with Jean Pasquerel, who still constantly attended, and whose good influences did much to dape that despiring gloom, which, for a few days after our departure from Rheims, she could not avoid occasionally betraying. She fully and honestly assume her new task, to assist and to obey; counsel the only gave when it was required of her, and no word of unpatience would she suffer to pass her lips though derision sometimes sate upon them in sucree, and her check crimioned, and her eye flashed, at the palterings of folly, indecision, delay, or self-shriess.

An omen, which, at any other time, might have affected her, shewed, in the disregard she haid to it, the kind of resignation she had achieved. In chastising a breach of those moral laws, which she held most needful to propitiate the farnur of Heaven on the host, as well as to maintain its quot of true and conscientious enthusiasm, the sword, which she had selected, some say miraculously, at least, by a strange coincidence of fact with imagination, which had produced the effect of a margical. was broken. The token affected Churles, who even reproved her, and told her that she should have weed a stick, and spared that weapon for nobler deads: she did not mock his reverence for the weapon, but told him that she would win another from his onemies that should serve her as well; a boast which she did not make in vain.

As Charles had freed the city where his ancestors had been crowned, so he won their humal-place from his fees; and, for the first time, visited the resting-place of his own father, in the stately

abbey of St. Denis. To his generals, nothing now seemed to remain as a prize equal in importance to Paris itself; and thus, Bedford having been obliged, by motives of conciliation, to yield its guard to his brother-in-law, the Duke of Burgundy, who had again entrusted it to his lieutenants, seemed a matter not impossible to compass. Was it to shew that they needed a nobler leading than their own that the enterprise did not succeed? that unbroken success should only be the meed of unselfish and consistent virtue?

The generals could not even understand from her the principles upon which she had merited and achieved success. It was the nativity of the Virgin, one of those holy days which she had always respected in the charity of their institution. They proposed the attack because it would be the less expected.

For the first time since the entry of Rheims, she expostulated, entreated, but it required the power of energetic command, which she no longer thought fit to display, to move them from their purpose. The success of other enterprises had made them bold. La Hire had taken Chatcau Gaillard, near the very stronghold of the English. Rouen; and even he did not give her his wonted support in the council.

The Count of Vendome and Alençon led the attack; they had adopted all that she had practised in preparing, as before Troyes, an immense quantity of material for the filling of the ditches, but it was not now assembled under the very gaze

of the enemy, but brought in carts from a distant. We of her own immediate company prepared to the attempt in silent confidence in our leader; but though she was armed for the conflict, she spoke no word of her accustomed cheer. We knew not then that she had consulted her Voices, and that they had refused all counsel and protection, and that it was only by the mingled entreaty and command of Charles, won from him by the urgent clamour of his leaders, that she devoted herself to the deed.

But it was with unfergred sorrow, that I head from my old friend Thierry, that a prophecy was spread through the army, as from her, that by nightfall we should enter Paris. I knew the inlection of this, and suspected the miserable policy of its inventors. I even denied it to him, but I set that it might bring a greater danger than it would avert, to spread an active contradiction, like a paner, through the host.

From the hills of Montmartre we looked upon the queen-city of France, and could even deserv some of the commotion occasioned by our approach, for the march and return of troops, indicated by their banners, were distinguishable on the walls and in some of the streets, though we could not witness the terror of the citizens, shared by her, Isabel of Bayaria, one of the first causes of all this bloodshed, who in the Hôtel de St. Paul awaited the issue of a day which might deliver her a prisoner to her own wronged and hated son.

The first attack was made upon the barrier and

bulwark of St. Honoré, where the maiden took a sword from a Burgundian whom she discomfited, and with it aided the other chiefs to drive the English and Burgundians within their main entrenchments. Ambushes had been laid by the Count de Clermont for such as might sally from the town, but the garrison kept behind their walls, and upon them the French appeared unable to make impression.

It was after this forced truce of more than an hour, when the artillery alone had been used to purpose, and that incapable of yet making a breach, that all eyes were involuntarily turned towards the maiden. The leaders chose for their speaker the subtle and unblushing De Rays, who had been the headiest in urging the attempt, and was most deeply pledged to Charles for its success.

"It was well advised of me," he said, in the courtly lore of which he was full master, "that we should urge you to accompany us; no banner leads to victory but your's; the army waits for its wonted signal, under which it is so accustomed to conquer, that our men look upon it as needful to success."

"Let it not deceive them now," answered the maiden; "I will have it borne forward, as is due to my allegiance, but the trust they put in it is but in an arm as frail as their own." That day it was in my hands; "On this day," she had said to me, "it might endanger a child to bear it," and she knew that with her I would share danger recklessly, "though why," she added, "should I give the peril

of death to my best friends for their sale ? Is t not enough that I am willing to be their sample.

I bore the standard forward as she built me, and the old energy seemed to revive with the at The shout sounded as at Orleans, at Jergeau, at Troyes, and the army pressed with it to the edge of the double ditch. The materials for filling it were advanced at the same time, but the outer has of a was dry, and under a shower of missiles which be little effect upon an armour of proof, our parison. and targets, we gained the ridge, called in torus. cation the ass's back, which divided the two bel-The next was deep and full of water, and she called again and umm to her followers to hasten the filling of it, while, standing on the ridge herself, she sounded at short intervals with the staff of her lance to try how far they yet were from the path which should lead to her desperate effort.

The fatal standard, whose advance they believed to be the signal for their destruction, had filled many of the false French with terror, and they ran tunultuously from street to street, crying that all was lost, and that the maiden load devoted them to death; but the English and Burgundams on the wails heard their clamours with the fury of a sharpened hate. "Strike the foul sorceress!" "Cleave her standard to the dust!" "Take no other aim but against her!" was the cry of the leaders from the walls, but her arms of proof long resisted all their missiles. Then, from the towers of the gate of St. Denis on one side, and from a round tower on the other, the garrison opened a

fire of cannon on our lines, as they stood incapable of advancing, inactive under danger, which made them waver, and openly were expressed wishes that the path were complete, and the conflict begun hand to hand. Jeanne again came to the very verge to try the depth yet to be filled up, when an arrow from a cross-bow pierced through the steel jupon she were, and transfixed her thigh.

It was impossible to conceal a wound which threw her on her knee, but she struggled again to her feet. "On I on I quick!" she cried; "if I die here, so Paris be taken, heed me not, I am well content." Another arrow struck me in the foot as I had pressed close by her side, and, as I opened the visor of my helmet to see to draw it from the wound, a second cleft the lower jaw, and issued at the back of my throat. I fell with the standard to the bottom of the outer ditch, and that proof of danger and omen of loss seen by all our host, they began irresolutely to draw from the ground.

I lay writhing, speechless, helpless, and none dured answer to the heroine's call to maintain the footing on the ridge. She herself, weak with pain and loss of blood, at length sank from it, but she endeavoured to direct her staggering pace towards me. She took the standard from my nerveless arm and wound it round her own, then, sheltered by the ridge from the shot of the enemy, she disposed her wounded himb at its lesst case, and prepared to die defending her banner against the for, whom she

expected to sally

Party after party came up to persuade her to re-

treat, but, while they stood erect, the arrows of the enemy, which they could not return, sore guest them, and they were successively put to fight. To all, in the intervals of faintness which enabled me to listen, I heard her give the same arrows "No! no! I was bidden to the walls of Pare to the king! Bear me forward if you can! no try in retreat. My life is wedded to the king's ketunes, why should I keep it if they do not proper! Let my own blood here be the last that I shall see poured out, and that of my poor good Jacques Alain!"

"Ay, let her rest!" I heard one say; "she promised us Paris to-night; see what we have instead of good plunder!" It was the voice of Carous, who had wandered thither for prey, even from the wounded and dying of his own side; but it stopped suddenly, an arrow had answered his appeal, and laid him dead before her whom he revited.

Still the expected sally came not. The English were too well satisfied with successful defence to run any risk that might compromise their fortunes, for the French forces yet hovered near the field, and some small parties watched near the walls, perhaps to provoke a seemingly unequal combat, which might turn eventually as much against the assailants in point of numbers as it at first appeared to be in their favour.

But the night was closing in, and those still more to be dreaded than the soldiers of the enemy might be expected in such plunderers as Carasco, or even the starved and exasperated peasantry of the neighbourhood, glad to seize on any resource, however horrible, to alleviate the despair of want and hunger. I was yet conscious, though incapable of motion, when Alençon himself, at the head of a few brave followers, came to the spot.

"It is the king's command that you return with us, Jeanne," he cried. " Have you no friends, none that you love, none that would mourn you, that

you thus yield to despair?"

"Leave me! leave me! I shall soon be dis-

missed from pain," she answered.

"You can no more oppose your friends than your enemies now," said Alençon, and, at his signal, she was raised from the ground, carefully guarded against all exposure to any who might yet watch to fire from the walls.

"My standard-bearer, Jacques Alain!" she murmured.

"Poor fellow! he is dead," said Alençon, who himself approached me, and, indeed, I could shew no sign of life strong enough to stay them, or to entreat them to assist me.

I lay some hours, as I suppose, sometimes entranced, sometimes conscious, when, at length, I felt a hand upon me, and I almost thanked the blow I apprehended, which would probably end my life to secure the spoil, when I saw in the moonlight that the face above me was that of a benighold man. The strength and wonder of recollection made me, perhaps, capable of an effort which I could not else have made, for it was the hermit of Dreux whom I saw.

" Here is one whom I may save," he und, and releasing the arrow with difficulty from the warns removing the helmet from my head, and man ag the blood as well as he was able, he mused me, on the night-air came cool and refreshing upon my face. Slowly, stealthily, and ever and upon suffering me to repose where the uneven ground its tected me from observation, he withdrew me me the immediate scene of slaughter. But he leave to take the direction of the army; he kept on the northern bank of the Seine, to the cust, where a length he placed me in a small boat, which he was still vigorous enough to row briskly, and by the morning, aided by the current, we had reached a cavern, protected from all observation by the overhanging bushes, and approachable only by a few nar row steps, where he undertook the long and tediouand, at first, almost hopeless task of my cure.

Jeanne's recovery was comparatively speedy, her abstinence, and the high tone of her usual health now, as on former occasions, were in themselves almost sufficient remedies. She offered, as was the custom, her arms in the church of St Denis, in acknowledgment of her restored health, and she once more urged upon the king her desire to return to her native village. But Churles as gracefully took upon himself the blame of failure, resterated so carneally his need of her presence, and gave so many tokens of real interest in her misfortune, that she avoided the parade of yielding, by not too strongly pressing her wish. In the king's company she returned to his court at Hourges, the

queen having met them on the road, and Jeanne having had the delight to perceive that the king treated her both with honour and cordiality, if not with absolute affection, changing his intended course to Chinon, that he might prove his value for her society. Wherever the deliverer of France passed, no word was heard but of honour and gratulation.

To the people her life appeared one course of unmixed glory and success for herself, of welfare and safety to them. They came that she might lay her hands upon them for a blessing, but when she might ahe checked their superstition, or smiled at it with her noble hostess, Marguerite de la Touroulde, the wife of the king's receiver, with whom ahe remained at Bourges, saying to her:—
"Touch them yourself; your touch will do them as much good as mine."

Still places were yielding to the king's forces in every part of his realm; but one branch of the Loire remained yet in the power of his enemies, that to the east of Bourges, where the towns of St. Pierre le Moutier and Charité sur Loire were held by his enemies. Her own desire was to lead an inde-

pendent force into the ide of France.

Paris was becoming daily more straitened, and its inhabitants were pent within its walls, unable even to draw food from the environs; so many of the neighbouring forts being in the possession of the true French, that it was dangerous to quit the gates. So poor was the English treasury, that even the officers of the courts of justice were for

years unpaid, and it was not long after test to very public records were discontinued for want : parchment, or the means of purchasing it. Pas were formed by mere necessity for the resur 4 the people from starvation, by the recognition of their lawful prince, and, though they were b covered, the open proof of them was almost so

perilous in the spirit it exhibited.

It appeared to the maiden that, although assaid might be premature against a band of men out the more resolute from their relying on none but themselves, it might only be necessary to watch be event which was preparing, and assist it will slight succour, that Charles might rule in the capital of his kingdom. But she no longer insisted upon her own views. She accompanied to Seigneur d'Albret in the favourite project of the council, to drive the English from Charite sur Loire, and St. Pierre le Moutier.

At the latter, when all seemed hopeless, she repeated, and with like success, the desperate effort she had male at Jergeau; but at La Charate, a furious sally of the garrison, aided by a stratagem of the brave Pourret Grassort, the governor, which spread in the French force the behef that un English army approached to the rescue, saved the town Her return to Bourges was hailed with undiminuhed rejoicing on the part of the people, but one incident made her welcome dearer than all these acclaimstions. Charles and his queen received her too ther

The king, upon whose cause good fortune poured on almost every side, would only congratulate her

on the gain of one town, and refused to hear or think of failure before the other. He turned to Mary of Anjou with a smile: — "Well," he suid, "be it your's to give the maiden the pleasure we have reserved for her."

"You are gracious at last," replied Mary, "but our contention after all was as needless as most contentions are, since we may both enjoy the same delight, Marie! come forth, my young namesake!" and with that from an inner door Marie de la Meilleraye came from the queen's closet, and threw

herself upon the neck of Jeanne.

"There," cried the monarch, "is a rebel whom none but yourself can tame. La Tremouille could make nothing of her wardship, though he brought in the brave La Jaille to assist him; yet they dealt with me rather hardly for the repurchase of the right I had given up; a few crowns happened to be in the royal treasury, and they availed themselves of the extraordinary chance to keep up the price of this herress, whose lands, to be sure, are once more under our own dominion. But now that I have repurchased her, I fear I shall be as little able to control her as they were; she will give her hand to whom she pleases, forsooth, or at least to no other. I know of none fit to hold her wardship but one who has discomfitted so many other traitors. Take her, and try if there be a man rash enough to compound with you for her hand, though, by the mass. I think no one will be so hold as to venture it, unless he were of your own blood."

Marie's cheeks were crimson, and she clung still vos. 111.

closer to her new guardian, who only replied "Your highness would almost persuade me to any
her her liberty altogether, but that I think me
command as a guardian may spare her the troute
of her own consent. But, indeed," she continue
more seriously to the royal pair, "this is a house,
which I deeply bless and thank your graces, and
which two, at least, I hope shall live many years b
bless you for."

Young as both the parties were, no one placed any obstacle in the way of the immediate union of Pierre and Marie, which Jeanne herself rather batened; for the time, which had been always noted in her visions as the end of her career in arms, we near its expiration, and that she suffered no terms to hang over the invisible future was best proved by her constantly and calmly providing for it, as though she might not participate in its events.

The love of all France, the honour which even the enemy paid her in his fears, openly avowed in the public acts of the state, a household, which had she been of the royal blood, could scarcely have been more magnificent, the veneration of those who surrounded her, the unlimited favour of her screeges, the means of alleviating distress, to dispense which was the principal office of John of Novelempont, who still held his post in her household, the masulfied purity of conscience so rarely kept in the winning of such advantages, seemed to promise a career of happiness unrivalled upon earth. But she did not luxuriate in the fortune she had achieved, forgetful of the duties it imposed.

In accepting such marks of favour from the king, she only admitted the one plea, that the outward lustre of her state was necessary to his honour and service; the independent command by which she thought she could best serve him was accorded to her; such treasure as could be amassed was given into her hands, for the pay and entertainment of her troops. Good arms, good horses, and money for his service, were all she ever asked of Charles; these were her's, and she well knew that it was her duty to use them.

Again her banner was raised in the face of his enemies. She shared in the capture of Melun, the siege of Lagny sur Marne was raised almost by her name, and Franquet d'Arras, the Burgundian, was vanquished, and taken prisoner by her in the field, after an obstinate and doubtful fight. Him, whom she would have gladly kept to exchange for one of the luckless insurgents who had embraced the king's cause in Paris, the bailli of Seulis claimed as a murderer and a robber. As the leader of the pillage at Domrumy, and did not or would not recognize him, but the instances of those who had suffered by his other outrages forced her to yield.

"Take him, and adjudge him by the laws, and beware that your own enmity mingle not with your decision," she said, and delivered him to those who claimed him, not for his enmity to Charles, but for acts of individual pillage and outrage committed on the unoffending. A trial of tifteen days consigned him to the scaffold, but, ere his sentence was passed, his captor was called to another some of action.

Such was her kindness to all who sought it fine her, that, while at Lugny, she, the commander of armies, prayed, with the other muldens of the cur, before the image of the Blessed Virgin, to information into a child which lay insensible, are was expected to expire without receiving the ne of baptism. At the time she prayed it opened to eyes, and the sacrament was administered, a constation to those who were immediately afterward deprived of it. And these two circumstances I narrate, because both were noted by her enemal who called her delivery of Franquet to the justice that claimed him, a murder, and her successful prayer for the infant, sorcery.

At this time arrived the news of the siege of Compiègne, a city of the utmost importance to the rightful cause, held for the king by Guillaume & Flavy against the united forces of England and Burgundy, commanded in chief by the Bustard Jose of Luxembourg, Count of Ligny, the whilest and most renowned of the Burgundian generals.

There was the danger, and thither would she speed. This appeared to all but the ordinary exertion of her real and courage. It was, indeed, as more than she had already exerted, but such, perhaps, as none but herself could have summoned. One alone knew of her heroism; for the king's cause she hore terror abutly. Jean Pasquerel was the only friend she trusted. "We must let no sign escape us," she said, "of that which is to

come, and which to you, until it come, I declare under the seal of confession, and that you may the more earnestly prepare me for endurance. The prophecies which have been heart to me, which have sped me through misery and danger, and overborne all opposition of false friend and open foe, now turn against me. My Voices speak sweetly still and kindly, but I no longer feel in hearing them as if the trumpet rang in my ears, they melt me as the solemn organ in a requiem.

"It was before Melun that they first spoke thus, as I stood at the brink of the fosse at early morn, before a cannon was fired or an arrow shot. The faces were more beautiful than I had ever seen them, and they are so sweet that I can gaze on nothing else while they are with me, so that my remembrance is almost of those bright countenances alone, and of the tones they utter, but their smile was that of pity and heavenly regret, and they began by bidding me be of good cheer, in a sound that made me weep. Then it was declared to me that before the midsummer, the feast of St. John. that I should fail into the power of the enemy, and, as I shuddered and trembled, it was solemnly repeated that it must be so, and then again they consoled and comforted me, bidding me to have no fear, to be submusive and grateful for whatever was dealt to me, for that they were appointed to sustain and encourage me,

"With clasped hands, and tears which I could not restrain, I prayed of them that I might endure no long captivity, but that if it were the will of

Heaven that I must fall into the power of our expressors, that my death or my deliverance death come quickly. Oh! I would rather tenfold be deathere now, cruelly, and painfully, and helpless stricken, and even so linger among my friends than be in the power of the cold, brutal, makere English! But the Voices gave me no hope or other comfort than bidding me be patient, and attend the will of Heaven. I prayed to know the day and hour of my calamity, but still they enjoined but patience, and they left me.

"I have learned to bear it better since, though every day do they repeat to me the same and door, yet such is their glory and beauty that to hear of a from them again and again makes it somewhat more easy to be home, and such natures as their could not vixit me, and smile on me, and love me, if the doom they spoke of might not be endured."

"And you have since cast yourself into so many dangers?" said Jean Pasquerel.

"And must still," replied Jeanne. "I do not tell you that if I knew the very moment that I should then go forth and deliver myself to those I fear not in the field, but dread indeed when I am bound in their hands; but that power which delivers me to them is not to be withheld by the strength of walls, or resisted by the encompassing of soldiers, or outwitted by craft, or disarmed by our fears. This certainty, thus irresistible certainty, makes me yet brave. It would full on me if I fled as if I fought in the advance; it would come to me in the walled town as in the battle-

field. Why, then, should I seek to shun it! The time draws nearer and nearer, and cannot be far; but there is yet space, perhaps, for the deliverance of Compiègne. On, then, with me, and let us make the better speed."

Yet Pasquerel, instead of concluding the conference as she intended, stood for a time looking on her. "Man is not to comprehend the ways of

Heaven!" he said at last.

"We learn from them the folly of our own," replied Jeannette. "I seem to possess all that the earth can bestow. Even the wish I had formed for the means of achieving the object of my life, the restoration of the king's realm, was granted to me. The separate and unfettered command of such as I myself could choose as worthy and able was given to me in full trust. I prayed for help and for counsel, which, for the first time, I was free to follow—the answer is, captivity. But," she resumed, after a pause, "the counsel is given to me—' patience.'"

CHAPTER XXX.

MANY months had passed since the assault upon Paris, and I had languished during the greater part of the time in much pain, and almost in uter helplessness, from the wounds I had received.

The state of the country prevented my finding any sure messenger to send to Jeanne the new that I still lived. For many leagues round Pars all was one devastation. The greater part of the villages, it is true, were occupied by those calling themselves of the French party; they used the pretext, at least, to despoil all who were the badge of the other. The principal towns were gradually yielding to the lawful dominion, but some yet held out, so that every city and castle was in a state of siege, or held itself prepared for such an event, and the open country was a desert, yielding to each party a road, if it were strong enough to maintain it, and to both an occasional battle-field.

The hermit, still as strong and active as when, seven years before, I had seen him at Domremy, would have undertaken any peril consistent with the care of me, which he considered his first duty,

but he saw, and I was obliged to acknowledge, the impossibility of my existing without constant aid. I had remembered him; and brought to his recollection our former meeting, and confirmed the idea which he had sometimes suffered himself to entertain that the maiden of Orleans was the girl who had welcomed him in the valley of the Meuse.

From that time the exertions for my welfare, which had been begun in general charity, were continued by him with all the ardour of personal interest; and through the autumn and winter of 1429, and a part of the spring of 1430, he watched me with parental solicitude. Our simple wants were easily supplied from the money which I had still in my possession, and though our liabilation was but the cleft of a rock, rendered somewhat more convenient by art, we enjoyed at least security and shelter.

From time to time news reached us, though it was generally indistinct, or exaggerated, or late; but as at length the severe injury of my foot was sufficiently healed to allow me to walk some distance, and somewhat of my general strength and activity returned, I was enabled to make researches and inquiries for myself. Early in May I heard of the stege of Complegne, and almost immediately afterwards of Jennne's advance to defend it. My only impulse was to place myself again by her side; and, as five or six days would bring me, even on foot, to the besieged city, I determined to approach it, and take the chance of the first skirmish or convoy for my entrance.

I will not narrate my farewell to the hermit, the tenderness of whose nature seemed all reawakened in the care he had so long taken for me. He did not dissuade me. "Why should I hold back one defender from my country?" were his words: " is it not enough that I am useless myself? Yet, my son, methinks you have carned a right to peace had you chosen it. Go; no one of us can judge of the desires of another." Nor shall I say more of my journey, or my attempts to enter the city on my arrival, than that it was beyond the middle of May before I could accomplish my design, and that then, entering the town in the confusion of a sally, I was brought before Guillaume de Flavy, to make good my pretensions of belonging to the company of the maiden.

In the old castle, which had been a residence of the kings of France, and in which Charles himself had spent some days on our return from Rheims, I was ushered into the presence of the governor. There was little in his appearance becoming the dignity of his situation. He was a heavy-looking man, of nearly sixty years of age, grossly fat, and with a countenance of habitual ill-temper.

'So," he said to me, his small grey eye rolling with habitual irritation, "you are of the company of the maiden. It is well to pretend to belong to those whom you know to be absent."

"I have great reason to grieve that it is so," I answered, "since I come hither expressly to renew a service which she has herself condescended to value."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the warrier, looking at my smuciated figure; "doubtless she chooses such people as well as such means as would not be chosen by all of us."

"That I am not now the abler," I remarked,

" is because I have suffered beside her."

"None here remember you; perhaps you pretend that you were with her when she went, with the Count of Clermont and the Archbishop of Rheims, to force the Duke of Burgundy to give up the sugge of Choisi?"

" My wound was before Paris," I answered,

drily.

"Aha! another failure, was it not?" sneered flavy; "we were all to have been in surety by this time; safe, by her, as though we were babies to be dandled still in the arms of a woman. Burgundy has taken Choisi, and invested us closely in spite of her; but we have managed to repulse him, and even to alarm his own quarters since we have been left without our leading-strings."

"Assuredly all she does is zealous, noble, and brave, and should excite the envy of no one," said a lady, who sate in the room into which I had been brought, and who, five and thirty years younger than himself, was yet, with all her beauty, care-

worn, and almost emaciated.

"Envy!" cried Flavy, eyeing his wife, for such she was, with a sneer of more malice than contempt; "it is fit that I should envy a cowkeeper, or that such a one should be made an object of envy to the old soldiers of France! It is well that such be suffered to have command in a town like this, which, but for me, would have been Burgundy's at the mere cost of a lie! Yes, this town, which enables Charles even to threaten Paris when he will, which intercepts, as Burgundy well perceives, all support he can send from his principal domains to those false Parisians, this key stone of the war, would have been surrendered to him on the faith of a false truce, had I not preferred disobedience to folly. It would be as wise to hold my own authority unchecked and undivided now, and were not half the soldiery fanaties, as well as the people, I would do so; and I must be accused of envy, for sooth, because one fool of a woman thinto herself the prouder for praising another!"

"Jeanne d'Arc," replied the lady, who appeared half to enjoy and half to dread the passion she raised, "has waited till the warriors of France had shown that they were powerless and skilless, and has then shewn what courage and skill, if they had possessed either, might have done;" and with that she left the room, not, as appeared by her look, without some expectation of personal violence should she remain. Guillaume de Flavy made a half step as if to follow her; he then seemed to recollect himself, and turned towards me. I could not altogether suppress the feeling with which I had witnessed the scene, and probably the somewhat more than surprise upon my countenance added to him an arranginst me.

"The leader you are so proud of serving," he cand, with bitter irony of manner, " has prumised

to return to us. Whether that promise may be kept or not, I neither guess nor care. To you it may be of more consequence, for if she do not return I shall treat you as the spy I have good reason for concluding you are, and hang you over the walls, as a warming to your fellows in the Burgundian camp, as I would if she should disclaim you. Make him safe and fast in one of the lower cells," be continued to a warder who stood near. Luckily for me the warder replied that none were empty, and, as the governor was not inclined to give any of his solitary prisoners the benefit of my society. I was consigned, much against his will, to a more tolerable apartment, with the assurance that he would not long await the return of Jeanne for dealing with me.

The soldier to whose care I was committed, though hard enough in feature and manner, did not appear absolutely brutal. He at all events listened to me, and I went so far as to assure him of favour and reward from the maiden, if he made my case known to her immediately on her arrival.

"I should have done that," he said, "of my own accord. The governor is a brave leader, but he has no skill in keeping his counsel from the maiden, and I doubt she has strange means of knowing all that is done."

As I felt my own safety involved in this belief I did not attempt to shake it.

"She goes, indeed, too far in vexing him," continued my guard; " soldiers are not to be ruled like monks; and it is too much to expect him at his age to mend his life. He had got hold of sons silly girl against her will, and this Jeanne d'An reproved it as against the laws of war and the rights of the people. He ought to know about we and governing better than she does; and then at wife, too - it is wonderful that women never as take warning; he killed her own father, and reshe will keep taunting and quarrelling with he till I expect him to serve her the same one date Women never know when they are well off." With that he thrust me into a dark and narrow room. where, with a small portion of wretched bread, ke even the garrison were straitened for food, and cruise of water, he left me to meditate on my for tune in being in the power of such a man, after having incurred his resentment.

For three days I was left to the increasing anxiety of such reflections, asking each morning, as I received my miserable pittance, for news of the manden, but in vain. All that I could extract from my warder was little calculated to alluy the four of falling a helpless victim to a capricious butchery.

"The governor," he said, "was very unlikely to orget me, but perhaps he would wait till he was very angry, or else in very high spirits — then he was apt to make a clearance of such matters."

Accordingly, when, on the afternoon of the third day, my door was opened with more than usual noise and hurry, I prepared myself, as well as I suddenly might, to meet the event of his wrath or his mirth; but ere I could speak I found myself in the presence of the maiden horself, and was con-

ducted by her, amid warm congratulations, from my prison.

"I have little time now to hear of your escape, or to thank you for what you have suffered for my sake," she said to me; "yet keep this in remembrance of our meeting again;" and she threw a light gold chain, to which a crucifix was suspended, over my neck, and which made the bystanders regard me with a strange reverence, as though she had bestowed on me a talisman. "I must rouse the Burgundians at Marigny," she continued; "the men I have brought in this morning from Crespy are refreshed by this time, and, as we entered silently, I would let them feel before they hear of us."

"May I not serve with you once more?" I asked;
"if they would restore to me my arms—"

"Let that be done," she said to one, who immediately went to execute her command; "but not for fight to-day," she continued, looking on me with some commiscration. "If we are spared, I would that you should bear my banner again; but you are not yet strong enough to keep it as you have done. Rest to-day; it shall lose you no bonour or good-will from me."

With this I was obliged to be satisfied; but, as the men were ranged in order for the saily, I walked to the walls, that I might at least witness some

part of the attack.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon of a beautiful apring day, the 23rd of May, and that rich and varied country could scarcely have been seen to

more exquisite advantage. The chalky sol by not yet been parched by the heats of summer, and the verdure was every where as fresh as it we have further was looking from the wall back, over set parts of the town as permitted it, the varied and distant hills were covered throughout with local, in front of the wall, before me, ran the small be beautiful river Alsne, across which was a branched at its further end by a strong bulward and which joined the town to a large expanse of meadow land, which surrounded it on all sides to the breadth of a quarter of a mile.

Beyond this began the hilly road leading up w the quarter of Bourdon de Noelle at Marieny, to path being pointed out as on a map by its chally whiteness, among rich vineyards and fields of voter corn, varying, by the beauties of cultivation, to rich forest scenery on the opposite side of the town On the verge of the flat meadow-land the English had constructed a bastille on each side, distant about three quarters of a mile from each other, and similar mounds and parks were placed by them, at the same intervals, round the city. To store the quarters at Marigny, the steepest hill in the neighbourhood, and yet but slightly fortified, was the object of the maiden, and for this purpose ax hundred men-at-arms were assembled at the gate by the bridge,

I was well pleased to see that, if I was restrained from exercising my former office, the unriden had not delegated it to another. She herself how her standard in the front, and where, mounted in a white horse of great beauty, her polished armour, and her rich tunic of purple velvet, wrought with silver and gold, she appeared to me, who had not for a while beheld her, almost a new object of admiration. She looked somewhat thinner, and no smile was on her face as of yore, but there were the determination and coolness of commund, and, as the gates were thrown open at her signal, and she waved her standard for advance, her eye flashed with its wonted enthusiasm.

At a regular pace, for some of the men were purposely dismounted, we saw the party pass, as if almost unheeded, across the bridge, through the gate of the bulwark, then over the meadow, and up a little rise between us and the higher hill of Maragny; then it was lost for a while, and then we could see the ascent almost to the edge of the enemy's quarters.

At Complègne, as in every town where the hearts of the citizens were truly French, the people looked to her as their kindest friend, as well as the main hope of their country. The walls were crowded. "It is well to see the brave deeds of other warriors for our safety," said an old man, who stood by my side; "but one can feel for the maiden as for one's own child; they fight for their honour, and for gaining prisoners, as well as for the king; but we know well that all she cares for are Charles and the people, for if she take prisoners in the war, it is but for mercy, and that she may have enough to barter for the ransom of the Duke of Orleans, who has been prisoner in

England ever since that dreadful day of Am-

But a movement, which was perceptible exuticated our attention to the conflict. The banes of John of Luxembourg could be descried upon the opposite hill; and though the numbers when is lowed it came on struggling and disorderly, yet so it was easy to perceive that they were assembled in force, and pressing upon the French, who, impelled to retreat, were lost to our sight once may in the hollow. Nover was expectation more assemble than that with which we watched whether our outparty would be driven over the small height into the meadow, or whether they would re-ascend the mether and higher hill of Marigny.

"It is, it must be her banner!" was the shout at last; and again we beheld the wave of war, curred

to the very summit of the further hill.

After a time, in a well compacted body, we are the French again descend the height, while the accreasing numbers of the enemy hung upon their road, but seemed scarcely to embarrous their rotrest. Without confusion, her banner still towards the enemy, we saw the French forces creating the nearth hill, and retire across the meadow steadily towards the town, while the English forces from the hastilles and from Venette, under Montgomery, were unable, so unexpected had been the alarm, to oppose any effectual or combined resistance.

The warders were ready at the gates to re-admit the skirmishers into the town, who had effectually destroyed the camp and entrenchments at Marigny with great loss to the Burgundians, when Poton, called the Burgundian, who yet fought on the side of the king, was, with two other knights, made prisoner by the advancing forces. To release him Jeanne hazarded one more impetuous charge, and the enemy were again driven back from the meadow.

But now the strength of the English was murshalled swhen Jeanne had accomplished her object of deliverance, and still keeping the post of danger, the rear, as she had at first led the advance, gave the signal again to retire, they made an impetuous charge on each flank of her followers, not endeavouring to intercept them, but allowing the greater part of them, though in some confusion, to gain the town, and leaving Jeanne and a few of the bravest to face her first opponents, the Burgundians.

"She is abandoned! she is surrounded!" shouted a thousand voices from the walls, and the people urged again and again, with prayers and taunts, the men-at-arms to move forward once more to her rescue. In spite of all weakness I rushed to the gate of the bridge, was allowed to cross it, and even to mount the rampart of the bulwark by the barriers. The standard still floated aloft and nearer to the town, but the English still pressed hard upon the gate, and the French still struggled to enter it for hie and freedom.

The archway was choked with the press. Some remained to oppose the entrance of the English, and pluck in their companions as they fought their

way to such safety. I stood for a moment helple, within the dense crowd, imploring them to be me passage either by efforts or entreaties, I must again to the ramparts, that I might at least blood the event. My impulse was to cast myself in them, but a soldier withheld me from an attempt which, armed as I was, and the ditch below have with water, would have been but mad self-destruction.

With a shout of triumph the English drove but the last of the retreat, save two or three, who isolated as she was, fought against all who cruid press upon them. "The English will enter," was the cry of one chief; the word was probably to mere hasty impulse of the apprehended event and the consequence might be no more; the barriers were closed, the drawbridge was litted, at the very moment that Jeanne had fought her way to the edge of the ditch.

"Open! open," cried the watching crowd with one acclaim; but the call was not answered. Fresh assailants came up to replace those whom she had disabled. She struck spurs into her gullant steed, who himself fought with the energy of lux rider, and dashed across the meadow toward the north,

But her enemies hung upon her, seized her dress, and, at length, by dint of main strength, pulled her from her horse.

We saw the standard fall, we heard the shout from the enemy, that proclaimed their success. Yet the bells of the city sounded the alarm, and in hurried groups, such as had not shared in the sally came pouring down the streets to her relief. And still there was action where we had last beheld her; still she struck unwearied blows upon all within her reach, but numbers hemmed her in—she was bound, disarmed, and, as Guillaume de Flavy at length approached the walls, he beheld, as we did, the heroine led away by the road which we had so long watched as the scene of her prowess, and the serried lances of the English were opposed between her and rescue.

Without considering how little such a man would heed me, I rushed across the bridge back into the town, and ascended again the rampart, where he had placed himself, and where others of more note were already earnestly conversing with him. Some who had witnessed what she had herself achieved yet believed in the possibility of regaining the great loss, but Guillaume de Flavy looked coldly and sneeringly—I thought malignantly—on those who clamoured for the attempt.

"We have to guard King Charles's city of Compiègne," he said; "we cannot retake her person without hazarding and losing many lives as valuable; we must bear this as we may, and so must she; seeing that she sought the peril without advice of mine, she may endure the consequence without expecting my help."

If ever faces told of the heart's curse, such as were not immediately before him spoke it plainly, but none dared, even by a glance, resent his half triumphant coldness to his teeth. This was but related to me, for I had tund from him with an instinct of loathing, as soon a could find no immediate hope, and my eyes we fixed upon the track which, though I could not distinguish her in the distance, I know she must be treading, until all was hushed in the twilight of a lovely evening, whose tranquil, beneficent beauty mocked or reproached the strife of men. Then, is I felt the tears that had unconsciously fallen down my checks. I went bitterly.

I had one friend at hand to watch me and condok with my grief, in acrows almost equal to my own, this was Jean Pasquerel, who found me still at midnight on the walls, by the intelligence of coof my old comrades, and who led me to his own small chamber, where for some months I lodged, listening to such uncertain news as reached us at the maiden, of her removal to Beaurevoir, and, finally, that the English king had purchased her of her captors.

I fought where I might, with the desperation that seeks death; but, perhaps, that recklessness preserved me. It was not till the first of November that the siege was raised, and then, Proquerel having departed for the French court, to urge measures for her release, I determined to assure myself of the place of her imprisonment, and, if I might, to be at hand at least to have certain intelligence of her fate.

CHAPTER XXXI.

As soon as the free communication between Compiègne and the open country was re-established, I learned, with some certainty, that Jeanne d'Arc either was, or soon would be, brought to Rouen.

Among other rumours which distracted me, that of an intended process against her as a sorceress caused me the greatest trouble. The unusual importance which the English attached to their prize, was well proved by their undisguised rejoicings; we had heard of the Te Deum sung at Paris in exultation for her capture; their hatred was clear, not only from this calumnious rumour, but from the slanders which, in every pulpit they could command in France, their clearcal adherents were industriously propagating.

In vain I argued to myself that she was a prisoner of war, and entitled so to be treated. I knew that it was the peculiar cowardice of the mere politician to aim at repairing dishonourable retreat by means still more dishonourable. Again, it was a civil war on a disputed succession, and the cry of treat-

son would be the cant of those who were themselves traitors. Most of all, I dreaded lest the name of religion should be blended with an effort to destroy her; for all ages have shewn that such wanton and shameless crucities as men dared not to take upon themselves, they have not hesitated in attributing to the will of their Maker.

Hypocrisy aims the blow, and brutal bigotry is its instrument. The appeal of the victim is from him who cannot heart to him who will not. What lessons do our hearts teach as! it is well that God speaks in them sometimes, even by our terrible sufferings!

But I digress. It was not difficult for me to resume the garb and manners of a peasant, and the habit I chose was of the poorest description, which, as a double exactly, I were ever the light hauberk of mail I fortunately still had with me. Relics, Agnus Dei, crucifixes, images of the Virgin, all of the meanest materials and workmanship, I selected as the prey least likely to tempt a robber, and filled a small basket with them, as a pretext for my own journey.

Still my immeness troubled me much at times; I sometimes lost the track of the road, which it would have been hazardous to ask of such as watched any unaccustomed journey, and sometimes I voluntarily made a circuit to avoid known perils. Impatient as I was, it was near the end of November before I succeeded in rouching the gates of Rouen. I entered them without observation, among a party of countrymen bringing in previsions, and

established myself at a small hostelry, the nearest that I could find to the castle.

From the conversation to which I listened, I ascertained that Jeanne was indeed a prisoner there; all else, expectation, opinion, the history of the past, were as various as the talkers, and as vague as the minds which suggested their information. No pressing danger appeared to be at land, and I trusted, therefore, to time and opportunity for surer knowledge, affecting myself an utter indifference to every consideration but the disposal of my pretended wares, which, however, I had no objection to find almost unsaleable.

I did not trust myself to walk more than once round the castle by day, nor could I notice more than its high round towers, strengthening at intervals its massive walls. Its gloomy extent, its hopeless strength, its uniform succession of tower and wall, chilled me as I made the circuit. I saw through an archway that strangers passed and repassed into the square within, but I neither wished my person to become known to the English soldiery, nor needlessly to expose myself to the sport they recklessly made of all those whose appearance did not command some respect.

I returned to my inn, and resumed my task of apparently heedless listening, and this time the goestp informed me that she was secured in a tower which overlooked the fields, one generally used as a prison-tower. I was obliged to conceal my countenance at some of the talk, for one spoke of an iron cage, made by a locksmith of the city, Etienne

Castillon, the more effectually to prevent all chance of escape, and others described with painful minuteness such other bonds as would be sufficient without resorting to this novel engine. My prudence nearly abandoned me under the infliction of these details, from which the very pain would not allow me to escape.

Yet I pretended to eat my meal, and I was else unobserved. I waited anxiously for the night, when I thought that I might without interruption have the melancholy satisfaction of gazing on her prison, and when I might perhaps more freely consider any enterprise possible to daring, to which I might devote my own life, if I failed in placing her in freedom.

It was a clear and frosty moonlight, and I posted myself in the shadow of a gable. There was no light, or sign of life, or sound from the castle to be observed by those without, but the tread of the numerous sentinels on the walls, the dull reflection of their unpolished arms, and once the brighter glance of an officer's corslet, and the wave of his feather in the clear moonshine. My heart quailed at the sullen impassive obstacles which even my fancy could find no means to surmount. I could not even mise a dream of hope, yet for hours I was fixed to the spot. What thought or interest had I away from it?

Suddenly, a tall and noble figure, cloaked, perhans, against the inclemency of the air, glided, as I had done, from shade to shade, then came to a spot, resembling my own in obscurity, and there remained, looking, as I thought, on the prisontower, though the sudden shadows seemed, for the moment, doubly impenetrable in their opposition to the clear light. It rejoiced me to see that even the place was an object of interest to one besides myself, and I could not doubt that it was for the sake of Jeanne that it was thus watched, yet I could not recognize in the person or gait any one of her own immediate friends, or of the leaders of the French forces.

I shifted my position to observe the better, but in so doing I was discovered; the person observed me and stole away with rapid strides. As I could not be sure of his intent, or of the manner in which he might resent my intrusion, I soon made the best of my way to my humble lodging.

I did not refrain from watching again the next night, and the man I had seen did not return to interrupt me. Some shadows which I had dimly seen through the deep small window, about half way up the tower, were enough to employ and turture my imagination, and I returned the next night as to my only employment, though I could have no rational hope of satisfying my interest.

I had now selected a nook for retreat, so solitary and sheltered between the pillars of the antique porch of a monastery, about a hundred yards from the castle wails, that I ceased to dread detection, and when I saw the stranger return to his post, after having examined the one I had previously occupied, I rejoiced in my secure opportunity of noting him. But it was not long before the

tramp of a patrol was heard on the side beyond him; he instantly left his stand, and came directly to the place in which I was concealed, and not which I had no desire to stir, lest I should be upprehended by the English soldiers. He instant faced me, his hand upon his sword, but I remain without moving, even so much us to grasp at the long dagger, which was of temper to be concealed like my hauberk, beneath my dress.

When he saw this, he paused. The monsten formed the end of two streets, where the suburnight be said to begin, and the porch projected the one farthest from the circuit of the case. The soldiers passed by the path nearest to the walls, and we were left alone. "You are he when I saw here the night before last?" he said not whisper, but with a manner that commanded as mediate reply. I did not fear to acknowledge that it was so.

"It is plain that you are no spy, or you would have called to the guard as they passed, though your own life should have paid for a word." I only replied by showing him the coat of mail under my tunic, and the dagger with which I was armed. "It seems, I boust," he said; "you would have had me at advantage;" and he looked more cautiously round him.

I spoke. "I will not trifle with you; I watch that tower for the sake of the one within it, and as a friend to her, and all her friends."

He paused for a moment. "Your confidence,

if it be that of a true man, is brave, if it be a trick, is useless."

"At least, I do not fear treachery on your side," I continued. "I have known Jeanne d'Arc from a child, have borne her standard, been wounded by her side; I am ready to die for her now."

"You shame my mistrust," he said, "though I have no assurance but your own. I am also her friend, her devoted friend, but one not known to be so. My allegiance has hitherto been paid to Henry, for which my dead father is rather answerable than myself. Your name?" I gave it.

"Mine is Raymond de Macy. I have known Jeanne d'Arc only in her captivity, but I am not the less true to her. My confidence has not been so prompt as your's, but it shall be complete. Had she fully trusted me at Beaurevoir, she should now have been free. I sought her hand, she refused it. I would save her now, and win it."

I told him very briefly the story of my own affection for her, and concluded with these words—" but save her, or give me the means of saving her on the condition that she is your's, if she will herself accept it, and I will endeavour to shew you that I can be faithful against all the hopes I have entertained as I have been for them."

"My service is offered as freely as your's. I should make no conditions for her deliverance," he replied; "but we understand each other as men should. Our feelings would only be our foes if they were not perfectly under our command, in a case like this. I have learned to associate with

Warwick himself, and the Bishop of Beaucas and to endure their hatred of her without through and this, too, when I confess that I see no hope a stratagem, only that I may lose no chance in its moment if it should come."

My temperament even wounds and sickness bot not so entirely subdued, and I felt my own seatness in asking him of the past, and qualified the desire by its possible bearing on the future. It perceived my thoughts. " Nay, I am not such a anchorate," he replied; "but that sympathy, where it may be trusted, is too welcome to need excur. or that I should despise you for entertaining berings I only desire to control at need. The citygates are shut, but you have been a soldier, vus can watch for a night; we will walk in the fells, and there, indeed, we may converse most accure's So saving, we bent our way towards the ancient abbey of St. Gervais, and, passing over the hid on which it stands, we were safe from observation from the eastle, and he related to me what he knew of Jeanne's fortunes since her capture.

"I was not present," he said, "on the day of which it seems you witnessed the result. Lyoungle Bastard of Vendôme, was the person who chained her as his prisoner, though she surrendered indeed to none, but was environed and restrained by his party. To him, however, John of Luxembourg, the general under whom he served, promised a reasonable advantage for his deed, and took the important prize into his own custody. The Duke of Burgundy himself went before the ovening closed to see

her. He endeavoured to reason as to the part she had taken in the war, but her replies were such as even his chronicler, Enguerrand de Monstrelet, who accompanied him, did not care to speak of, so that probably he will make haste to forget what passed at the interview, if he do not choose to falsify his history. The soldiers flocked to her as to some wonder, of which they would fain discover the secret; their marvel was rather increased at the simple manners of their great adversary, but even the respect of the rudest was, in some degree, paid to the placid resignation and unsurprised dignity with which she bore her reverse. But John of Luxembourg is too noble a soldier to suffer such a captive to remain exposed to the capnelous insult of the soldiery; he took immediate measures to send her to his castle of Bealieu, at no great distance, and there she would have probably remained but for a daring attempt at escape.

"You know the manner in which such prison-towers are built. The apartments of the prisoners have no opening either of door or window but upon a narrow passage, too narrow to be called a gallery, which runs between the rooms and the walls of the building, and the windows pierced in the walls being opposite to those of the rooms, the light in scarcely so much impeded as by a mere description you would imagine. The doors of the rooms being well tastened without, and the window grated with iron, with a sentinel constantly in the gallery, all means of escape would appear sufficiently cut off, but at the end of the gallery itself is also a strong door, fustened upon the sentinel himself,

except only at the times of relieving the will, or bringing food for the prisoner. To bear one obstacle offered the means of surmounting in other. By repeated trials, while conversing will her guards, she found that the bars of her wool's would permit her, by a great effort, to pass between them, partly that one was rather loose in its said, and partly that such a grating was hardly into be to confine limbs so active and slonder as here su. The door, too, of the room was beyond the walks in the gallery, so that, could she once pass the window while her guard was at her door or in hereom, she would be between him and the outer door of the gallery.

The attempt was desperate, but Jennine cold never condescend to conceal that she would leave no means untried for escape, and, preferring death to imprisonment in the power of the English, devalued risk at even less than usual. She chose the moment when the door at the end of the gallery was unlocked to admit provisions, and left open for the guard to return with the fragments of her previous meal, for, while in the power of the Burgundians, she was subject to no mean and mortifying wants

"But the attempt only served to prove to them the enterprize of her character; she passed the window as she had purposed, while the guard was busied at her door; she ran instantly along the gallery, which she had well noted as she entered it, and she turned the key of the door at the end of the passage upon her pursuer. Already had she rushed past the two or three attendants, serving men

rather than soldiers, who waited at the outer door of the tower; but the imprisoned sentinel gave the alarm from the outer window, he was heard by his comrades on the walls, the unarmed girl was surrounded by the garrison, resistance was idle, she was led back to the tower, and, till notice could be sent to Sir John of Laxembourg, she was placed in one of those deep and gloomy cells from which is no escape, unless men could climb high smoothwalls unassisted, there to begin the vain effort for liberation.

"This attempt, so near to its accomplishment, and the castle itself being so close to the scene of war, the Burgundian general thought it prudent, and perhaps kind, to remove her to the castle of Beaurevoir, which he holds in right of his wife, the Lady of Beaurevoir, and where, from the greater difficulty of finding aid, so strict a prison as that to which the was now confined would not be needed. Still she refused to give her word, upon which she might have been admitted to comparative liberty, but on the condition that a sum should be immediately named for her ransom, and, though that should be estimated at ten thousand france, her brothers had money and effects in their hands of more than that value, which, though principally intended for the service of the war, she did not misjudge her king in supposing they would have immediate permission to use for her release.

"But this John of Luxembourg was unable to stipulate. The Duke of Burgundy, choosing as he does the alliance or the service of Henry VI., has yet not been so well treated by his brother-in-law of Bedford, but that he is well content to have the fate of the war in his own hands.

" From the first instant that he knew of Jeanne's capture, he strictly forbade all negotiation for her ransom, an order which his general and vassal, John of Luxembourg, had but to obey. The inquisitor of France had claimed her from him on a charge of heresy, but Philip of Burgundy is not a prince to yield to the will of churchmen; the University of Paris wrote to support the claim, their letters were unanswered by him; they applied to John of Luxembourg, and he only referred them to the prince, who had already neglected them; it was policy, not religion, that Philip would obey. Jeanne, under a strong and strict escort, was led to Beaurevoir, and there I, an officer of John of Luxembourg's, first saw her. Why should I speak of the painful interest, increasing constantly in its intensity, which I have since felt in her behalf? The circumstances themselves will account for my love, and tell the wretchedness of feelings which my situation forced me to hide.

"It was not in prudence to allow one so daring greater liberty than was absolutely needed, but kindness seemed to make a happy compromise with duty. The highest room of the donjon of Beaurevoir, approached only by a narrow and winding stair in a side turret, appeared to be at a height from the ground which would render all attempt at escape impossible, even to her own hopes. The same side tower continued the staircase to the leads, and there she would sometimes walk with

the lady of Beaurevoir, and her sister-in-law, the Damoiselle de Luxembourg, and sometimes my duty and their good pleasure permitted me to join in their society.

"During these indulgences she would laughingly give her word to the noble lady whom she admitted to be her true captor, so that our conversation was a truce without anxiety. She freely related her exploits; so freely that it was clear she looked on them without pride; and she wondered rather at our surprise than at the relations which caused them, attributing all to Henven. Even her anxieties for her own cause became objects of interest to us her enemies, if enemies we should be called; such intercourse proved to me the wretchedness of all enmity.

" She spoke to us still frankly of her own hope of escape, not caring so much for herself as that she might succour the people of Compiègne, whose miseries she could well paint from what she had witnessed of the endurance of the Orleannois. Aware of the malice of the English, but quite unconscious of the means by which they could exercise it, her only fear seemed to be of long imprisonment, of degrading insult, from their hands. But when the lady of Luxembourg, unable from her tears to dissemble the truth that she must perhaps be delivered to them at their demand, pitied and mourned over her, as though she had been her own relation, Jeanne herself would take up the tone of a comforter, and by her own calmness restore others to fortitude.

"Loving the poor prisoner as they did, the knimed Beaurevoir had much to compassionate; we way not ignorant of the machinations of which Jenses was still unconscious; we knew of the charge of heresy pursued with unrelenting engerness by Frence Cauchon, the Bishop of Beauvais. We knew that even the male dress she wore was to become the subject of deadly accusation, and, touching as traderly as we could upon the motive, we urged not often to lay it aside. 'I would do as much to please you as any lady in France, the Queen one excepted, she replied to her hostess, 'but this i was in obedience to Heaven, and till I am permitted to lay aside my work I must not renounce it."

"The enmity which she had to meet required the subtleties of schoolmen and the arts of pohiscians to defeat it, rather than the honest friendamp we could offer. Cauchon, driven from his diocest by the success of her arms, appeared determined to prove how formidable a man of mean abilities con be, who casts uside all conscience, and even decency. in the use of them. He incited the university of Paris by inflaming its anger against that portion of it which had been established by King Charles at Poitiers, and whose decision first authorized the enterprise of the maiden. He allied himself to the Inquisitor, whose power every French bushing madhitherto endeavoured to restmin or abolish, makener the only price of his support that he should humand be her judge. He sought evidence to prove that she was taken in his diocese, which, near to Compiègne, joins that of Solssons, which proof alone could give him a jurisdiction over her.

"All this he did as a bishop, and the English gladly grasped at such an instrument. They know well that the stigma of sorcery, or even of heresy, if it could be maintained, would reverse all the predilections which her success had raised, and make even her friends dread, for their own sakes, to image their cause with her's. But still she was the prisoner of Burgundy, who would not suffer a prelate to smatch his prize from him on such a plea. Pierre Cauchon assumed a new character.

" He who sought to be her judge demanded her as the envoy of the English king. He went, empowered by Bedford and his council, to the court of Philip of Burgundy, and there, on the part of Henry VI., formally read letters, demanding that she should be given up to that sovereign as chief of the war; and, though the English treasury was so poor that its servants in Paris were reduced to the meanest wants, he offered first six thousand livres for her person, in lieu of ramom, which Burgundy and John of Luxembourg might expect, besides no mean annuity to the Bastard of Vendome, and, in the same breath, by the same letter, if that should be refused, the full ten thousand livres, by payment of which Henry could claim any prisoner, were it Charles himself, from those who fought under his DBRDe.

"The Burgundian leaders had no reply but submission, unless the Duke were prepared at once to renounce the friendship of England, send a defiance to his brother-in-law of Bedford, and equal a once, and without time for conditions, the case a him in whose presence his father was slam. It endeavoured to gain time, for ambassadors in Charles were with him, urging him to peak was the French monarch, and the deliverance of Junia, but Cauchon was fully authorized, and funy pepared. He found that to refuse the king of holland in this case was the test by which his array must be openly declared or renounced. He observable foreigner whom he had chosen for his sowerign.

It was in mercy that we at length informed Jeanne of these proceedings, while they were is in progress, that she might remove all pretence to the accusations announced against her. But also viewed her duty in a different light; it was not to her, as she believed, to quality or to abandon her course, but to resist and maintain it the more steadly. Without betraying fear she cast aside all lightness of manner, even in her moments of confidence and relaxation; the sufferings of the people of Compiègne, her indignant reproaches of the English for their batted, were themes to which we begun to listen, even with sympathy.

"She asked of us no aid, and, had she done so, even the lady of Luxembourg, wife as she is of a great Burgundian leader, was almost prepared to afford it. In the silence of her own thoughts she prepared for a desperate enterprise. It was to leap from the height of the tower in which she was lodged, an attempt which hore the aspect of death

so surely that none had ever thought of providing against the chance. She prayed for success, but her Voices dissuaded her, and told her that she must be the captive of the English; they promised her the deliverance of Compiègne, but she burned to share in the achievement, and though she doubted not the event when told to her, it was delayed. The Voice which she recognized as St. Katharine, was the one used to forbid her, but, contrary to all her former wont, the reasoned, disputed, and sought to change the announced will, pleading that she would rather die than be given up to the English.

"News of the completion of Cauchon's bargain was brought. She heard that even her advocates in Paris, women like herself, did not escape the flames. She yielded to the strong temptation. She committed herself to God, and sprang from the window of her room. We found her at the foot of the tower, and for a time we believed that she was dead.

"It was with the satisfaction of pity that we thought so. But, as the lady of Beaurevoir bent over the body, Jeanne breathed. She opened her eyes, but for awhile they were not bent on us; we heard her thank, in feeble accents, others around her for her preservation, repent of a sintul disobedience, and resign herself calmly to the future. Then she thanked us, and as, though she was sorely hurt, her limbs were unbroken, she was borne back to her prison.

"As her health returned, she related to us, simply and candidly, her motives, and the dissussions

of her Voices. But, as she was perfectly recound, the time came when he who had already clame! her must be satisfied. It was a deed not to be contemplated with patience. Cauchin, even Cauchon, did not choose to appear on that seem 123self. Once assured that she was his he retuet to prepare for the judicial character which be we also to assume, and with which that of gover

seemed incompatible even to him.

" Almost without a word, his lips compress! & if he dared not trust them with speech, his true bent in defiance, as if he expected question et a action, John of Luxembourg led her forth, He own air was sad but resigned; she had told us d the comfort and pardon of which St. Kutharme lai been the minister to her, and the promise tial Complegue should not fall, but that the sien should be raised before the winter fete of St. Martin. This had restored her to appetite after time Javs of languishing, and finally to health,

"All was prepared for her conveyance to Area, and the time had purposely been kept secret in.m the wife and sister of the chief; but they were not so to be deceived; they were on her path, and beth hung upon her neck as she offered to depart.

" It is a strange office for men,' said the lady of Beaurevoir, unable to contend with her feelings, to make prize of such a being, and then sell her

for gain to their sworn foes."

"I would rather,' answered John of Luxembourg, that she were now free without ranson, or that her ransom were this fair castle, than so part with her. It is strange if you do not know me.'

"'Forgive me,' answered the lady; 'we have all enough to bear, Jeanne; you can hardly be

more unhappy than your enemies.'

"'Never my enemies!' replied the maiden; my dear and noble ladies and friends. Farewell! pray with me for the peace of France, that such miseries as these may in future be spared to its children!'

" At Arras, Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, waited to receive her from the Duke's officers, and to give them the due acknowledgment of their deed. And even in this Burgundian town all looked on her with pity; and a good citizen. Jean de Pressy, offered her woman's gear to shield her from the charge that was bruited against her. Fearful of attempts to rescue her, the strong and gloomy castle of Crotry, on the seashore near the mouth of the Somme, was the first place of surety in which the English lodged her, but, as their devices ripened, she was needed at Rouen, and here for some weeks has she been so strictly guarded, that though I am known as a noblemun, and have made no sign that could forfeit their confidence in me as a trusted friend of John of Luxembourg. I have not been admitted to speech with her.

"Indeed, I have made no strong effort. What power I may have, I would reserve for her use; at present, I am content to watch their wills, and I have spies upon them that they misdoubt not. By this I may reap no more than the melancholy satis-



means of instant correspond available, and appointed of castle walls, as if the very might inspire our devices for

CHAPTER XXXII.

CHARLES did not need the arrival of Jean Pasquerel at his court to rouse greater energies than he had ever yet displayed on behalf of the maiden, Even if he had needed incitement, to suppose which would be to wrong the gratitude and friendship that he felt, Mary of Anjou would, in this instance, have proved an irresistable pleader.

But he was unaccustomed to the plans and details of action, nor did Mary pretend to a sufficient skall to direct a series of endeavours which should bind together the disunited and rival nobility of France in one effort on behalf of the low-born maiden. He resorted to the young, the brave, and the honest, John of Orleans, and Alençon; they were willing, as would be many of their chivalry, to risk all in her rescue, but even they knew that the English force was still strong in Normandy, that no power that they could openly employ would prevent her enemies from carrying her into England, if their last possessions in France were seriously threatened; they spoke of La Hire and his conquest of Château

Gaillard, as offering the best chance for success in a surprise, but they were obliged to admit that no such stratagem of war appeared likely to avail against the very point which the English most sedulously guarded. The offer of ransom had been instantly made by Pierre and Jean d'Arc, the king authorizing them to use all the treasure belonging to him in the maiden's possession, and offering all further assistance that could be given; but Burgundy's cold reply was that she was claimed by the chief of the war, according to the laws and usages, upon payment after such rate as though she had been a sovereign prince, and Bedford simply declared her to be in the hands of the church.

Charles resorted to the Lord of Trèves; his experience, his wisdom, his yet unshaken courage, could devise no probable means. "They have her, and they know the value of their gain," he said; "even now her very name is a terror to them in England that Gloucester is forced to renew his proclamations against the treasonable panic which withholds their soldiery from passing into France, dispelling one fear by another. If this be her power, while she is in their own prisons, they will never let her pass from them with life. I myself cannot blame them, had they any right to the unfortunate country they are destroying, for holding such a fee securely; but they will aim at more, they have already laid their train."

"They will defame her and me," said Charles, "by this charge of heresy or witchcratt, or what other lie they can make plausible, but true and

good men will judge between us and them still, and we shall have their opinion now, and the certainty of the truth clear hereafter to men, and the

greatest and surest of all appeals to God,"

"They do not aim only at her reputation," said the Lord of Trèves. "They know, as we do, that her life is really fair and honest; all, excepting some bigots to their cause, and those who love wonders and horrors because their hearts are cruel, and are convinced by their own depraved tastes, they will leave no question of her power, they will attempt her life."

"I have thought so myself," said Charles, turning sick and pale as he spoke. "Oh God! to be the rightful king of France, and not to have the power of saving my truest subject! If we were to meet their malice in its own way—send ambassa-

dors to the Pope !"

"The ally of your enemy! who has given him this kingdom, or, at least, confirmed his title to it, and who looks upon Heaven's waging war against the cause he sanctions as being a scandal to be rooted out," replied the Lord of Trèves; "besides, the appeal she herself must make, or it cannot be entertained, so say the doctors of law; make the attempt for the clearing of your own honour——"

" Of my own soul!" interrupted the king.

"But," resumed the old knight, "look for no other reply than such as you have received from Burgundy and from Bedford, hiding the interested truth under an admitted law."

Charles paced the room, the sweat bursting from

his forehead, and saving him, perhaps, from some terrible convulsion. "I am king! king of France!" he exclaimed; "king of the first realm the world contains, and I cannot save her who really made me so from base, cruel, bloody injustice! I have no power, then?" he asked, between his grinding teeth, as he stopped before the Lord of Traves.

"Alas! sire," sadly answered his agast friend, "are you yet and truly possessed of the power of your realm; it will require years of skill, of patience, of firmness, to secure your just authority. Look at the dissensions of your most powerful nobles, all of whom must be united and fear you to make you indeed feared as you should be. Even the Constable....."

Charles struck his forehead, as if with sudden pain. "She told me so! she prophesied that too!" he said. "But he is left idle at Parthenay, through the false counsel of others. Treves, you do not say so, but you must despise me. Nay, call it pity or what you will, 'despise' is the true word. It is a dreadful lesson," he continued, after a time, "but it may be a wholesome one to me and to France! Think you that Richemont could save her now? He offered full submissions, which La Tremouille called pretences; I will trust him, if you but say that he might save her."

His counsellor was silent for awhile, and then replied: "Had Richemont spower been then faithfully joined with our's, this calamity might not ever have arisen; if it had, time, and our assuredly greater successes, would have placed you, are, probably in a condition to dictate terms, or, at least, to save her by great sacrifices; but Richemont could now do no more than any other of your generals, with this greater disadvantage, that, if you seek him, the submission he was willing then to pay he might now exact."

"Every word is too clear," said Charles; "you should have been my counsellor when there was time to employ your foresight; I cannot expect you to be able to reverse what is done; but La Tremouille owes me more. I have endured this by him, and he is bound to find me a remedy. Send for the Chamberlain. I will not ask you to be with us, but be at hand. I have need of all my friends, my lord; and let the Bishop of Castres be with you too. He will perhaps reproach me; it is his duty; but I am content to bear, for all words come short of my own thoughts. I am content to bear if I may amend."

The lord of Trêves silently and reverently quitted the room, and Charles remained for a quarter of an hour in a resigned agony, till La Tremouille entered.

The minister approached his sovereign with the same unembarrassed and even superior air in which he had so long indulged, but the King's face, almost for the first time in his life, made him pause and think. "Your highness sent for me——" he said, inquiringly.

"As the minister to whom I have unsparingly confided all," replied Charles, "my own welfare, that of my kingdom, my honour, the safety of those I love. Have you ever given me advice upon these matters, that I have not either been forced to depart from by surer counsel, as you have yourself admitted, or that I have not implicitly followed?"

"I hope your highness," said La Tremouille, endeavouring both to gain time for himself, and to learn the extent of the King's deductions from premises so plain and yet so startling, "I hope your highness has had no reason to regret confidence, which I shall be the first to boast of as most unlimited."

"Which you at least admit then?" said Charles.

"Which I repeat has been my greatest honour, however little my ability may have enabled me to deserve it," replied the minister; "and methinks your highness will admit that, in the daily increasing prosperity of your affairs. I have some vindication for what I have counselled."

"What you or I have done, or prevented of good," said Charles, "we will leave to others to speak; for what you have proposed I have generally been answerable by my consent. To praise you would be to vindicate myself, which I would I could do with the full allowance of my own conscience. But we have both, at least, trifled with opportunities that would have consolidated my power, and made me, as the king of France should be, respected by all his friends, and dreaded by all his foce."

" Assuredly your highness has little to complain of on that head," said the minister.

" Then why," asked the King, " can I not, in my

own kingdom of France, deliver from the hands of murderous rebels, and priests who biaspheme their office, the only being who has ever served me without one celfish thought?"

"I am your highness's minister, but not the disposer of the fates of kingdome," replied La Tre-

mouille.

"Yet such might my minister now have been," said the monarch; " do not misapprehend me, La Tremouille, I am bitterly blaming myself even more, much more than you. In the midst of misery and carnage we have been too much the king and minister in jest, till we have sported away the power and the honour of our great offices, as though we were not renounsible for them at God's bar. It is fearful to look back upon that idle past with the conscience of a changed nature, and to know one's self answerable for the folly, the sloth, the cowardice, the dishonour, and, in them, the cruelty of our former being; but the past is past in all but the weight it leaves upon the soul. What say you now, who have shared that with me, to spare me the remoree of the future? What may we do for the deliverance of Jeanne d'Arc?"

"Your highness can neither accuse yourself nor me of her danger, surely," said La Tremouille.

"Had we accepted the constable's services, had we thought only of the common good, had we conciliated, united, deserved to command the nobility, had I, poor ever myself, permitted as little to be diverted from the common good by others, had I weighed the advice of men only as it was honest

and for the welfare of all," asked Charles, incapable of repressing the individual application which his words endeavoured to cloak, " had I won the esteem of all men by energy as much as I have lost it by inaction, not all my own, will you tell me that the English could have held a town in France, in which they would dare to arraign my subject for her allegiance?"

"It is beyond me so to trace events," answered the minister.

" The patience and zeal of men have not only traced but made them ere now," said Charles; " and for what is prosperous in our present state, is it we who have achieved it? Has she not won it rather in spite of our coldness than by our help? But I do not mean to recriminate or reproach. We owe a debt to ourselves, which our future lives must pay. I come to you as the comrade of my idler years, that you may show me that you can us easily lead graver councils. Save her, La Tremouille, by any means a prince may avow here, or a man not tremble for hereafter, and you are minister of France while Charles lives; for I can shew you to all as worthy of a king's trust-not merely the companion of a revel, but a strong friend in my great need."

La Tremonille considered long and deeply. He knew that Charles's word would be indeed a patent of his great authority for life; but the task, which was above the skill of wise and honest statesmen, far transcended his. Yet, when he could not convince the reason, he might divert the passion, and

if the fearful advice he meditated were taken, and should rend half of what he held from Charles's sceptre, the minister might rule the rest. To those whose poor ambition is authority, the assured despotism of a village is a greater bribe than the wise and responsible administration of a kingdom.

Yet he hesitated and speculated on the weakness of Charles and the eagerness of his passion combined, when he uttered the word "Reprisal."

" If Bedford, or the Cardinal of Winchester, or any prince of Henry's council, were in my power," replied Charles, " weak and shameful as it would be, I could scarcely withhold my hand; but on whom? Reprisals on the knights and nobles, who must, in their hearts, hate as we do the doers of such deeds? And shall I be like them? Shall I mise in others the same wretched impotent craving for justice that I feel now, and which neither man nor Heaven will answer? Do not tempt, or, rather, do not torture me with it, for I have thought it over till I have laughed like a demon at imaginary revenges. I asked of you the wisdom of a man, not the malice of a child. They have my cousin, Charles of Orleans, next heir to the crown after my own son; they have the Duke of Bourbon, near still in blood to me; and these are not all the pledges Azincour has left them. Imagine, for I have little credit to support with one who knows me as well as you do, that I were weak enough to peril these, and the many relations of the noblest who serve me, and then tell me what would my own kindred and their's do next."

La Tremouille was abashed and silent.

"And who puts her in this peril?" continued Charles bitterly; " not Bedford and the English, but the church, in the person of Pierre Cauchon, the traitor Bishop of Beauvais. Bedford is too wise to put on infamy, when others will wear it for him. The brother of Henry V, has a fame in the world: Warwick and Talbot are renowned for chivalry. Men extol such as are brave in war, just or unjust. The fools! so to prompt the trade of their own misery! These noble English leaders see the cowardice of their cruelty to this poor girl; they are content, if it can be made sure in effect, not to own it. They tempt churchmen and bookworm scholars, colderblooded than themselves, men to whom even a battle-field would teach some mercy, for they look upon torture, dishonour, death, as the subtle dogma in their books, that condemns to them, blind disputants of words, that only know religion as a code by which to convict. Oh, Bedford knows his tools! His small eye would look meaner still, and his heavy hog's race would blush, if he had not the mighty cant of the world to protect him, that will not see what is placed before its eyes, but will call the deed the work of the learned University of Paris, and of the z-alous Bishop of Beauvais, when it knows that the Regent of France is hounding on slaves, hypocrites, and traitors, to shed blood. Heaven!" continued the king, casting himself upon his knees, " Justice! justice!"

Thus he remained for a while, La Tremonillo wondering not at the King's passion, for his feel-

ings were warm and quick, but at the resolves to which it might lead: at length Charles rose, and

upproached him calmly.

"Perhaps all yet rests with ourselves," he said; "the Lord of Trèves, all, think our only hope is in a well-concerted and secret attempt. Think, devise this with them and with me. Give me your true and hearty help, La Tremouille, I conjure you, by our friendship. I will stand between you and Richemont, as I have done, if you will but serve me now. Spare nothing. Speak even of the wildest hopes, for even out of them may come some shape. Alt, if she might fashion it! Think upon Orleans, and our hopele-sness then, and how, out of our despair, she raised us power. And bear with me, La Tremouille. If I have goaded you, it is for the needful speed."

The nunister's fears were past for the time, and he began to feel some indignation at the reproaches he had just received; but Charles did not await his words; he replied to the first look of expostulation;

"La Tremouille, I know well how far I am in the right. There are some things which neither must remember, in the hope, in the assurance, they will not return. To dismiss them in any other trust I should not now dare, and to be forced back upon them, is to teach me a duty as certain as it is stern and painful."

They parted, and La Jaille awaited the minister.

Your conference has not been a pleasant one, 1

fear," said the minion.

At another time La Jaille's impertinence would

have been checked. La Tremouille now only looked at him fixedly and sadly : - " I am lost," he said, "not that Charles or any man can at once steadily follow resolves against all his former habits, but the change is begun, to imply that he will weigh men by their honest, unselfish counsel, that he will do his duty rather than consult his will, to see the alternative, and even in words to choose it, speaks And might not I change, too? His are yet but the acts of youth, the world will pardon them-With me-Ah, and the endless task, the wonder, the ridicule, the strangeness! Pooh! I have not all this while mistaken the world, it is a game of pleasure and plunder, every one has his will to gratify, and mine has been gloriously fed, ay, and must be still."

At the end of this half soliloquy, he gave to La Jaille some details of the conference, with some further despending remarks. La Jaille was not again seen in his train, and, as he said, all the world might tell the reason, the scandalous treatment he had received from the minister about Marie de la Meilleraye.

In Rouen our hopes could find as little restingplace as the king's, and perhaps it was an additional misery to us that every day brought its rumour of cruelty, of insult on the part of the English, or of daring iniquity on that of Cauchon.

Even Warwick, although her mortal foe, and imbued with the brutality of those who were unmanly enough to apportion their vengeance to the loss they had justly sustained, had found it an insupportable dishonour to leave her in the hands of the guards to whom she was first confided, and against whose most atrocious attempts she had no protection but her own courage, and sometimes her calls for aid. We even looked to the successive steps of the process as a release for her from such indignities.

These were delayed by their own evidence of injustice. Many who were called to take part in the trial, and who dared not avow their real motive for declining it, reconciled their fears with their conscience by various excuses, and Raymond had told me that even Jean le Maistre, the vice-inquisitor, had urged doubts of his own powers, although the process afforded an unrivalled opportunity for confirming the jurisdiction of the inquisition in France. Then our hearts, and there were many who felt with them, gathered the truth from the eagerness and anxieties of our enemies; it was not till afterwards that it was confirmed by evidence, and shown in the terrible detail of persevering malice

At the beginning of the year we learned for a truth, by the publication of the letters patent of Henry the Sixth, empowering the Bishop of Beauvais to proceed, that the charge of sorcery was abandoned. The want of chastity, it is well known, has always been held necessary to this charge, and purity of life was by every possible investigation so clearly proved on behalf of Jeanne, that her enemies were reluctantly obliged to forego the main point of their accusation.

There remained to her persecutors the charge

that she had constantly worn the apparel of a man, had borne arms in the field, and had assumed the gift of inspiration: they taxed her with abusing the people by prophecies, the exact fulfilment of which was the real motive for all their proceeding. They painted her as cruel, every one of whose deeds of arms had been done to gain peace; they called her a truitress, who had saved her country; they called her dress dissolute, which she had assumed for the greater modesty; they stigmatized her as a heretic, whose whole life was a series of devotions according to the rules of the church.

Estivet, canon of Beauvais and of Bayeux, a man of brutal manners and most abusive speech, was named promoter of the cause. A milder and juster spirit, Jean de la Fontaine, was commissioned as examiner in the preliminary inquisition, and long before the trial terminated he had quitted the deliberations. Notaries of approved honesty they were obliged to appoint, for, to the honour of their calling, others they could not find, but even these were commanded not to write all that they heard, and the good Jean Massieu, the apparitor, whose office was specially to watch over her, and bring her to the court, was obliged to conceal every act of humanity as a crime against those who employed him.

As her counsellor, and even her confessor. Mattre Nicolas L'Oyseleur was appointed, a man too wily for his acts to be disclosed, except when they were torn from him by unbearable pain; let him speak for himself in the sequel.

It would have been certain death for any adhe-

rent of King Charles to be found in Rouen, if not by the forms of law, which perhaps might be satisfied with imprisonment, yet by the vengeance of the English soldiery; for a time, therefore, excepting my communications with Raymond, there was no one with whom I could speak of her fate. But a casual expression of one Jean Moreau, a trader settled in the city, told me that he was or our neighbourhood, and after a short time we recollected each other. In a state so continually changing as had been that of France for many years, the governments could not entirely shut their territories against secret enemies, and Jean Moreau had, although an Armaguac, established himself among the English.

As a countryman of Jeanne, he was sure to be her partizan, and this soon led to a friendship between us. It was useless to introduce him to Raymond de Maçy, when every one's secret needed the safety of the fewest confidents; but Jean Moreau and I sought intelligence among the lower people, and Raymond with great self-possession still held the confidence of some of the greatest. He had adroitly procured himself to be named by John of Luxembourg a negotiator on his part, and that of the Duke of Burgundy, for the settlement of some pecuniary claims, and this gave him access and an excuse for idly remaining in Rouen, which, in the present state of the English treasury, the council were not anxious to remove.

But even his self-control was put to a severe trial by news which I had gathered from Jean Moreau. In spite of the need of precaution, that simple countryman could not refrain from declaring his birthplace to one of the same province, Nicolas Bailly, a scribe, who in return informed him that he had been commissioned by the Bishop of Beauvais and the agents of the King of England in Champagne to make judicial inquiries at Domremy as to the early life of the maiden. Answers, as may well be supposed, were favourable even to enthusiasm, but when he communicated these, first to the Captain of Chaumont, and afterwards to the Bishop of Beauvais, his only reward was abuse mingled with tureats, and he could not even gain the reimbursement of his expenses.

"Think you it was for this, traitor and miscreant as you are," said Cauchon to him, "that I sent you to Domremy! your services shall be paid as they have proved of worth to the accusation; speak of them again, and they shall be rewarded as we would

pay those who serve her defence."

Thus assured of the spirit of the man at once her accuser and her judge, certain of the rigid watch which the English would keep over her person, I could scar ely derive consolation from my trust in her own courage, or repair to the opening of the proceedings against her, which was to take place in the chapel of the Castle of Rouen, on Tuesday, the 20th of February, without the wretched conviction that even her gallant spirit must sink under the length of imprisonment, and the crafty oppressions with which her persecutors had contrived to humiliate her.

But there is a moral power in true greatness, which circumstances cannot destroy, and involuntary reverence awaits it even in its fall. The crowd, which had immediately filled such part of the chapel as the people were permitted to occupy, looked on idly, while the notaries took their seats at the lower table, and the learned doctors entered one by one: they were assessors or advisers in the cause, for Pierre Cauchon permitted none but himself to have a share in the judgment, except only the vice-inquisitor, who had declined to act in his office, but whose dread of the English compelled him to attend as an assessor.

They entered, men of great note, and who, at other times, would have been the objects of the general gaze, but the buz of conversation scarcely stopped to notice them. The Bishop of Beauvais himself, richly robed, and pompously attended, attracted no regard, save as men sought to read upon his heavy brow, beneath which his small dark eyes were constantly grancing, some indication of Jeanne and of her fate. The preliminary papers, the patent, the requests of the University of Pans, and the many considerations which were urged as rendering the trial needful, were listened to as little as they merited But when her own request, through the apparitor Jean Massieu, was read, demanding that her judges should be as well of the party of France as of that of England, and praying that she might hear mass before she should be brought before her judges, each Frenchman's face was turned upon his fellow's, to read the expression expected there, though the inquirer felt the dazer of exhibiting it himself, for many an Engantisms stood degedly by, as though every one of that proparation felt he had a personal claim upon her junger for his revenge.

At length mom was made, und she herself uppeared. I could scarcely be conscious of any other object, and the assembly shared my interest, but in the dress of a man, simply but not pourly habited, her looks rather paler by her long imprisonment, but exhibiting no other sign of diminished health, her eye clear, her head erect, and with a sende upon her lips, as if she rejoiced once more to enter into open contest, though but one of words, on which required all her bravery, sho advanced with n firm clustic step to the bar prepared for her, and confronted her judges with the bearing of an equal. the more instantly acknowledged by the spectature. that it seemed perfectly natural and even unintertional Let she bowed with punffected reverence to the assembly, for they were members of a church she honoured—all but Pierre Cauchen.

I wiped away the tears, which came against my will into my eyes, at thus beholding her after months of perilons absence, and I saw her exchange a glance with him that must have told him that she knew well the motive of his being there. His restless eye avoided her's, and affected other compation. But he remembered the part he had to act, and, assuming a voice of compassionals mildness, besought her, " not alone for the experietion of the process, but for her own multi-sake,

to declare the truth in that should be asked of ber."

"Let me know what you would ask," replied Jeanne, and her sweet, clear voice was as animated as her look. "You may ask me of that which I shall not answer."

Cauchon attempted in vain to shake this first resolution. "I will answer you the truth on some things; of others, I will not speak," she persisted; "but if, indeed, you knew all of me, you would, perhaps, rather wish me safe out of your hands, for this I know and declare, that what I have done is by a power to make you tremble." She paused, and there was a dead silence. She continued with a smile: "I have heard them tell little children, that good folks ere now have been langed for speaking all they know."

The assessors and the people wondered both at her great assertions and the sportful tone of her replies.

"She knows not her danger," said Estivet, the promoter, to one who stood by him, "does she think this but a parley of curious theologians called to reverse the opinions of those at Poitiers?"

The discussion proceeded with vehemence on the part of the judges, with calm denial on that of the prisoner; and at length they were obliged to accept her oath, that she would declare all she knew "concerning the process." In reply to their questions, the related simply the condition of her early life, telling them that she would fear no woman in Rouen for saving or spinning; and thus far answering aleurly to all they were curious to hear.

As to her faith she had little to tell them. "I have learned," she said, "from my mother, the Pater Noster,' the 'Ave Maria,' and the 'Credo,' and have never learned from any other any thing concerning my belief."

"Since you know the Pater Noster," said the Bishop; "we require you to recite it before us."

"I will repeat it where it ought to be spoken," she answered, "in confession. Do you, since you would search my heart, hear me in confession, and then you will be assured of all the truth." Cauchon dared not accept this challenge of confident innocence; he could not, indeed, afterwards have continued her judge, but let his other actions speak whether he did not most dread the truth he pretended to desire. Jeanne, ignorant of all judicial forms, expected but one advantage from such an offer, the manifestation of the truth, on an occasion when her bitterest enemy could not refuse to believe it.

They soon resorted to the question which, next to the condemnation of their prisoner, they were most anxious to solve, the sign which she had given to the King of France. How nearly this, relating to the slanders on his birth, touched upon his hereditary right, the cause which she was most bound to maintain, she instantly perceived and maintained an obstinate silence. In vain they urged that it was included in her oath as "concerning the process;" she referred toher Voices, as to a higher power than that before which she stood, and firmly refused to sin against their injunctions. "I have already told you," she said, "that I will tell you nothing

concerning our king, or addressed to him, and I

will not speak of it."

Threats and clamour issued from all parts of the chapel, while she alone stood unmoved; to all she replied caimly, though surnestly: "Take heed of what you do; the great danger is your own: I know the power that sent me, and can abide the event."

"Know you," cried the Bishop, angrily, "that you put yourself in peril of eternal fire as to your soul, and of corporeal fire here for the body?"

"You wid never downat you threaten me with," replied she, with perfect intrepidity, "but that evil will fall on you, both body and soul. I come on the part of Heaven, and I have nothing to do here. Leave me to the judgment of Him who sent me."

"The king has commanded me to judge you,

and I will do it," exclaimed the Bishop

"Your king has given me an enemy for my

judge," replied the maiden.

This reply was succeeded by renewed confusion, the assessors pressing her with indignant questions. Some spoke of the crime of not submitting herself to the church militant, and declared it blasphemy that she should claim judgment of the triumphant church in heaven.

"Will you not," at length demanded one, when she had coolly requested them to speak one at a time, if they expected the replies they clamoured for, "submit yourself, as to all your words and deeds, be they good or bad, to the judgment of

our holy mother church?"

"As to the church," she answered, "no sloves it more truly than I do. With an my power I would uphold it, for the sake of our (hindulated faith. Yes, I, whom you would present team sharing in its blessed rites, denying me the constation of hearing mass. As to the good worse which I have done, as to my mission itself. I will hold myself accountable only to Him who sent to Charles—to Charles," she repeated, kin targe with enthusiasan at the name, "Charles, and Charles, king of France, who is and shall have remain king of France. Look yet to his coming successes, so great that all this realm shall be shaken by them. Witness them yourselves, and when they come, remember that I have declared them."

If her former speeches luid exasporated the judges, this produced no less effect upon ever auditor; the English and their adherents, unjoin the people, shared in the clamour, angry at the fears which she, who alone remained calm in the storm of passions she had raised, prisoner as she was still thrust to the bottom of every heart. The Earl of Warwick, who had hitherto watched the process unperceived, julyanced from his secluded sent to that of Pierre Cauchon; and it was not difficult to declare that his angry gesture denounced the effect of such prophecies, as producing the very terror her fate was to remove. Amidst unabated confusion, Jeanne was delivered into the custody of John Grey, an esquire of the king's body, and removed from the court.

When I repaired the next day to the castle, I

found the chapel no longer the place of sitting; at length I made my way towards a smaller room, near the great hall of the castle, and into this I would have entered, as I saw others who evidently were come to hear the continuation of the process; but my poor garb of itself was enough for the English guard, posted at the doors, to thrust me back with disdain, and I soon perceived that their orders were only for the admission of such as the Bishop of Benuvais, or the English council, permitted, and who were led in by some ecclesiastic, or officer, known to the guard. For the first time I felt envy for Raymond de Macy, who, accompanied by an English leader, was allowed to pass the door; and I gained with some difficulty access to the court of the castle, through which I might see her led, though even here the English kept all that they did not well know at great distance from her person.

The humble perseverance with which she sought the consolations of religion which her enemies denied her, was here for a moment successful. She had to pass by the king's private chapel to the hall.

The apparitor, the good Jean Massien, who conducted her, stopped to answerher earnest question, whether the sacred elements were then exposed upon the ultur, and, hearing that they were, she haelt down in the court with her face towards them, and prayed.

The promoter, Estivet, suddenly came upon them in this work of charity and religion: "Knave," said he aloud to the apparitor, "what has made

thee so bold as to suffer this excommunicated wretch to approach the church without leaver I will cause thee to be cast into such a tower into thou shult see neither moon nor sun for a month, a thou darest to repeat thy complaisance." Jean Massieu heard, but he mude neither reply be motion, at which Estivet, in greater anger, advanced towards the maiden, and placed himself before her so as to interpose between her and the chapel. Simulation, but she concluded her prayer in quiet.

If men were not too proud to take lessons from looks, Estivet might have tearned from every or whom he beheld the contempt as well as hatred which men feel for oppression. He could not metake, but he affected to brave it, and said to Jeanse as she arose, "I shall take good means that the lest time thou shall pray here."

"You have little cause towish that," she answered calmly, "for I have prayed even for my oppresser, and you among them, who seem to have more need

of prayers even than myself."

With that she passed on to the hall; the English soldiery, who never held their peace against either friend or foe laughing and taunting the crestialies

look of the promoter.

From Raymond de Macy it may be readily supposed I learned what took place within. The arrangements were the same as in the chapel; a dais, with benches round it for the assessors, and a seat in the midst for the Rishop of Bennvais; a lower table for the notaries, with the addition of a curtain drawn across the recess of a window on

the dais, behind which a low conversation was sometimes heard, and sometimes the scratching of a pen.

Pierre Cauchon had not dared further to probe the mystery of her mission before an audience, some of whom might be impartial, if not favourable; before his own adherents, he re-opened it, knowing that upon this he must mainly found his charge of heresy. He questioned her, therefore, of her Voices, and, with more than currosity, asked if they still communed with her.

"She had heard them," she said, "both yesterday and to-day, and they had even communicated with her while before that court," a declaration which paled some cheeks in spite of themselves, an awe which her next reply did not dissipate. "Thrice I beard them yesterday, when the bells sounded for prayer, in the morning mass, at vespers, and when they rung for the Ave Maria, at evening," and, she added, with that extraordinary light of countenance which more than words had prevailed in the councils of the king, "I hear them many times that I care not to declare"

"And what counsel do they give you?" asked Jean de Castellion, then one of her fiercest pursuers.

"To answer you fearlessly," was her reply, "for that God would help me."

"You will tell us then to-day what you refused yesterday," asked the Bishop; "your Voices cannot be displeased that you should speak the truth."

"Some things," she answered, "they have bidden me speak to the king, and not to you. This night have they declared to me much for his good, which I would that he knew, even though I should dome water from this time till Easter. for the knowled would make him good cheer after his dimper."

"Can you not," asked dean Beaupere, "prete on the Voice to obey you, and carry such tidage to

your king?"

"I know not," she answered, with perfect amplicity, and almost as thanking him for the aggestion, "I know not it the Voice would consent it, unless God might will it. Ah! it it pends! Him he might well cause it to be revealed to the

king, and I should be so happy !"

They questioned her us to the appearances of the saints whose voices she heard, and when she had declared to them such impressions as alone or could conceive of supernatural visitants, engressing all the powers of attention to their imposion, so that she sublimely said as truly, "that she saw a face," they strove to get from her trivial peruliarities, to satisfy a poor curiosity, or to embarrans her with indifferent questions, on which she imight stumple in her replies.

" Are both the saints dressed in the same cloth?"

asked Jean Beaupere.

"If you do not believe me," said she, approhending his scorn, "send to Poitters; my revelations are addressed to the king of France, not to those who question me."

" In what figure appeared St. Michael?" asked

another.

"I saw nothing on his head," she naswered, " no crown — I know nothing of his garments."

"Was he naked?" asked the priest, jeeringly.

"Think you," she replied, with great contempt, "that God had not wherewithal to clothe him?"

" Had he hair?" continued the interrogator,

"Why should it be cut off?" asked the maiden, in scornful reply.

She spoke of the glorious light that always attended their coming, and vindicated it as fit, but broke off suddenly, saving, "But all this comes not for you," She spoke freely of the joy she felt in seeing them, as though their presence gave her an assurance that she was not in mortal sin, and naked if she had not much need of such comfort?

"Your answer is presumptuous," said Castillion;
"pretend you to know that you are not in mortal sin?"

"How should I know, but as I am told in confession?" she asked; "I trust I have never committed deeds to incur such a penalty. God forbid that it should be so! God forbid that I ever should have done, or ever should do, that which would weigh upon my soul!"

"You believe, then, that you are in a state of grace?" demanded insuliously Jean Bouupère.

"Surely it is beyond my skill to answer such questions," replied the maiden; "is there one among you — clerks are you all, well-learned and well-taught — that will first answer this of himselt?"

The Abbé of Fecamp and others, unintimidated and unmoved, continued to press the question in various forms, to draw from her, if possible, a pre-

sumptuous reply. One, more honest than the est Jean Fabry, confessed that it was too subtle un mq_m

"Silence!" exclaimed to him her more massion judges.

"I say that the accused is not bound to answer such a question," declared Fubry, courageous,

"It would have been wiser yet for you to had your peace," said the Bishop of Beauvage, and is repeated the question to Jeanne But their ** neither fear nor embarrassment upon her face

"If I am not in his grace," were her sublime words, "may God receive me into it! If I am a it, may be preserve me in it! I should think meself the most miserable wretch in the world. I would rather die than know myself to be out t the grace and love of God."

The topic of examination was changed at the reply, but when her interrogators had learned from her the expectations she held from her Voices of happiness hereafter — the reward — the sole ope of all her sufferings and deeds-they returned, by that means, to their former attack.

"Since your Voices," asked one, "have given you such assurance, do you hold it for certain that you shall be saved, and that you shall not be danged in bell?"

She feared to answer entirely that of which she was not assured, but not to declare what she held for inspiration. "I firmly believe," she answered, "what my Voices have told me, that I shall be happy, as certainly as if it were now come to pass."

" This reply is of great importance," coldly remarked the Bishop.

"I hold the promise for a great treasure," she

Another charge on which they relied was, as I have said, her wearing the dress of a man; and on this Jean Beaupère pursued his interrogatory. She had declared that she would rather have been torn in quarters by four horses, than have entered upon the undertakings she had performed, and used the name of Heaven without its express command; the examiner, therefore, inquired if it were by such an injunction that she assumed the dress of a man.

"As to my dress, that is little—nothing"—was her reply; "this will I tell you, that by the counsel of no man did I assume it. What I have done, I have done advisedly, and by such advice as will not deceive me."

"You thought it not wrong to wear that dress, then?" asked Jean de la Fontaine.

"No!" replied the maden, firmly; "and now were I with my own friends, and in this man's dress, methinks it should bring great good to France, that in it I should do again as I did when I was free; I will wear the habit of my own sex to hear mass, if on that condition I may be assured that I shall have it. I will wear it, if in that you will bid me depart in liberty, but I will not lay this aside till I know from that Voice which charged me to wear it that all is done for which I put it on: for no fear would I swear to abandon it, or refrain from the use of arms. If, indeed," she continued, solemnly, "you should so deal with me, that in

dying, the imbits of my see may heet befit me, a you, the lords of the church, in charity and decey I require them?

"Think you that your merit caused you to be chosen," asked Jean Beaupère, " for this good task?"

"It was for the sake of the people of Orlean, of the king, of France - not for mine," she repre-

"But why were you, more than mother, the isstrument?" pursued the examiner.

"It pleased Heaven to do this by a simple girl," answered Jeanne, "that it might be seen who overthrew the king's adversaries."

She declared her warkke deeds, as they asked them of her, asking of her accusers, "Why should not the English leave France and go into their concountry?" so that, of the English mobiles, some were unprejudiced enough to admire her related actions, and their peaceful purpose, but still a prejudiced as to declare, "that she would have been a noble-hearted being had she been English."

Cauchon, still anxions to fix on her the guilt of soreary, strove to draw from her that she looked on her standard and her arms as unbanance, and asked if she had not said that the pennons of the lance, which were made tike her standard, would be fortunate. Jeanne looked at him and replied, "I said, go fearlessly into the midst of the English; and thither I went myself."

"But did you make them no such promise of good fortune?" continued her

"I said what happened then, and what will yet

The question was repeated more insidiously, "Which gave the most help—you to the standard, or the standard to you?"

"As to my victory, or the standard's, it belonged all to Heaven."

"Was the hope of victory in your standard, or in yourself?"

"It was, as our success, founded there, and on no other trust."

"Why was it borne in the church of Rheims, at the coronation, rather than those of other captains?"

"It had been at the labour, it was fit that it should be at the triumph."

She concluded her ruplies in a tone of energetic prophecy. "I know," she said, "since it pleases Heaven, that it must be hest that I should be as I am now, but I fear not that some means of escape shall be provided for me, to release me from your hands, but think not that what may beful me can alter that which is ordained for France; the Voices tell me that the king shall recover his realm, whether his adversaries strive against it or not; that I know as surely as that you are before me on your tribunal. Much will be seen by those who see seven more years of life; for me, I am sorry that the event should be so long delayed, but in that time shall come greater loss to the English than that before Orleans, and the French shall achieve greater victory. Such are the assurances

that come to me for consolation ! As to me, to my works and deeds are in the hand of God, and from Him I await their judgment. To you I desirthat I would do nothing against the Christian mell; and it, for such a deed, I am truly accountable, and me, you who are learned, in what is my choose I will not maintain my error, but drive at the mass as an enemy.

"And you, Bishop of Benuvais you say you're my judge; whether you are so of right, I and not, but take heed that you judge the not smallest danger tall upon yourself. Of this I ware valithat when the hour shall come that you most assess this, I may know that I have done my duty in declaring it.

"Three things are my daily prayer—my delivery ance, the welfare of my country, and peace for the lang's true adherents, and the satoty of my and And freed shall I be, though I know neither the day nor the hour: I am bidden to wear a tember front, for whether I shall be freed from my precess or by judgment, hy force or by stratagem, I knowned, but they tell me that, however it shall be, my triumph shall be great. I will tell you the very words: Bear all contentedly; greeve not for your martyrdom; for it shall win you eternal joy."

This sentence she had delivered in a tone and with a look of inspired energy; she sank from it to the simplest narration. "My Voices say this simply and absolutery; that is to say, that it must irreveably come. I imagine that the martyr-loon is the pain and affliction I suffer in prison; I know not if

I am to endure more, but I trust for all things in

Such was the report, which I noted at the timeof her words. I have since compared them withthe engressed record of her process, and know that
they are true. Many other such sayings are there,
but it becomes me not to copy all the subtleties
which were used to entrap her, though I shall
relate them in speaking of him who devised them.

No other of those sittings had I then the meanwof knowing at full, for Raymond de Maçy found himself excluded from the few more that were thuseft half open to the English partisans; probably his looks had been more narrowly watched than he believed. Soon I lost the consolution of weing her pass from her prison to the court. The number of the examiners had been decremed, and the interrogatories were to be concluded in her prison-chamber. Even among her bitter adversaries they had found some who pitted her; and even among the selected tools of Pierre Cauchon, honest and brave men.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Though thus shut out from personal observation of the chances of her fate, my youth and my temperament would not suffer me to despair. I know well what deanne had before encountered and authority and I trusted to human nature. I could not believe that among those called pious and was, all could refuse sympathy to her courage, her goodness, her singleness of heart. I had some bope that her persecutors would miss their aim by the very extravagance of their daring.

The illegality of the proceedings, no longer beld in a court which any pretence could call upon, was spoken of by every one in Rouen who dared to converse on the subject, which had become the shibboleth of attachment or defection as to the English cause. Jean Lohier, a scholar of that reputation that men more worldly ambitious best their rank and acquired honours to his acknowledged learning, and who, from his study, dispensed decrees that settled the opinions of men, had been compelled by the Bushop of Beauvais to common the record of the process, in the hope that the in-

fluence of so a high a judgment might be lent to its validity and justice.

But, though Lohier soon quitted the town, even the complaints of his disappointed tempters revealed his real sentiments. He had denounced all the proceedings as null, from the form, the secrecy, the consequent want of freedom on the part of the assessors, and because the King of France, whom they most concerned, was no party to them. He reproached the judges with assigning no aid, by way of counsel, to a simple girl, who had to defend herself in subtle matters before learned clerks, who sought rather to entrap than to enlighten her, and he maintained his opinion with a courage which no threats of Cauchon's could shake.

"Do you reason thus?" he asked indignantly of the bishop: " do you inquire of me for the truth. on that I may give a colour to falsehood? Were I base enough to do this wrong, could I after that reason itself, or bring about any result but my own chame? Can you answer my speeches? When I lay aside the fame which I hold for knowledge, it thall be for some other cause than the fear of telling the truth. What ask you of me, to whom the wisest clerks have come humbly for instruction, but such things as I know and can avouch? To tell you otherwise than I do would be to destroy the famo of a whole life; and, though you had power to take mino. I would cuthor yield it than leave my decisions to be impugned by posterity. Jean Lohier is something better than an impostor. Know you not that you condemn her upon nothing but formal

subtleties of words; were she but advised to subtttute in all that you impuga, 'It appears to me,' for 'I know certainly,' which of you would dank pronounce judgment against her!'

It was too much for Cauchon to enter the his with a man who was known as a theologau over the whole civilized world; he only took measure to compel him to quit Rouen, in which the Engine were well able and ready to second hun, and the doctor retired to Rome, where he was soon after installed Dean of the Rota.

Joy, gratitude, hope, fear, indignation, all mingled in my heart when I listened to such rectals I could rejuce, sometimes with Raymond, and sometimes with Jean Moreau, that Pierre Cata hon to tend every day on the verge of discomfiture, that every examination withdrew a partizan from his side; my anger and my terror were in his unconquerable shanclessness.

This contention was not suffered to subode Loitering, for I could not avoid that, near the castle, I beheld the courageous Nicolus de Hoppsville brought in a prisoner by the English guards. He was, I knew, one of the assessors on the small and his seizure by the English was soon noised at Rouen. Every Frenchman's heart swelled with suppressed anger, but the iron power of the gurnson, reinforced and well appointed, the number of spies, and the relentless temper of their tyrants kept down all open demonstrations.

"He should have been wise in time," said Raymond, when we met; "Pierre Cauchen was transly enough to give him warning when he would speak so moonvemently. Some say that he even went so far as to declare that an honest man, like the Bishop of Beauvais, should sit by the side of the clergy of the other party, it he intended to do justice to the maiden; that her examination by the clergy of Potters should go for something; as if the bishop could endure to hear of the traitorous rascals? that even the Archbishop of Rheims had pronounced in her favour, and that the bishop owed him obedience as to his metropolitan. Why, such opinions were cailing the bishop and his friends fools or rascals to their teeth, which was not very discreet, to say the least of it.

"The bish p went even farther in his friendly remanstrance, of course to save Mattre Nacolas from the inconvenience he was sure would fall upon him; he cited the malecontent; and what was Houppeville's ungracious reply? That he owed no obedience to him, that Pierre Cauchon was Bishop of Beauvais, and that Nicolas de Houppeville belonged to the diocese of Rouen, of which as yet Pierre Cauchon was only archbishop in his own wishes.

"Then, as you see, the Earl of Warwick was compelled to take him in hand, and they talk of searing him to England, or drowning him in the Seme, or making some such provision against any future impertinence."

But though none might complain above their breath at his imprisonment, all did rejoice in his release, at the intercession of his brother assessor, the abbe of Pecamp, and all rejoiced that he had bought his freedom by no submission, but lett the process and its promoters to their mutual infumys.

I watched, too, the face of Isambard de la Pierre, the friar preacher, as he went to and from the castle, and sought to read, not always without success, the fate of the day's proceedings on his high and honest brow.

I had heard that he was wont to place himself at the table near the accused, and when she appeared overwhelmed by unjust, difficult, or insidious questions, sometimes to prompt or ask a question leading to the right reply, and sometimes by signs, or by even touching her elbow, to prevent her committing herself in obscurities and difficulties. I could not look on a man so brave and good without reverence and affection.

He came at length to recognize me, and I ventured to ask him to hear me in confession, so that I might safely impart to him the interest I felt for Jeanne. I was not deceived in my experiment; he enjoined me no penance, gave me no blame for my affection for the accused of heresy; he listened with deep interest, and provoked by fresh questions all that I could tell of Jeanne, and I rejoiced in the assurance that I had increased his anxiety for her.

"My friend," he said, as we parted, "you have trusted much to me under the safe seal of confession, I shall tell you nothing; not that I fear your betraying me; methinks one who has stood side by side with her is not of that base metal; but

you will confess to me again," he concluded aloud, that any near us in the chapel might hear him.

Two days after, I saw him returning early in the afternoon from the castle. His manner appeared hurried but determined, and even a flush of triumph might be seen in his usually pale and placid features. There needed no more for me to determine to accost him. He bade me attend him at one of the confessionals of St. Godard, at no great distance.

But one or two supplicants were in the building when we entered, and in the sucred silence and the gorgeous light of the magnificent windows, which seemed fit to shut out all but celestial thoughts, I knelt beside him.

After briefly though patiently hearing me, and discharging his sacred duty, "Heaven pardon us both!" he said, "that we have rather sought this place for other speech; but that, too, is a work of charity and justice, and does not profune this venerable temple. Yesterday, with my brother Martin L'Advenu, and Jean de la Fontaine, the bishop's deputy, we visited Jeanne in her cell, privately, by permission of the Vice-Inquisitor. Would that men could trust in the strength of a good cause! Neither Jean le Mattre the Inquisitor, nor La Fontaine, approve this process in their hearts. If all the good would dare as much as the evil, and virtue should give courage, they would not let the devil have the upper hand in the world as he hath!

"Her submission to the church would, as I knew, destroy all their process, and the bishop and her the abbe of Fecamp, and all rejoiced that he is bought his freedom by no submission, but left the process and its promuters to their mutual infany.

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"Her submission to the church would, as I knew, destroy all their process, and the bishop and her her?' I replied calmly, and told him. "Ahast but it shall be a miserable day for you that you did so," he called aloud. "It was by the good leave of the vice-inquisitor, and to do my duty," I replied, "and in that cause I fear no penalty you have the power to lay upon me.—Are we judges, or advisers, or but the tools of this man, to register his acts, whatever we may think of them?"

"The vice-inquisitor, who had long sate impatient and sad, then arose. If threats are used, or acts done against these men, who have done but what they ought in charity to do, I quit this seat now and for ever, he said, in a voice of great emotion. The Bishop was staggered. Full of a rage which he could not vent, he rose, and then sank again, silent, on his seat.

"I demand, in the name of Heaven," I continued, 'that she be not suffered to perish through error. We are Christian judges—the cause is clear to us if we but own the name. On us be the perish we advise her wrong; if right, and she submits, which of you that most blame her but will declare that we have saved a soul?'

"For once prudence and fear were overmastered. Hurriedly, but with energy, many prosed the same demands. The Bishop saw that he could not stem the tide; he sate, smiling sullenly, while the Inquisitor collected an almost unanimous rote." My brother Guillaume Duval, Jean de la Fontaine, and myself, are this afternoon to visit her. In half an hour we meet at the castle, and we will so instruct her; that every word shall reiterate the same

submission and the same demand, till, for very shame, they shall be stopped in their course."

Though at a respectful distance, that I might not be marked, I could not help following learnhard to the castle. He wanted at the gate for his two companions, Guillaume Duval and Jean de la Fontaine, for the English allowed or appointed them no better place. They met, and passed on to the court of the building, and turned to the archway to the right, which led towards the prisons.

But here they were stopped by the guard. He spoke no more of their language than to ask for an order from the Beshop of Beauvaus, and, as they produced one signed by the Vace-loquestor only.

they were treated with rude repulse.

Isambard was not so to be halfled; heading his companions, he demanded to speak with the captain of the guard; and, as he thought he could converse with them, they had, at least, the means of expostulation. But he only accord at their requests. "The Bishop of Besavars has been beforehand with you, reverend fathers," he said; "and we know too well our friends from our enemies to give you access to the prisoner."

"She is, or ought to be, in the custody of the church; and we, who are culied upon to censure and reclaim her, demand to have free access to her by the determination of the Vice-Inquistor and

the assessors."

"What she ought to be," answered the officer, "is not a matter for my heeding; but I know that she is, and is likely to continue, our prisoner, Away,

friends, if you care for your own safety, for methinks I hear the Earl of Warwick sturring, whose wrath it is no great wisdom to provoke or abide."

"I am glad that he comes," replied Isambard, coolly, though his companions shrunk at the sound of his approach.

" Who are these?" asked the warrior haughtily,

as he passed the hall.

The captain was about to reply, but Isambard interposed. "We are futhers of the church, appointed to confer with the prisoner, Jeanne d'Arc," replied he.

Warwick's brow lowered, and he seemed not only surprised, but the more angered, that the poor friar who stood before him neither bent nor cowered at his look: "I have heard of you," he said, "meddling knaves as you are. You, feilow!" he continued to Isambard, "I have seen whispering and signing to this wretch at the table. Villain, by the Holy Rood, if I know that thou again takest pains for her deliverance, or givest her admonition for her safety, I will have thee thrown in the Seine!"

"I cast away life. My deeds, words, hopes, and fears, belong to God only. I require of thee that I may see her, in the name of the church I require it; and, humble part of it as I am, lay hands on me for this cause, and my blood shall witness against thee for sucrilege." With that he took up the cross which hang at his girdle, and looked stedfastly apon it, as if so awaiting violence.

"Aha!" cried the Earl, "there are some who even seek honour and prane by persecution. I will make no Becket of their, fool! take the butt-onds of your spears, men, and hoist them out of the gates; and if you be found meddling, remember my words, there is no great glory in a stone tied round the neck, and a silent plunge at midnight; and this after-dinner valour may not last till then." Isamhard smiled, for he had fasted from the early morning, having neglected his refreshment to talk with me.

The soldiers advanced. "Beat them away," was Warwick's command; and they struck at the friars. The other two ran for their lives out of the gate, amid the peers, shouts, and loud hughter of the guards. Isambard walked. He was struck once or twice, but, when they saw that he went, they respected his coolness, and murely did their office.

Jean de la Fontaine and Guillaume Dural flect to their convent. Isambard saw me in the place before the gate, and beckened me. "You have seen part," he said; "but they are mistaken if they think I cannot sadure more than thus, or that they will terrify me into perjury and murder. I have too great a fear for the hereafter to be such a coward here, to buy my own life by another's blood. I will remain; I will act as prudently as I may: I will stay their proceedings when I cannot uppose them; I will lengthen and linger the chance there is in life, and trust to Heaven for the rest. Have you no means of contributing to her safety? You

are versed in war, have fought by her; you are not in yourself capable of casting down those walls, and setting her free, but all should be tried. Some of your own party might, within a month, devise and achieve——"

"I will go to the bravest," I replied; "I will seek La Hire at Louviers; the morning shall find

me on my way."

"Go, my son, and may you prosper," replied the futher; "for me, fortitude and prudence here; for you, courage and activity; for both, the help of Him by whom all injustice shall be cleared one day, when 'all tears are wiped from all faces.' Benedicite!" I immediately prepared for my departure; but that very night I learned that Jean de la Fontaine, hitherto Pierre Cauchon's trusted deputy, put so little trust in his former patron, and to much dreaded the wrath of Warwick, that he had left Houen before me.

I set out as I had determined for Louviers, which La Hire had about a year before taken from the English, in the hope to excite that bonest and brave warrior to some enterprize, in which I might be of service by disposing an assisting party in Rouen itself. But it was only by long watching for my opportunity that I could win my way to him.

Placed as this town is between Paris and Rouen, it formed a dangerous hold for all such forces as were assembled from time to time to intercept the English adherents passing between the only considerable cities their government itself retained.

The English generals had collected all their strength to regain this important point, and, although they so far deferred to the superstition of the men as to press the siege with no great vigour while the maiden lived, for the soldiery declared they should have no good fortune till she was dead, they invested the city with a strict blockade. The English watch, under Talbot's personal eye, exercised a different vigilance from that of the Burgundians before Complègne, so that I was obliged to await an attack in force upon the lines, which really called forth the strength of the besieging host, before I could succeed in gaining an entrance Then, parting from those with whom I had for nearly a week unwillingly consorted, I soon made myself known to some old companions in arms, among whom was Thierry, and on the return of the sortie I was conducted to La Hire. It may be easy to judge of my disappointment, when the leader, deeply interested in the relation of what I knew concerning the fate of Jeanne, informed me that I had by entering Lousiers lost, for the time, the only opportunity I might have of proving my devotion to her matety.

"By the Virgin!" quoth he. "Ah, I have left off my good customs I find with her company, when I come to think of it! by my staff! but I cannot jest now! they hold me here in full employ to keep the good town for the king, but the Archbishop of Rheims and Poton de Xantruilles and Ste Severe are all now in Beauvais, in this very Cauchon's stye, awaiting an opportunity of doing

somewhat, advancing if they may by stealth near to Rouen, or if no other means be tound of even carrying off such of the English council, the Regent Bedford himself, if possible, as may put all in our power, and enable us to dictate terms to these cunning schoolmen warriors, cowardly enough to take their revenge through priests, and priests wicked enough to do the cold butchery that sordiers blush at. And, by the mass! it is no little that King Charles ventures in so sending them. To not for the rescue of one whom they declare a heretic, will turn half the meddling friars and clerks against us, but, let us regain the maiden, and their weight will be little in the balance. The Chancellor Renard de Chartres, the Archbishop of Rheims, is with them too, to countenance the good service as he ought in right and gratitude, for he never would have entered upon his see had it not been for her."

Twice, when I thought the night sufficiently dark to escape through the English lines, did I make the attempt in vain, and owed to the consideration of La Hire that a retreat was prepared for me back into the city. Thus, in spite of an impatience which I could only satisfy by the useless sacrifice of my life, I was detained in Louviers till nearly the middle of May, consoling myself sometimes with the trust that she had been freed by other means, and sometimes bitterly accusing myself for my own precipitancy, though I could not imagine the service I could render by being at liberty.

But at this time a great movement was perceived among the enemies' host. Although they used all precautious to prevent our observing the extent of it, it was soon known that Talbot had departed with nearly ten thousand men, and we were not long ignorant of the cause. The rumour which had reached him, and which we speedily learned, was that the expedition from Beauvais had seized upon the person of the Regent Bedford in passing from Rough to Paris.

La Hire lost no time in taking advantage of the actual benefit the news had brought to him by a bold and vigorous attack on the English lines. He secured some provisions by this effort, and caused alarm and loss to his opponents, but they were still in sufficient numbers to maintain their bulwarks, and even then I should not have been able to pass through their encumpments, but for the coming on of a tremendous storm at might, which for a short time rendered sight and hearing useress to the sentinels. But by our reopened communicution of that day we had learned that nothing had vet befallen Jeanne, and, in the trust that this valuable pledge for her safety had indeed been secured, in a journey of two days I made my way back to Rouen.

I arrived there in the morning, and the first person I sought was Isambard de la Pierre; I waited for him in vain where I had usually seen him pass, and therefore inquired for him at the convent. He was absent from Ronen, they said, despatched by the Bishop of Beauvais and the vice-inquisitor, on a matter connected with the

From the convent I went to the house of Jean Mureau, having asked no questions of others that my own absence might not be noted. But in two sentences I learned from him that the fate of Jeanne was at its fearful crisis.

"It was thought here," he said, "that Bedford had fallen into the hands of the French, but the rumour was false, as the English rejoicings have well proved, and Talbot has even taken Poton de Xantrailles in an ambuscade, so that the most daring of her rescuers is himself expected here a prisoner."

"And for Jeanne?" was my hext trembling question,

"Do you not know," he said, "that to-morrow she is to be led to the public place before the mornastery of St. Onen, there to be admonished by the appointed priest, and that she must then either repent what she has done, and submit to their censures, or die."

"le it come at last!" I cried, leaning against the doorpost for support, "repent! submit!"

"She may I" cried Moreau.

"Ah, that she would?" I rejoined, "what she has done for France they cannot unde, and her life at least she may save. She never sought for the worki's praise, for the glory which warriors contend for, that will not weigh with her now; yes,' when all hope fails, there may prove one in her own humility, in the very truth of that spirit which

they condemn, and whose acts they would have her abjure."

If this book were a record of my own life, I should mark in it that day and night, and their ceaseless faver. Let me come at once to the next morning; the 24th of May, and to the scene which then took place before St. Onen, whither before sunrise I repaired with Jean Moreau.

In the space before this noble church were two platforms erected, which I, with many others, had visited the evening before, they to choose where best this great event might be witnessed, I to assure myself of all that related to her. The one on the right was arranged with seats for the judge and assessors, and others of high rank, with lower ones for their accretaries, and above the place of honour was a canopy to shield those who occupied it from the eur. The other was a simple scaffold, covered with black, and on which one chair was placed in a corner. The two platforms were opposite to each other, and near-enough for any communication made in a voice of ordinary loudness.

As the sun rose upon the magnificent pile of St. Ouen, not second even in size to the enthedral itself, the space became tregularly filled by knots of persons talking together in groups, till the hour should come when the two stages should present to them the great objects of their interest. It was strange to hear how the tone of indignation which the citizens did not dure to vent simply, sometimes took that of irony, and sometimes that of pity.

"Poor thing I she hated no one!" observed a

bystander to his fellows, "not the souls even of the English; she did all for the love and peace of France."

"Ay," returned a woman, "it must be a pretty cause, forsooth, they have against her, even Maitre Jean de la Fontaine, that the bishop made his deputy, has run away, whether for shame or for fear none can tell. What does the man see to stare at?" she continued to a lowering Englishman who stood beside her; "if you understand what I say, you may hear this, too, that it is well for such as you the poor girl is not armed and at liberty, you would n't stand here lounging about so comfortably."

"Peace! peace!" interposed her husband.

"Peace!" re-echoed the woman; "surely when men will not do, women may talk!"

"But, heard you." said to his better dressed party a quiet-looking burgess, but whose face would not remain as unconscious of purpose as he wished it, "heard you how they fabafied her letters? they thought because she cannot read or write, that she would not remember what she had dictated: it was told to me that she corrected them to the very word, to the great shame of such forgers; doubtless they were produced to the judges as true," he continued cautiously, "but it was a want of heed at the least in so serious a matter."

Presing by the knots of people to approach as near as I could to the scaffold, on which I presumed Jeaune would be placed, yet finding a relief in listening to any speech that insulted her enemies, I

caught sight of Raymond de Macy. I was the more struck with his fare, that it told me what must be the expression of my own. He was pale, worn, laggard; his eyes were more sunken than before, and moved restlessly; his lips, though almost always compressed, worked like the motion of a snake, and once or twice opened with a ghastly smile; his nostrils were dilated, his black hair lay clotted on his forehead, and his beard, unshavon for three or four days, made his tace yet more grisly, and his hands kept wandering over his garments, or were clenched, as though he would strike. His form had lost none of its noblemess, and his garments were rich, though slovenly put on. From time to time he surveyed all round him with a bitter scom; no Englishman pussed near, but a defiance lit in his eye, as though he would feel it great joy to provoke a combat; many coldly stared in return, some wondered much, but not one gave him even that smile which he would have instantly hailed as the wekome challenge.

I, as our former habit had been, affected not to know or even to regard him much, but, as soon as his eyes encountered the giance, which I could not help sometimes turning towards him, the expression of his countenance changed piteously: he rushed to me, grasped me in his arms, and for a time appeared unable to speak. I made no effort to conceal my emotion, though the adversaries should mad us piecemeal: I would then have stood firmly by him in proclaiming all. But unaffected strength of feeling commands respect from all but the most

brutal, and many came round us with sympathizing faces, not able quite to restrain their curiosity, or even some whispered comments, but at least keeping from us the observation of such as would have been spies on our talk. We heeded nothing of their's, the luxury of speaking all we felt seemed worth buying at any penalty.

"I thought you were gone from us, or dead, which would be well!" he said in a voice which he

appeared almost afraid to trust.

To give him time for recovering his self-command, I related all that I had been concerned in, in such a whisper as he alone could hear, and which would. I imagined from his forced attention, still more tend to calm feelings, the sight of which for the moment mastered my own. I then very gently remonstrated with him on his utter abandonment of that presence of mind which even to the last gave him a chance of being serviceable to her, but his answer was a hollow laugh.

"The mask is as needless as it would be impossible," he said; "thus it is when we control ourselves for a while, all think that we suffer nothing; I have let my thoughts prey, and wear, and gnaw, and they should have done so still. I would have played the coward and the pander while there was a hope to flatter them for. There can be none now. John of Luxembourg came to Rouen, and he was allowed to visit her; he spoke to her of ransom and of freedom; I was with him and heard him, but she saw that he spoke a fulsehood. I watched her, though Warwick kept me like a foot-

boy by the doors, and she knew me, but they would not let ber speak with the only true friend that approached her. Sive told him theo that she was . sure that the English would be satisfied with nothing less than her life, and even so saving she braved them, propherving to them the fall of their . power here, though they had a hundred thousand more men to offer up to their ambition. One of their nobles would have stabbed her, but Warwick saved her from that blow, it would have been too. merciful, and too impolitic! One pitied her, the Duchess of Bedford, and sent her clothes to wear. that she might defeat their malice, but even she was chidden for it; she prevented the English policy, nothing but the maiden's death could restore the heart of the soldiery.

"The University of Paris, flattered by the Bishop, has treated the whole matter as a compliment, and knows not how to flatter him enough in return. It has replied to all his questions as if he had himself written the answers he wished, stating, as one reason for her condemnation, that she does not rightly understand the doctrine of free will! Some of the doctors, call her inspiration an impossibility, because her life exhibits none of those extraordinary freaks of sanctity, which they call holiness, as if the hermit in his call had more temptations to vanquish than she has had in all the battle of her stir-

ring bfa!

"But I talk idly; learn their hearts and the determination of their late from this. She was all, so ill, that they dared not, even after her recovery.

put her to the torture, for fear she should die; and why were they thus merciful? Because Warwick had declared that the king had bought her at a large price, and that, for no cause in the world, would be have her die a natural death; that she must perish by justice! Yes; the poble earl, the renowned warrior, sent her two physicians, that they might save her for this vengeance! I do not tell you all; it is an infamy as well as torture to repeat such things !"

We were looking towards the scaffolds by the church, but suddenly a general murmur arose, and many faces fronted us, while some pressed anxiously nearer to the platforms; we turned, and beheld the advance of the procession from the direction of the castle. As I turned I caught a glimpse of a face, which, if I had seen for a moment clearly, I could not have mistaken, it seemed like the shadow of the hermit of Dreux; but a more immediate interest called me, and when I could find an instant to look again towards the same spot, the figure was gone.

A strong guard of English archers and men-atarms cleared the way, marching close by us to the scaffold on which Jeanne was to stand, and between these ranks she might be seen, conducted by the two apparitors. Jean Massieu and Mauger le Parmentier, and immediately followed by her two confessors, Nicolas L'Oysoleur and Martin L'Advenu,

She was still in her man's apparel, and walked along with an easy pace; a sort of melancholy enjoyment was on her countenance, as though the

fresh air of the morning revived her spirits, broken by imprisonment and illness.

I looked on nothing else as she went by, but I felt Raymond's grasp upon my wrist, as though his fingers had been iron.

Already there were English men-at-arms round the scaffold; the new escort reinforced them, some remaining on the steps; and Jeanne, the two confessors, and the two apparitors, only ascending the platform. The people gazed on her with an insatiable curiosity; after a short time I looked upon their faces, for I thought that universal pity might even then serve her; but strange was the difference of expression; some were indignant, some wept, some looked with that cort of terror that cannot divert the gaze from its object, and some looked on with cold, some with triumphant hatred.

"I have sworn to cast one fagot on her pile," said an English soldier aloud: at the moment a heave of the crowd separated him from us, and saved him from Raymond's ready grasp. The judges-assessors were being conducted to their sents, to the number of a little more than thirty, out of the many who had commenced the work; and fuil-baume Erard, doctor in theology, was led to the sade of Jeanne herself, he being to preach the accustomed sermon. With him came the two notanes, who went to the platform of the judges. Then was marshalled to the same place the Bishop of Beauvais. He walked with an air of affected humbity and sorrow; but the meanest were not deceived by it; none craved either blessing or notice from him.

but many looked from him to the object of his persecution, as if to reproach him with the sight. The Vice-Inquisitor, Jean le Mattre, was with him.

Raymond remarked him. "See," he cried, "they are determined to have accomplices, as many as the church will lend them; even the Inquisitor would have avoided a share in this; but they have taken good care that he shall receive such a commission that he can no longer excuse himself for want of power; this is a brave perseverance, that encounters and overcomes the mercy even of men accustomed to persecution."

Then, with much pomp of attendance, came the Bishops of Noyon and Boulogne, accompanying, on either hand, the Cardinal of Winchester, or of England, as he was often called, the proud Beaufort, great uncle of Henry VI. They slowly repaired to the platform of the judges, where all rose to receive the Cardinal, and did not resume their seats till he had taken his.

One more arrival created yet deeper attention it was that of the executioner, with his tar, who, placed near a corner of the great square, remained ready to advance towards his victim, and to bear her to the Old Market, where the stake was already erected. The man's face, as well as I could desery it, was stern enough, but I could not read upon it the brutality which should belong to his trade. But my eyes dazzled.

The sound of a loud and energetic voice from the scaffold where Jeanne stood called me from my terrible contemplation. I saw then that the sight was terrible, even to her. Another might not have known so much, but I, who had watched her face from childhood -- The preacher was announcing his text: "That a vine-branch could vield no fruit when severed from the stock;" and from this he dilated on the necessity of unity in the Catholic church.

While he reasoned she listened to him with humble attention; but, as his zeal grew warmer, he launched forth into invective, rather than reproof, against the object of his discourse. Her bearing altered with his tone, and might well have shamed it, for she listened then with a smile of melancholy patience, which all his injuries could not ruffle. But the great object of his exhibition, the defamation of Charles and of his cause, remained, and he burst into an apostrophe.

"Oh, noble and royal house of France, ancient champion and protector of the true faith, in whom the church has found its warriors, its martyrs, its snints! art thou so fallen as to hug alliance with a heretic and schismatic, and to bind thyself by that chain to the arch-enemy himself! Who can refrain from pity to his country? France! poor abused France! the very dwelling of Christianity! And Charles! thy shame as his own! calling himself thy king and governor, Charles trusts, heretic and schismatic as he is, no longer to Heaven and its ministers, but to the words and the strength of an idle, dissolute, dishonoured woman! And not he alone, but the clergy under his rule, those who have pretended in their craft to believe in the lies she has propagated t"

Jeanne's colour visibly heightened during this part of the address, and one of those flashes darted from her eyes which I had seen when she cried "Onward!" in battle, but she half-repressed her choler, and tried to smile again.

The preacher who felt his credit at stake in the visible effect upon the accused turned full round upon her, and in the insolence of his safe reproach, said, "It is to thee, Jemme, that I speak, and I declare to thee that thy king is a heretic and a schiamatic!"

But the effort failed; his challenge so put was accepted, her indignant gesture startled him so as almost to raise a laugh at his expense, for some can laugh even at such times for sport, and some find it a relief from horror. "Speak as you will of me, but not of the king," she said, in that clear, full voice in which indignation and contempt were struggling, "he is a good christian!"

The preacher summoned his oratory afresh. "It is well for a heretic to vouch for a heretic!" he cried; "I repeat that Charles is one, a damnable and pernicious heretic." Her voice, loud, clear, stern, and piercing, drowned his sentence.

"Slander him not!" she cried. "I fear not to declare and to swear, not only to maintain with my life, but to pledge to it the safety of my soul, that King Charles is the noblest christian of all christian men, that no one is truer to the faith and to the church. I am not here to strive, save in this

matter, but let all know this for the truth which I will declare the more the more it is denied."

"Silence her!" thundered Cauchon aloud to the apparitor, Jean Massieu, who stood distressed and trembling by her side. He approached her irresolutely, but she looked on him, remembered his kindness, and held her peace, that she might not constrain him to his office.

Erard, after having contented himself by implying and arguing upon his own assertion, and then, turning to the articles urged principally against her, her dress, her bearing arms, and her belief in her visions and her own future happiness, held out to her a piece of paper containing, in about eight lines of writing, an engagement to abundon her attire, and the use of warfare, and bade her sign this the abjuration of her sins.

Jeanne had learned the necessity from their process of an exact meaning for their words; she, therefore, desired the preacher to declare his interpretation of the term "abjure," but he signed to Jean Massieu, who, thinking of her danger rather than of her wish, told her only "that if she denied any of the twelve articles exhibited against her, it would send her to the stake; he ventured, however, to advise her, perilous as it was to himself, to appeal to the universal church whether she should abjure the articles or not." Jeanne instantly comprehended and repeated his words aloud.

"Thou shalt abjure now, or be burned," was the reply of the preacher. Jeanne exerted all her energy that she might be distinctly heard.

"I have already," she said, "submitted both my words and actions to the church; let my replies be sent to Rome, and I submit to the decision there given, though I maintain, in the mean time, that what I have done I have done by the will of Heaven!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Raymond, "some one has counselled her aright, or her own natural quickness—she has seen by their looks that such is the course for safety!"

Cauchon was evidently confused, and talked with the Vice-Inquisitor and the Cardinal, who in three or four words appeared to decide him. The sensations, indeed, of the crowd were intense, the partizans of each opinion looking round as for an expected conflict. The Bishop of Beauvais waved his hand, and all was a hurry of clamour for silence; then, as all was hushed, he spoke.

"Such a declaration will not suffice; the pope is at too great a distance for us now to have recourse to him." I will be a find the

"He is an open traitor to his Church!" cried Raymond, but his voice was lost in the myriad exclamations.

"We have full power to judge you here," he continued at length, "it is necessary that you should here and now submit to the holy mother Church, and believe that which able and learned men declare to you of your words and deeds."

"You judge and defame one who is absent," replied Jeanne; "it is not for me to submit to you when you use such means against the king of France; hear this, whatever you may be permitted to do with me, that none of my deeds or words are to be laid to his charge, or to that of any other being; if there be blame or harm to come for them, they are mine alone, and I answer for them."

A great confusion arose upon these words, for all felt that the purpose of the oppressors was lost, whatever might become of their victim. Charles could not be dishonoured by her fall, even in the eyes of those who were to combat against him.

I had made my way near to the scaffold by this time, and heard from time to time part of the proceedings. Some matters of form, three monitions, were read to her, but, in reality, not intended to be marked, for both friends and foes were anxiously persuading her to sign the abjuration; her friends from pity, her foes from policy. Her two confessors, L'Advenu and L'Oyseleur, from these opposite motives, vied with each other in their entreaties.

To the suddenly assumed tenderness of Erard, who now addressed her, "Jeanne! we have great pity for thee! thou must revoke all thou hast said, or we must leave thee to the secular power;" she replied impatiently, "All that I have done, all that I do, I have done well—and do well to do it."

Even the crowd now implored her; Raymond and I raised our voices loud among them. "Do, do as you are counselled!" some cried, and others pointed to the car of the executioner, which was slowly making its way through the crowd to the

foot of the scaffold, calling aloud, " Jeanne! Jeanne! they come to bear you to death!"

"If I might be delivered from that prison!" she

suid.

"You will be in the hands of the Church!" exclaimed Erard.

"You will be free from the English, Jeanne," shouted Raymond, who heard what Erard had said.

"Ah!" she cried, "you take great pains to beguile me."

The Bishop of Beauvais perceived her hesitation, and stopped in the middle of the sentence of condemnation, which he had begun to read.

While all around her rejoiced in this pause, and redoubled their instances, some by prayers, some by remonstrances, and some by threats, a great commotion arose upon the other platform, and we heard the infuriated Bishop of Beauvais loudly giving the lie to an English doctor who stood near him. This was a chaplain of the Cardinal's, who had merited the reproof, for he accused Pierre Cauchon of treason to the English cause, and of being an accomplice with the accused.

"You have foully lied!" called out Pierre Cauchen; "in such a cause I know no favour; you have wronged me insolently, and I will go no further till you have made due reparation." A low word to the chaplain from the Cardinal, who, in all the tumult, deigned not to speak above his breath, was instantly though sullenly obeyed by his chaplam, in whose hands the schedule of abjuration was placed, which it was urged on Jeanne to sign, that he might content himself with that part of her humiliation; and he conferred upon it with Laurence Callot, the secretary to the English king.

All was then still enough for us to hear Cauchon add, in a voice of great mildness, "Is it not the duty of our profession to seek the safety both of the

soul and body of the erring?"

Jeanne spoke to Guillaume Erard. "You tell me that I sin grievously in refusing your prayers and instances; and if I could know that all the church were really of your mind, and not those only whom, being my enemies, I cannot fully trust, it would, indeed, be a fault in me to hold out. To whatever the church decrees I submit, and will sign even that abjuration if I am so enjouned. On your heads be it that I have impartial judges, and such as will not merely betray me by their counsel, and such as of right I ought to have, for it would be deadly sin assuredly in you to mislead one as simple as I am in this perilous case. Let the Church decide, and I will sign what I ought."

"There is no time for such counsel; at least, from others," answered Erard; "think you that we know not what we do, or that we would deal so sinfully? Sign now, or this day the fire will end thy life!"

These words he enforced by pointing to the car, which was ready to receive her. "Be it so," was her reply, yet spoken with no eager haste, "methinks you bear the greater peril. It is easier to sign than to be burned."

Two or three sentences passed between Cauchon and the Cardinal, and the Bishop declared that she

might be admitted to penitence. So great was my joy, and that of Raymond, and Jean Morean, at that moment, that we could not, for a short time, attend to the further proceedings, which seemed almost a form after her decision.

" Let them do what they list now!" cried Raymond: "she has a courage as patient as active; she will endure and she will live. After how many vears of prison did La Hire deliver Barbason at Château Gaillard? My course is clear now, and every Frenchman's! fight for France, and save Jeanne at last !" Most of the faces pear us seemed animated with the same pleasure, even to some of the English themselves, for it would be wrong to judge of the nature of that nation from the baseness of those who ruled it in those days. Many were angered and superstitious, but there was many an honest heart, too, among them; and where it was, it was shewn fearlessly. The French might say what they pleased, unless they were betrayed by their false countrymen, for few of the English understood them.

As soon as our rejoicing became a little calm, I looked again towards Jeanne. Laurence Callot, the king's secretary, was urging her to sign. "I can neither read nor write," she replied; but at his sign Jean Massieu placed a pen in her hand. The schedule, which was very short, was now read to her word by word, and she was desired to repeat it after the reader. She did so, but she smiled in doing it, half contemptuously, half sadly; and,

when this was finished and it was placed before her, she traced, as if idly, a circle at the bottom.

"You generally sign with the cross," said Lau-

"When I have done that which I thought to be worthy of that sign," she replied; "some one told me that the world is round. In making a circle we come only to the point from which we set out!"

He seized her hand, which was still playing with her pen, and dashed out the circle, and then guided it in the form of a cross. She smiled again, and let

the pen drop.

Pierre Cauchon now drew forth another paper, which soon proved to be another sentence. "Is that prepared too?" ajuculated Raymond. I perceived his inference, and felt that, be that what it might, the wiles of her enemies could not be yet exhausted. Even this sign of cleanency was resented, however, by some of her most furious and bigoted adversaries, and showers of stones were thrown in the place, some against the judges, and some as the people began to take sides, by one party at the other, and some, perhaps, for very idleness.

But a commotion of this kind was little pleasing to the English captains, and it was soon ended, and such of its authors as could be discerned rudely chastized on the spot. The sentence then proceeded. It boasted, as is usual, of great elemency and moderation, shewed the need of so dealing for the sake of the culprit, and concluded by condemning her "to perpetual imprisonment, to eat the bread of grief, and drink the water of anguish." The

mere words, at any time, make one's heart sick, and then I felt a shiver as they were pronounced, but I turned to the thought of her possible deliverance, and she evidently listened to them unmoved.

L'Oyseleur, whom they had given her for a confessor, now approached with an air of congratulation, telling her "she had wrought a good work, and saved both body and soul;" but her thoughts were evidently bent on another object. "Whither am I now to be led?" she asked. "The church has sentenced me; that sentence must be under the control and in the safety of the church; to me its prisons are a refuge."

They were confused at her demand, and she loudly reiterated it. "Why do you pause?" she asked: "Churchmen, I claim that you lead me to your prisons; you cannot leave me now in the hands of the English!" The assessors, even the vice-inquisitor, took up the appeal, and the people

expected that it must be so decided.

The Cardinal spoke not a word. He fixed his eye, it is true, upon Pierre Cauchon, as if to see whether he could go through with his task. He roused himself and he did so. "Loud her to the place from which you brought her," he said.

"They are false — I knew it, but I would not believe it," she murmured. "Heaven! I had

better trusted to thy truth !"

The escort was formed, and she was led from the platform. The vice-inquisitor arose and followed her to the castle. Cauchon prepared to depart; but he was not permitted to pass quietly. The

disappointed English loaded him with taunts and threats, and even put upon him personal indignities; and the French joined in the hootings, though not in the more active annoyances. The Cardinal and the rest made their solemn procession to the palace, and we were soon left almost alone in the square.

"Our thoughts will not serve us," said Raymond at last; "oh! that we might relieve their weight by some deeds." At that moment a secretary approached and whispered him: "Warwick has sent to Pierre Cauchon," he said, "their meeting is for a purpose, whatever it be, I shall know of it. If my diligence could but save her! but, alas! I can find means to discover all; so untrue are they to each other, yet so bound by fear, that what gold tempts them to betray to me, they pray me for their souls to keep secret. I know all their iniquity, and for want of proof I cannot crush them with it; but yonder slave will ensconce himself where he may learn all for me; ay, and I will pay him richly, though it be but to heap torment upon torment on my heart, and wonder how much the heavens can endure."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Ir would be idle to recall all the rumours which from day to day, from hour to hour, occupied the talkers of the city, and filled me with feverish indignation, but one sign of their former intentions haunted me ominously. I walked every morning to the Old Market, and there, before the palace, which was then not quite completed, stood the stake elevated on the platform of plaster, as it had been left on the morning of the preaching. was jealously watched by the guards who stood by one of the entrances of the palace, and the people passed it and shuddered.

Two or three days and I learned in part from Raymond de Maçy what many evidences have since added to and confirmed, the conference of the English leader and his ecclesiastical instrument. When the rightful power was once more re-established in Rouen, there were many who had been trusted who made a strange merit of repeating and executing

what they had before been privy to.

Pierre Cauchon repaired to the castle; he had to endure, in passing by the English, the meanest of whom seemed to consider himself the bishop's master, a repetition of the insults he had borne in

retiring from the judgment-scat.

"I can scarcely wonder at my men," replied Warwick to his complaint, "unmannerly as the villains are, they are honest and true to the cause of their king, and they are apt to pay little respect to what looks like foul play. You shall have escort back again if you need it."

"Foul play!" echoed Cauchon, "but you do

not accuse me of that !"

"I listen before I make up my mind !! replied

the earl, "I spoke of appearances."

Cauchon's anger rose incontrollably. Appearances! You should know me," he exclaimed, "I have done enough for the English cause to leave no room for doubt; I have given for it more perhaps than I would again, a second time the task might not be endurable. If I had foreseen all from the first, toil, hatred of the people, the need of strength of mind in myself, and add to these ingratutude, it would scarcely be my allegiance that could hearten me to perform it."

"It would need what you have now," replied Warwick coldly, "the promise of the archbishopric of Rouen, the hope of joining to it the rich see of Liseux, and the satisfaction of revenge for having

been deprived of Beauvais."

The bishop's passion evidently increased, but he had nothing to denyor to retort; his eyes flashed, and his lips quivered, and his teeth ground, but he was silent. The veteran warrior looked at him much as a mastiff would at a petulant lapdog.

"She is delivered back to your prison here," said Cauchon at last, "in spite of a claim such as no other judge would have dared to resist!"

"In pursuance of an agreement to that express effect," observed Warwick, "she is here, and for all your services we are as we were. Dared! which of your judges would have dared to keep her from the power of the king?"

"We might have declared the right at least!"

was the retort.

"And lost the archbishopric," was the rejoinder.

"This is too much!" cried Beauvais, rising; "too much! and not served you, do you say? Proud earl! why did your council lend her to us? and why did it affer this price?—for nothing?"

"For her death," answered Warwick calmly.

"For something more than that," exclaimed Cauchon, "that we should do what you could not do, recall men's spirits to them, dissipate your soldiers' fears, prove that it was a phantom that scared them, and fix the terrible brand of heresy on your successful antagonist!"

"And you have well done this!" observed the

imperturbable Warwick.

"It is scarcely yet that we can know what we have accomplished," said the bishop, "but I know what we have had to contend with, a courage and a skill which, if they be not inspired in one else so simple, it is scarce a shame to us to be foiled by in the judgment-seat, when they have already beaten your bravest and your ablest on the field."

Warwick only smiled. "It was for that that we

applied to you, (or rather suffered you, for you came to us) as fitter to cope with a woman."

"Who had vanquished you?" reiterated the bishop. "To what comes all your boasted power, even in the battle where your limbs and sinews may avail you most, if you be not heartened by opinion and belief, which we, we rule."

"Which you make, for aught I care," answered

Warwick.

"A word, a thought, drives you back in the very pride of your success, and you come to us for heart to move the sluggish muscles of your soldiers. We have done what we can, and at great labour, ay, and vast peril, peril which it requires more courage to meet, meditating it clearly by the midnight lamp, than to encounter an onset of lances in hot blood. What have I not done? I have led and will lead the minds of men in despite of their clear senses."

"Let me know what you have done," answered Warwick, "and my report to the Regent and the council may be somewhat more favourable than

I feel now disposed to indite it."

"What have I done? You can see the impediment of an embattled wall! know you what it is to deal with the thousand humours, caprices of men? to watch till you find the accessible point, and if there be none, as some such wonders are, to brave and overbear resistance? Is it nothing that I have put myself forward in this rause, which concerned me not. It is more than doubt whether she were taken within my diocese, but proof was not

wanting at need. I had no jurisdiction here in Rouen, I gained it from those who might not personally have exercised it in your favour."

"You knew the reward, and you were diligent

to carn it," replied Warwick.

"Do you think nothing but reward, then, moved me?" asked Cauchon indignantly.

"I have said revenge," answered Warwick

drily.

"Was it nothing that I gained and instigated the University of Paris, so directing their zeal that they applied to me?" asked the bishop.

"We helped you a little there, too, and at some expense," replied Warwick, "an expense little

convenient to our penniless treasury."

"And the assessors!" exclaimed Cauchon, "men of learning and of note, whom no one but myself could have assembled and controlled in such a labour."

"We pay them, too!" was Warwick's observation; "have bought them according to your direction. I confess you made the bargain for us, a dear one it seems to me, by what they have done."

"And the vice-inquisitor!" said Cauchon.

"We have given him money too, which he is too proud to acknowledge as a purchase, so that we bribe for nothing there!"

"One would believe, then, that she stands now in no peril, that she is free, that this process has been of no avail!" said Cauchon, walking up and down the chamber. "Make it of avail, and I am answered," said the

"She is a heretic condemued, who, if she make one relapse, dies."

"Without further process?"

"With a very short one; a day will serve,"

"Humph!" was all Warwick's speech in re-

ply.

"This is done for you so that you may gain safety, not only without dishonour, but by her fate brand your adversary with indebble infamy!"

Warwick smiled, and then sighed, "Is it not so?" asked Cauchon,

"The dispensers of honour and infamy are not hirelings," said Warwick, proudly but mournfully. "I know what we do, I am not coward enough to hide it from myself. I give to the young king's cause more than ever subject laid at his monarch's feet—the glory of a not ignoble life. I know by what I have myself said, where will be the honour, and where the infamy. Why that poor girl—but such things need not be spoken of between us!—I have made the sacrifice for England!—enough!"

He in his turn walked a few paces, then resumed his sent opposite to Cauchon, and with a placed, stern, stony face, awaited his further speech.

"I have stood alone for you amid opponents and false friends," said Cauchon, whose hurt spirit had brooded over Warwick's sneers, without dwelling on any other parts of his discourse. "Nicotas de Houppeville, Jean Lohier, even my own friend Jean de la Fontaine: and now at last Jean de Cas-

tillion, one whose mind seemed as my own, has exclaimed against the process, and dared us to found judgment on it, braved me, as others have, before the assessors, and will, yes, will declare before the world what he has not feared to say to me."

"So much for honour and infamy," said War-wick.

"You wish them used for a purpose," said Cauchon, out of patience, "that purpose will be served. Your English soldiers will believe because they fear and hate her. Have I not done well by Isambard de la Pierre, first sending him on a fruitless errand to the Bishop of Avranches, and then baulking his pride in the answer he succeeded in procuring for the maiden by preventing its insertion in the process. Had he been present at St. Ouen, had I not found other employ for him such as he could not refuse, even for her sake, we should have had no easy work to gain her abjuration."

"And what is it now worth?" asked Warwick.

"That abjuration!" replied Cauchon scornfully,
"nothing! but think you that is the one that
I will use? She, who can neither read nor write,
and who will be far enough from the detection of
all differences!—think you that her abjuration
should fail to contain whatever we please to insert
in it? Ah! you have indeed thought little of my
labours and devices, for you have not even deigned
to observe them! When I found the examinations
at Domremy in her favour, what did I? Suppressed

them as to all others, but used them myself for questioning. Then I placed near her an unscrupulous priest, who, though the devil stood before him, would go through with what he has undertaken, and earn his reward. Nicolas L'Oyseleur, her counsel, her confessor, till this Martin L'Adrenu was interposed to share his office, so that he is forced to use caution, and from herself by him I drew out the very thoughts of her heart. It is much if such an inquisition prove not of avail, yet even then her true self gave us little chance of condemning her, even when half-guided by my own creature.

46 Did I shrink from the seeming impossibility? No. If in herself were no means for your purpose, they were to be made. I made them. The examinations were too public, I removed them to her chamber, in spite of remonstrance, in spite of law. I found even there we had too many witnesses among our own assessors. I excused some, and kept only those who would not, as I thought, betray me. I gained fresh powers for the vice-inquisitor to act here, and having now that name to share in the responsibility of judgment, I reduced our assistants to two, a safe number it should seem. though even that has proved too many. It was needful to gain the opinious of the university, of bishops, of learned men at a distance; did I send them the proofs to judge of? I had them reduced to articles, which I knew they must condemn, refused or neglected all correction, even as to her

appeal and submission, the very point to save or slay her.

"That the assessors might not compare the charges with the proofs, I changed their offices, shewed the need of now consulting them upon the articles, as other learned men, taking upon myself the responsibility of drawing those articles from the proofs. I sent to the University for its suffrage the very men whom they had sent to me to assist in pursuing her, and I have their letters in reply, urging me to severity and quick justice. I have even withheld, in spite of all my fellows, these articles from herself, so that she cannot tax them, and thus have I gained conviction of heresy where every step would have been failure to one less determined or less friendly to the English cause.

" And with whom have I contested? with a simple girl? with one whose memory never once failed her, who, even in the letters which she had sent, could detect interpolation on the reading, with one who affected no extraordinary privilege on account of her mission, but fasted, and did the ordinary duties of a Christian as regularly as she might, with one prudent amid all ber simplicity. calm and firm amid all her danger, whose natural good sense serves her for learning, that men wonder at her replies and call them inspired. Even our own servants. Jean Massicu, as you have known. love her and speak well of her; blame such as we have spread acts only among our own partisans, and at a distance; and there, our preachers have

not spared her! One with the right and courage to maintain it, by my soul's salvation ——!"

The bishop had warmed to no usual pitch of loudness, but he was interrupted by a louder laugh, a laugh of frightful derision. Warwick had sate astonished, half curious, half terrified, at the catalogue of his coadjutor's services; he had listened earnestly, and till now had been silent, but now his laugh echoed round the room, though his face had no much to look upon.

"Your soul's salvation!" he echoed at last with a loud voice, "but I forgot; you swear by your trade! You cannot believe in heaven or hell, or any world to come where you might meet this girl; you must have studied till you have seen and are

quite sun that all these are fables!"

"You speak most dangerous heresy, my lord Wurwick," replied the bishop.

"Ay, but we are alone, where the mask may be dropped; you cannot expect to be called to answer for this deed."

"There is power in the church to absolve, when what is done is done for good cause, my lord," replied the bishop, unabashed; " why may not my loyalty save me hereafter, as your's excuses you to yourself now?"

Warwick was silent, not that he excused the bishop, but that he saw himself: "And now what

is to be done?" he asked,

4 She is in your prison, intolerable enough to her as you have made it," replied Pierre Cauchon; ther dress is left in it; there are persecution and

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the means to escape from it by death. She is brave; and besides, she will not rest under the disgrace of any abjuration; her imagination will come back to her as her fears subside, and she will not again deny what she still in her heart beheves."

"And if she assume that dress again!" asked Warwick.

"One day will suffice to end all," replied the bishop. Warwick paused awhile, and then merely said, "Good-day!" Cauchon quitted him.

"Is my mind like that man's?" he said, unconsciously aloud, "no, no! and yet —— the council have determined, the measure is decided— all this must be ended." He wiped the perspiration from his brow, and passed his officers to his own chamber, wondering whether they had marked his words. But no face betrayed that the dangerous secret was known.

Every day from the Thursday, the 24th of May, when Jeanne had signed the schedule at St. Ouen to the Monday, I made constant and vain inquiries for the return of Isamburd de la Pierre. It was some cheer on that day to hear that he had returned, though occupations of which I did not doubt the purpose, prevented my yet seeing him.

Besides the then imperfect report which I had received of Warwick's conference with the Bishop of Beauvais, every day brought some fresh outrage of the English upon those who were suspected of favouring Jeanne. Pierre Morice, who had visited her in her prison, and counselled her to adhere to the submission she had made, and to continue to

wear the garb of her own sex, which she had put on, hardly escaped with life from the blows of the enraged soldiery. Such as afterwards appeared to desire access to her, for the purpose of giving her spiritual counsel, Pierre Cauchon not only furnished with his warrant for admission, but even charged them with the errand of mercy as on his own part; but when they arrived, he who had the keys of her prison was absent, and threats, curses, and blows, prevented their awaiting his return.

Even such as had been summoned by the bishop himself to meet him on the Sunday at the castle for no friendly purpose were scarcely permitted to stay his arrival; surrounded, hooted, insulted by a body of a hundred English, nothing but an absolute submission to reproaches of falsehood and treason saved them from the fate of their predecessors. Yet these came to witness against her.

They went with the Bishop and the Earl to her prison. Nothing then transpired but the indecent joy of Pierre Cauchon to Warwick as they parted, "Farewell! farewell! we have her now!" and the circumstance that she had reassumed her former dress.

All the Tuesday I waited for Isambard in vain, but, late at night, when I had retired in despair to my poor inn, he came to me. His face was deadly pale, his limbs seemed tottering with fatigue, and he appeared as if kept from sinking only by the irritation of fever.

"All is over!" he said: "the insults of her guards, some say their actually depriving her of

all other have compelled her to resume her man's apparel. Pierre Cauchon, it is sacrilege to call him a bishop, has again interrogated her as to her Voices, and the points which she had abjured, and the very truth which she has replied has lost her Had she spoken of these matters still as awaiting the decision of a higher and more just tribunal—but why do I say that?—none but themselves would ever have known it, and perhaps her own words, terrible as they are true. 'I would rather meet all my sufferings at once than bear any longer what I have endured in prison."

"Is she so desperate as to seek death?" I asked with a shudder.

"Not so," was the reply; "I think she is willing, most willing to welcome it, but it is not mere impatience that would make her cast away her life: I will remember, as well as I may, what she has replied to them. It is true that she told them that if they would place her in safety in their own prisons, release her from her chains, and let her enjoy the rites of religion, as they had promised, that she would obey them as to her dress, but she made no compromise on what she holds for truth. No! to the last she affirms it without condition, asserts it against all consequence. She even told them in her tone of unabated energy what her Voices have declared to her since that day at St. Onen.

"I know well what I should do; they had forewarned me of my weakness,' she said; 'it was they who strengthened me to reply to that false

preacher who taxed both me and my king with what is untrue; and since they have told me hourly of my fault in signing any abjuration, I speak in penitence to them, and avow that all I then and since have said and done was only gained from me by the lear of the fire. 'You have abjured those false visions,' said the bishop to her. 'Never in my heart!" she answered boldly; 'never by spoken or written word that I intended. If the abjuration contains that, it is false, and I renounce it. I might have feared. I might have been confused, appatled; I have thought and prayed since, and now it is clear to me what I ought to have done. All that I have said in the process is true, all that I have yielded has been through fear of death: for these, my Voices, which have been my strength and comfort, all I pray is that they may not leave me here, but stay with me while I hve, speak to me as I die.'

"This is relapse. Beauvaix knows it; has already fully acted upon it: I knew it must come; I have toiled indeed fruitlessly; I have been sent — I find it now — as a child on idle errands, to consult good men and bring their opinions back merely to be treated with contempt. And now I have been in the hope to move the Chief Inquisitor himself; he refers me to the deputy, sold to the English here,

or awed by them at least !"

"And when, when?" I asked. It was all that

I could gusp out.

He took me by the hand, " My son! when pain must be endured, and endured that joy, great joy

may come of it, who would wish for delay? She feels that assurance, to have which who would not do now in any torments the skill of malice could prepare? Will you be firm?" he continued; "by this time to-morrow she will be happy!"

I sank on the ground, but I shed tears. I wept long, therefore my heart did not burst. Isambard stayed by me all night, in the morning I was more composed, and he had gained a sleep of an hour or two.

He went from me to the castle. "She knows not yet," he said, "that she must die to-day, that is the only mercy they have shown her."

Heaven forbid that those who read may ever feel the inexplicable power which horrors have to draw their victims to them for suffering! I did not pretend to witness her death, but I hoped to catch one glance of her as she passed. It seemed cruel in me that I should not—but who can reason upon such pangs? They are the lashes of fire that drive us we know not whither, drive us on, and meet us and strike again at every step. I went to the castle.

Isambard was not admitted to her, for not till eight was she to be apprized of her fate. At eight Martin L'Advenu, her confessor and true friend, the companion of Isambard de la Pierre, the apparitor Jean Massieu, and another friar, went to her cell. Half an hour passed. A guard went to and fro in haste, as with a message to the apartment where we were told the Bishop of Beauvais was sitting.

Presently Jean Massieu came to us. "There is consolation even in this hour," said Isambard, to whom he had spoken. "Never fear, speak it aloud, man! Her enemies, who declare her fit to die as a heretic, yet cannot refuse her the last consolations of the religion of which they say she is an enemy. It is a triumph! a triumph over their hearts, over their steeled consciences. God has smitten the rock, and they tremble if they do not weep! Ah, let it be the last act of my life! I will bring hither the sacrament openly with honours and with reverence, let them kill me before it if they will, it will be glorious to share her martyrdom."

He went, and presently returned with a procession from the convent, singing litames, and bearing the sacrament with tapers, surrounding it as if in defiance of the powers of evil. I waited alone. Presently I saw Pierre Cauchon pass to her cell. May Heaven spare him the curses my heart heaped on him!

Soon after Isambard came back to me. "You will see her soon," he said, "she has left her dying reproach upon her arch enemy, yet more terrible because so mild. 'Alas! it you had but kept your promise, and placed me in the prisons of the church, this would not have happened, therefore I cite you before the great judgment to answer what you have done to me!"

Pierre Monce, one who had already suffered in her cause, came up to us. "She is trunquil now!" he said to Isambard, "she recognized me kindly, and asked me "where she should be this day." I asked her if she had not good hope? "Yea," she replied, "to-day by God's help I shall win my eternal peace."

The gate opened whence she should come, but I caught no glimpse of her; I staggered and fell by the wail. When I recovered my senses I found myself in a small inn hard by where I afterwards heard that I had been placed by Jean Moreau, and where one poor old woman, the only person left in the house, took some interest in my sorrows. But all the rest of that day presents nothing to me but the confusion of detirium, some words remaining now as clearly in my memory as when I heard them, but without connection of place or time.

Sometimes I was wandering far in the fields, sometimes in the streets. Once again I caught a sight of the hermit's face as before St. Once, but I hurried from it myself as from the presence of an evil fate. At length I was met every where by the dispersing crowd, I stopped my ears against their speech, and rushed breathless to my abode near the old market-place, and there hid myself and went.

But my privacy was little respected in such a place, and after a time I returned to the common room. As I entered it I saw the very Englishman whom I well remembered at St. Ouen as having just escaped from the wrath of Raymond, for threatening to cast a fagot on her death-pile. I had no strength then to resent, and if I had, his face would have disarmed me. He was white and

trembling with the terror which a brave and strong man feels, intense in proportion to the vigour it overcomes.

"Give me to drink," he cried in his broken French, "wine, a large jack of it, I'm desperately athirst!" and when he had drained it almost at a single draught, he sate still for a moment and smiled ghasthily. "They laughed, the fools! did they?" he mid to himself. "Shall I ever laugh again? My God! I might have thought of my own child in old England! What if this had come to her?" He wiped his wet brow, made an effort to walk up and down the small room, and then rested or half sank upon the bench.

"Brandy!" he cried, "and enough of it, do you hear? I'm as sick as a dog, and a man should n't be qualmish and faint like a woman. Brandy!" he thundered out, and as it was brought, possed himself from the flack into the jack when sad held his wine and drank, then for a time sate half

stupefied, and smiling wildly.

"How she called that word 'Jesus!" he continued, muttering to himself. "Heaver, forgue such as me for naming it! She called, and it was written on the flames! many saw it as well as I, and I watched for her spirit, I have seen such painted like a dove, and believe.—And I must think to be her executioner, why the man that the task, an honest raises, too, for he did at he cause to shorten her turture! he says he shall never be forgiven, though, it was me office.

"She was brave, too, as well as good, mean,"

he said, turning to me, and not heeding the helpless misery in which I listened, " the sent for the crucifix from the next church, for one that a man made of two sticks, perhaps, was not so holy, it was one of my comrades that made it, though now I glory in him for doing it, and a friar held it up before her to the last, and another good man stood by her and exhorted her, and she thought nothing of her own pain, but warned him back from the fire that was catching to him. No wonder that she won battles, not many soldiers could do that ! And she stood by her king! he is n't mine, but every one should fight by his own colours to the death: she took all upon herself, and praised him to the last, that's courage, too, when people would most of them flatter and cringe for a moment's respite. And I would not be that Bishop of Beauvais for all that any king could give me, for she told him that she died by him, and that she feared that even many more than he would suffer for her death! That shook me, that and the weeping of every body, even our cardinal, who is not given to too much compassion!

It was night, the clear bright rosy moonlight of the last might of May, and I was in the old marketplace. Some men were hurrying, under the gaidance of an English guard, from the plaster platform which yet stood there, down to the river. Their step was the only sound. But one else save myself was there to witness what they did. By the scorched stake awaiting my approach, was the

hermit of Dreux.

"Come hither!" he said to me, "this life is full of horrors, but in it is there nothing so horrible as our own imagination. Look! there she died, and yonder the men hear her ashes to cast them into the Seine, that no relic of her may remain for men's veneration. They do well! She is not the poor cinders they carry! Look on all! think of all, pray, and be calm!"

"Pray!" I exclaimed, "for what but eternal

torments on those who have murdered her!"

"Think you she ever did pray so?" said the bermit, " think you she prays so now? To honour her, strive to do at least as she would have done on earth! Her death has been worthy of her life, and has won all that she sought to gain by living. Do you sorrow for the martyr in glory? I have seen you ere this often in Rouen, and avoided you. I knew that she had much to endure, I knew that my words had some part in the career which brought her to this suffering; then I shunned you. for I knew you loved her, now I meet you without fear, and speak of her without remorse. She might be inspired only through her own genius and her own heart, but God created both, and it is no great matter to believe that here she did enjoy communion with the bles-ed. Good and gentle creatures of earth are never so happy as when they watch over the bubblings of infant thought, struggling into goodness. If there be pure innocent ones among us, are they not such nurshings for spirits?

"At nineteen years of age she is one of themselves! Twe-thirds of men's temptations and sorrows she has not even known. She had an assurance given to very few, a faith that must have bound death in his furious strength!

"Who that could purchase her present joys with ten times more than she has suffered would hesitate to pay the price? And her ordeal is past. We mourn for her deliverance, for her bliss, if we mourn her. Mortal pains and dangers become our sweetest and most treasured remembrances even upon earth; if they have been borne for worthy causes, she has nothing of grief, of fear, but such treasure of thought.

"To us the senseless ashes they east into the Seine are the only type left of her sorrows. Of her true glory remain the welfare of her country, the unceasing discomfiture of its foes, her name, which still shall be their terror, her prophecies, which are yet to be fulfilled in their ruin. Weep, for that is Nature, pray, but not hopelessly, and she may now be an intercessor for your prayers. Live worthy of her, and rejoin her!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

JEANNE was dead. But the history of her true glory does not end with her life; the Pucelle of Orleans in France, the Joan of Arc in English speech, proved the greatness of her deeds by their lasting effect, the truth of her prophecy when she was no longer left to accomplish it. A word of ourselves who were dear to her, of the nation whose cause she loved well enough to perish for it rather than compromise it by a word.

The hermit of Dreux I never saw afterwards, but reports have led me to believe that he lived many years, long enough to see much of her prophecies realized. When, after many days, I became calm enough to think of the future, I sought Isambard de la Pierre. His words and exhortations confirmed those of the hermit, but were mingled with more con-ideration for my weakness. Raymond de Maçy I saw once; the trusted attendant with whom I had been used to communicate told me that for some time after the death of Jeanne, which his master had witnessed, he had refused food until it had been forced upon him, but that after an effort he had become more stern and con-

centrated than ever. He wept when he spoke with me, but he seemed rather displeased than relieved at so venting his feelings. It was not long after that by the peace of Arras, which restored the allegiance of the Duke of Burgundy to his rightful sovereign, he was at liberty to enlist under the hanners of Charles the Seventh, and aid in avenging the cause of Jeanne.

My steps were towards the valley in which we both were born. Scarcely more than a stripling, I had passed with her through a long life of events, and, she being gone, I bade adicu for ever to the strife of existence. I repaired first to my mother, who lamented over my altered appearance, yet drowned all serrows in the delight of my roturn. To her I could devote the remainder of my life as long as she should remain to me. This was my resolve, and I kept it faithfully.

But Doinremy! I have paused in my story as I did in my going thither, yet not long. I dreaded the renewal of sorrow, for what I had already borne had rather enervated than hardened me; I had no consolation to offer more than that, which, though it sometimes comforted me now, I had rather considered cruel than kind when I heard it. I had kept my word, and followed her to the last, and this was my only fortitude. But one had prevented me. Jean Pasquerel, who had been at Compiègne when she was taken, and who knew that his presence at Rouen would not only subject himself to the same fate, but would lead to anything but an alleviation of her own, went, as soon as he had done his

errand to the king, whither he was sure Jeanne herself would have sent him.

prepared for all it had to bear, and Catharine, doubly dear to her mother, bore, too, for her sake. Jean at Vaucouleurs was wisely and sternly occupied by Robert de Baudricourt. Pierre had sympathy, and the wisdom of consolation which true sympathy affords, to receive from Marie de la Meilleraye. The affectionate Durand Laxart had half met this sorrow when he parted from her at Rheims; the instinct of his kindness taught hun that she was a sacrifice; he mourned, but he knew much of her trust, and he trusted in it also.

But there were two on whom the blow fell full. Jucques d'Arc was not sullen, he did not refuse to speak or to weep, but his joy, his glory, the boast of his life, was gone. Day after day he waxed visibly older and weaker, and Jacquemin who watched him shared in all his submissive but uncontrollable grief. Jeannette, Jeannette, was the only thought of either, as it had been almost their only word since the first news they had received from Orleans. Jacques shewed me the paper which I had written, and which he now kept near his heart, and sometimes thanked Heaven that he had so felt to bless her, and sometimes accused hunself that he had sent forth a daughter to such a fate. "What was all France to her?" he would ask. At last he cank not again to rise, and Jacquemin was laid besule ham.

Jean Pasquerel and I did not leave the widowed Isabel and her daughter to brood over their fate, and, perhaps, to follow it. The inhabitants of Orleans hailed, as their great joy, the opportunity of receiving and comforting these dear relies of their deliverer. Thither we accompanied them, and there diverted their grief by pointing out the scenes of Jeannette's triumph.

The clergy in the pay and patronage of the English continued and aggravated the slanders which the articles had spread, but they could not change the opinions of men. All who had taken part in her trial were pointed at and avoided in the streets. Pierre Cauchon was so baunted by a sense of danger that he solicited and received justificatory letters from the English council in the name of the king, taking upon that poor youth's head the awful responsibility of the Bishop's deeds.

Let history speak of the poor parody which the English offered in crowning their infant monarch in Paris, when the rabble, the only allies who from the time of John the Bad had remained firm to the Burgundian faction, bound to it by the license which tyranny must give to the vile, usurped the place of the English Barons at the banquet, and celebrated the day by a feast of brutal anarchy in the palace of the king. History has more to tell; for once, great retributions must be written in its pages; the displacing of La Tremouille by the queen's brother, the restoration of Richemont to the service of his king, the taking of Paris by the army

of the constable and John of Orleans, their forces entering it as a peaceful procession of fellow-citizens.

All these things happened ere yet the fall of the maiden had ceased to be the conversation of men. The strength she had given to France was not ex-

pended for many years after.

On the 11th of November, 1449, Charles VII. and John of Orleans, then Count of Dunois and Longueville, and Grand Chamberlain of France, legitimated as of the royal blood, and graced with the titles of the Victorious and the Triumphant, occupied the palace of Rouen. Talbot was their prisoner, as a hostage for the delivery of almost the last towns the English held in Normandy, and none held out for them in a few months from that day.

"Our good people have received as joyously to-

day, Dunois," said the king.

"Such is their loyalty now, sire, throughout France," was the Count's reply, "that the resultation of your rightful authority, and the ispartime of your fices, they see to be a deliverance from oppression and a return to the benefits of equal partice."

"Ay," returned the measures, " we have now now to give the assault to one own give towns, and put our own subjects to the swort, whiching with mann boost only ruled telligenesis and become greets."

⁴⁶ It is tole, a miller spect reigns over in size itself, * segment too Count. "I thought it as I rode hither in our public entry to-day," continued Charles, "and I reflected, too, on the time whence this might be dated. It was she whom they sacrificed in this very city, yonder I believe the spot, that, fighting only for peace and right, taught us all, when we might, to spare rather than to slay, and they put her to death on the plea of cruelty as well heresy!"

"They revolted men's minds by the very act by which they hoped to gain them," replied Dunois.

"Had I but been king then as I am now I" exclaimed the monarch. "All the reparation I can make is to win from Rome the means of reversing the sentence of her dishonour, to erect here, as they have done at Orleans, a cross to her name, to do all that teaches us, when all is done, how impotent we are to cancel evil or repair it."

"The ruler of events has worked his own great retribution, sire, in giving you back your kingdom,"

observed the Count.

"Nor that only," replied Charles; "La Tremouille was her enemy, and mark how he has prospered! Danger, and disgrace, and neglect, are all
that his wiles can boast of winning; and de Flavy,
who, if he did not betray her at Compiègne, which
I can scarcely bring myself to discredit, murdered
at the instigation of his own wife!"

"The number is not yet summed up," remarked Dunois. "De Rays was one of her subtlest and most treacherous opponents, and he was condemned for sorceries and murders so horrible, that his execution seemed an injustice for its want of severity;

and Bedford died in this very city, in this very palace, whence he might see the fate of his victim."

"When the thought must have been with him in his death hour, or why have I not been able to rid myself of it ever since I have been here?" asked Charles; "it saddens the most glorious, because the most peaceful triumph of my reign; and my poor mother, from whom all this sprang, may lienven pardon her soul! and Pierre Cauchon, who never received the price for which he sold himself, the archbishopric of this province, he died suddenly!"

"And strangely, as they say," remarked Dunois; "while one was trimming his beard and hair, he stopped him suddenly as the fellow spoke of the Earl of Warwick, who some time before had discharge, he too in the castle of this very town. At that moment there was great laughter without, which much displeased him. "It is Warwick it is Warwick!" he exclaimed, and gampen, and was

gone."

death, and worked together in it. out forestee, musing. "We do not see an test from together in it." once forestee, enacts of justice, for we know not the testers of men, not even our own, out sometimes we carried glimpses of vision programms. From that theretee for those test are gone, and set to turns of our dotties. I was some for a commission from these test are gone, and set to turns of our dotties. I was some for a commission from these prouds may be found, and made tester. That

justice for her memory, but I hope I shall do, that I have done, more for her sake, and that she even now may witness.

" She has taught me mercy, and the justice and security that I owe my subjects; she has taught me to love peace, to strip the shining rags from the idol of false glory, and to know a king is a crowned murderer who unsheaths the sword for any cause less sucred than the defence of his country at her great need. In the blessings of peace to France I will strive to repay the debt I owe her. The Dauphin is not. Dunois, what a father in his partiality can praise, but I have taught him to revere peace. Individual cruelty or injustice be may commit, but the great mass of his people will be secure. Religion and the arts, that make men of savages, need only tranquillity to ensure their dominion, and the millions of my people will be happy in them. Yes; the legacy of Jeanne to France, which I will pay for her, be Peace."

We know that Charles has kept his word.

Two other things have we witnessed: the civil dissensions which shake the throne of Henry in England, as if to shame the policy of his councillors, based in unjust bloodsbedding—the death of Taibot at Castalion, which assured Guienne for ever to the French dominion.

Pass once more seven years, and look at Orleans in the autumn of 1456.

We stand again before the Tourelles of the bridge, and on the bridge itself we behold a monument erected to the honour of the maden by the affectionate citizens, and to subscribe to which their wives devoted even the vanities of their dress; we look to the east towards the Isle aux Boufs-it is the property of her brother, the Chevalier Pierre du Lys, given to him by Charles, Duke of Orleans, long since, on his return from captivity in England. Yonder in the suburb, where no trace of the stege of 1428 can be seen, is his house, where he and Marie de la Meillerave still live, the honoured parents of affectionate children. Look further up the river to Checy, where she landed, that is the custle still of Guy de Cailly, her first host there who watched her prayer in the battle-field, and whom Charles VII. had well remembered for her sake: his family is soon to be allied by marriage with that of her brother, and the city of Orleans is to be the treasurer of the marriage feast.

If you would pass into the town not an inhabitant but will gladly stay his business to talk with you of her. Many have been witnesses in the process of revision which declared her innocent, and decreed high honours to her memory, among them Charlotte, now a married woman, Charlotte Havet, the daughter of Jacques Boucher and his good wife; and in the Rue Plat d'Etain you would find the son of Maitre Jean, the gunner, who now may, as his father predicted of him, boust of the aim which did so much for his fellow-townsmen and his country; and, at the door of a good house in the Rue des Pastouraux, spinning as she would have done at Domeeny, and talking to her neighbours and one or two of her grandchildren, you may pro-

bably see Isabel Romée, who, baving with her two sons prosecuted the suit at Rouen and at Paris for the restitution of her illustrious daughter's furne, may now talk of her all the day long to willing listeners, and be thanked for the garrulity of age.

Sometimes I and other wanderers bring to her news of Jean, now provost of Vaucouleurs, of Bertrand de Poulengy, and Jean de Novelompont, who, living honoured in their old neighbourhood, make it their chief boast that they accompanied and cheered the maiden, trusting her fully when other hearts were cold and faithless; and of Durand Laxart and his wife, still happy and honoured by a numerous progeny in the valley of the Meuse, and finding a resemblance to Jeannette in every action and look of their children, as does Isabel in her descendants.

But we need not enter the prosperous and well-governed town for evidences of tranquil blessing. The woods of Sologne rest undisturbed, save by the axe of the woodman collecting fuel; the rich corn-fields and vineyards of Beauce wear their clothing of green and gold as though no hostile foot had ever trodden them; and on the unconscious bosom of the Loire, where armed men passed and repassed in their boats to battle and to death, the large lazy barges float tranquilly, laden with the riches of agriculture and of commerce. And here, on its banks, I, sometimes erring from my cell, repose an idler in the autumn sun, tracing the scenes I have beheld filled with strife, letting a tear flow



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if her memory calls it up, or checking it only by the smiling hope that I shall meet her again; and, when I think of what has been, and compare it with her peace, and that of the land she loved, blessing God!

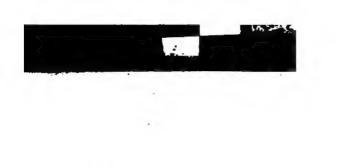
THE END.

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